

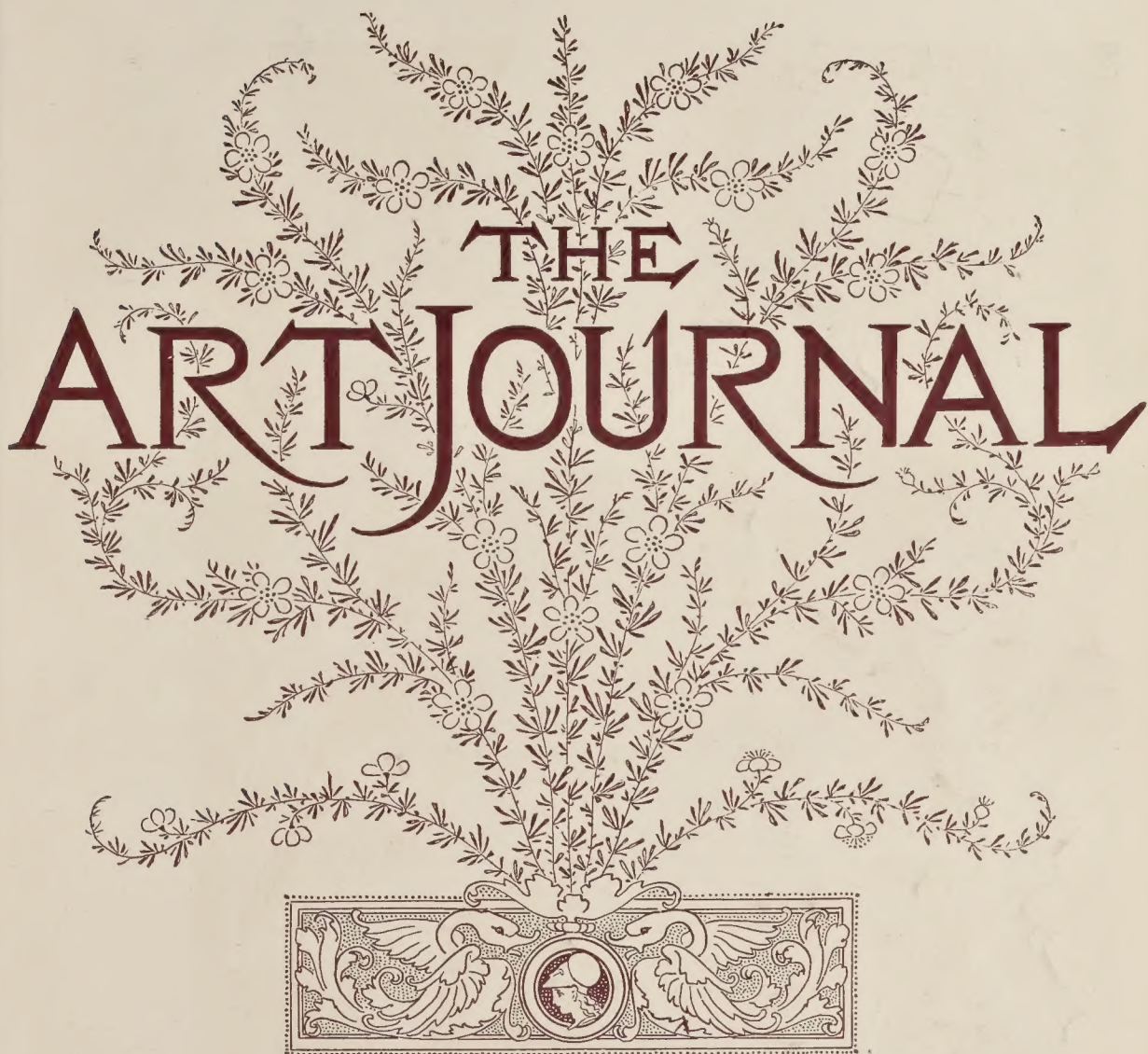


ETCHED BY P. MASSE

SIR ARTHUR HAY

PAINTED BY CH. KENNEDY

NEPTUNE.



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THE ART JOURNAL.

WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE ARTIST.

SPRING, summer, autumn—we have travelled with the year from month to month, and now winter is upon us. In the spring the artist who is able to select his days may with impunity work out of doors for several hours at a stretch, and enjoy that loveliest of all seasons, the re-birth of nature. In the summer and autumn, however, he does his out-door work with the greatest amount of pleasure, for he can do it in physical ease. From May's gentle smiles until the coming

of the rude blasts of the autumnal equinox, nothing interferes with the comfort in which he works except rain and an occasional summer gale, variation of effects, and the travellings of the sun; for, when the earnest student buries himself in his work, time often gallops, as Touchstone says it does with a thief to the gallows, and lights and shades alter all too quickly. But with winter we feel the "season's difference." Painting in the open is no longer a delight, and the painter, planted

with his easel out in the dreary winter landscape, looks as miserable and out of place as draggled garden chrysanthemums in the November rains.

Still there are enthusiastic painters who, in the pursuit of their profession, are content to brave the fury of the elements, the fear of rheumatism, and the multitudinous ills to which suffering humanity is subject from fall of temperature and adverse hygrometrical condition. Numerous are the devices

for making the situation less unbearable and to prevent the hand from stiffening, but nothing enables human nature to endure the misery for long. Thick boots and a slab of cork may save the feet from slush or snow; heavy coats, ulsters, rugs, furs, may protect the body; but all fail to greatly alleviate the agony. When

"Sheath'd is the river as it glideth by,
Frost-pearl'd all the boughs in forest old,"



Homewards. From a Photograph by J. Gale.

the landscape-painter finds his work almost impossible. "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," says Sterne, a sentiment so beautiful that many take it for Scripture, but the shorn lambs of Art have not yet devised any effective method of defending themselves from the blasts of winter, and nothing is left except manful endurance, which after all is delivering Art into the hands of those who are physically the stronger.

Yet it is possible that photography may be the provi-

dence that will temper the wind to them.

It is perhaps from the causes just indicated that so few important winter pictures have been painted. For I think it must be conceded that the representations of wintry scenes have never equalled those of summer nature in any age of art. I cannot call to mind at present any adequate rendering of snow. There is, of course, Gérôme's 'Duel,' but the painting of the snow does not rise above the quality of figure-painter's land-

scape. In the Exhibitions a few winter subjects are sometimes shown, the best being those which Mr. J. Farquharson curiously alternates with Eastern scenes and Western portraits. These are perfect as far as they go, but they seldom go beyond an impressionist's rendering of snow. The pathetic wretchedness of the world in winter is suggested, but it is usually a memory, not a study. Then again there is Turner's 'Frosty Morning' in the National Gallery, perhaps the truest rendering of a black frost ever painted. What we so seldom see on the walls of an exhibition is any carefully studied representation of the more elaborate detail of wintry nature—all the varieties of frost, black frost, white frost, hoar frost. Hoar frost, that dream of beauty, when the frozen dew on the boughs sparkles with the radiance of jewels, and weaves arches, bowers, festoons, creating an arctic fairyland; and snow through its endless variety of effects from the time the first thinly dancing minute flakes come down, then larger and more abundant until the whole air is dark with them, and the earth becomes a white and silent world, a world full of fresh subjects for the artist. The snow ceases, and sometimes come skies as blue as the petals of a forget-me-not; the nipping and eager air tosses the frozen powder in whirling masses of fine spray; the snow in the roads gets broken up into picturesque raggedness by passing waggon wheels with their long teams of horses, and gives opportunity for foregrounds full of strength and detail. Then note, in some effects of light when the sun is low, the lovely iridescence of the snow, and the startling contrasts of the rosy lights and cobalt shadows. The congealed rivers only show themselves by their wintry hues, with abrupt patches of black here and there. The mill is clothed in its white shroud and 'icicles hang by the wall;' the woods in the weak sunlight are lovely, the intricate tracery of the trees so difficult to draw; the oak alone retains some of its autumn leaves of tawny gold, colour repeated, however, by the dead bracken, and

contrasted by the dark green leaves of the bramble which never dies. The sportsman crunches the frozen mass as he looks for pheasant, hare, or snipe, woodcock or wild-duck. Then on the open fields those winter visitors from the north, the redwings, thrushes, and fieldfares, are picking up a precarious existence.

Besides what may be suggested by the above there are many subjects for winter work connected with the farm, although the march of machinery has banished a good deal of the picturesque farm country life, and we do not now enjoy—and

suffer from—the severe winters of years ago. Cattle and sheep congregate in the farm-yard, or are fed in the open with hay and corn and turnips: the wonderful intelligence and vigilance of the well-trained colley can be studied, as he must then bestow much extra care upon his sheep, especially in the mountainous districts during snow.

It may be said that winter as a subject for the painter is played out, that the "Christmas number" has killed it, and that we do not now get the winter of the poet and the imaginative artist. This is quite true. It is a positive fact that winters are not what they were. Few of us can recollect such winters as one described—to take one book at random—in "White's Natural History of Selbourne," or like the winter of 1837, when the smoking ruins of the burnt-out Royal Exchange appeared in the morning covered with



Study of Hoar Frost on the Buss-Alp Path, Grindelwald. From a Photograph by Captain Abney.

icicles like the transformation scene of a pantomime. This mildness may be due to the increase of population, and consequently increased number of fires in houses and manufactories, as well as the greater warmth of the surface of the land from draining and disforestation. However that may be, our winters are less cold than those of our forefathers. This year the winter is unusually late in putting in its first indication. As I write, in the middle of November, the low sun is shining brilliantly, but with a golden splendour; there are ripe strawberries in the garden, as well

as blossoming primroses and violets; a thrush in a neighbouring tree is in full song, and one of the most pictorial incidents of the country, fern-gathering, is in full swing on the commons, where the gorse, in blossom more or less all the year round, is in fuller bloom than usual.

It must be conceded then, to return to our theme, that winter offers a great number of good subjects for the painter, but that there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of studying the infinite detail of wintry nature out of doors. Here steps in the younger sister, photography, as the beneficent handmaid to the older art.

I have a very strong opinion, and wish it to be thoroughly understood, that copying photographs in their entirety is a very objectionable proceeding, especially by young and inexperienced artists. He must be a very experienced painter, with a fine memory for effect and colour, who could make a good use of photographs without any other reference to nature. The constant practice of copying photographs would soon endanger a painter's style and enfeeble his work. He would lose all those delicate subtleties which give quality to a picture, and can only be got direct from nature. His colour would become mannered and his drawing stiff. Even if the camera gave him, as I am afraid it never will, a perfect transcript from nature, true in tone, and line, and colour, it would not do as a sole substitute for the reality. It is not sufficient to hold the mirror up to nature, and paint the reflection, the artist must go for all essentials, except the intricate drawing and to some extent the light and shade, to the universal mother herself. It is perhaps

needless to tell an artist that work done indoors is of very different quality to anything that is done from nature. Studio work from photographs cannot fail to show the characteristic of a copy of a copy, but for assistance in the details of a picture, when circumstances, such as stress of weather, prevent the artist getting details at first-hand, there is nothing like photography, and, I may almost venture to add, there never will be.

At an earlier period in the history of photography, when the wet-plate process or the use of very slow, but not very sure, dry plates, were the only means available for making negatives, the art scarcely existed as a possibility for the painter. Cumbersome apparatus, dark tents, heavy cameras, portable laboratories, required one assistant at least, and demanded the whole of the artist's atten-



A Frost Study. From a Photograph by Frank Hopps.

tion. Apart from this the dirt and discomfort of the old process was appalling, and the fumes of ether from the collodion, used, as it was, in a confined, unventilated tent in dim yellow light, often affected the eyes, attacked the nerves, and incapacitated the operator from further work, while the silver-stained fingers interfered with his appearing in society. All this is now changed. Darkness and weight

have given way to light in both senses of the word. The modern camera is but a slight addition to the painter's impedimenta; the trouble of using it is infinitesimal. After he has selected his subject he may expose a plate on it at once, which operation need not from start to finish occupy more than five minutes. He may then, if he so pleases, pack away his camera and go on with his painting. He need think no more about photography at present, except to remember as he proceeds with his sketch that he has got all that troublesome detail, as well as a record of the effect, packed away in his plate-holder.

A word of advice may be useful on process and outfit.

First of the outfit. It would serve no good purpose to give a catalogue of photographic requisites here, and I will confine my remarks to essentials. The artist, if he is wise and would save trouble, will make his photographs sufficiently large to enable him to see details easily without enlarging, on which subject I shall

have a word or two presently. On the other hand his apparatus must be so compact and light that he may be able to carry it a mile or two without inconvenience. Cameras are now made so light that the amateur will find that one taking a whole plate ($8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$), or even as large as 10×8 , will satisfy these conditions. Let the purchaser see that the movements are perfectly simple and easily understood.

The ingenuity of makers, and perhaps the struggle to get something to patent, has added much to some modern cameras that is useless and confusing. To support the camera he will require a light folding tripod. Three double plate-holders to take six plates altogether will be found sufficient. An important point is the lens. Some photographers carry a complete battery, but an artist will not care to encumber himself with many varieties, or to try to understand their individual characteristics, therefore I should recommend him to get one of the rapid rectilinear form, which is, perhaps, the best all-round lens made. He is now set up with all he will require out of doors except a focussing-cloth and sensitive plates. The cloth is best made of waterproof material, and will be useful to cover the camera in a shower. With regard to plates, I cannot well recommend any particular maker in this place. There are many makers and all have now had so much experience

that it is difficult to meet with a bad plate. One word of caution or advice, however, I may give. Fix on some good make of plate and keep to it. By this means you learn to know it, the proper exposure, how long it takes to develop and to become of the right intensity. Try others if you will but keep to the general use of one normal plate that you may always have a standard before you.

If, however, I cannot recommend any particular brand it is open for me to suggest a particular kind. I strongly recommend the use of isochromatic plates for general use. These are a recent introduction but have been sufficiently tried to remove their use from the suspicion of being a rash experiment. One of the great faults of photography has been, not so much that it would not fix the colours of nature on the plate—that unfulfillable dream of the scientist, and dead-sea fruit of the charlatan—but that it would not render them in due relation in black and white. As is well known, yellow came out dark

and blue light, and the other colours had similar variation but in a less degree. It would take too long and not be to the purpose to enter into the theory of these plates here, but to speak generally it may be said that if the sensitive film of a plate, or the emulsion of which the film is formed, is stained with certain dyes, the exposed image renders the colours in different relations to that which is given



A Quiet Stream. From a Photograph by Ernest Spencer.

by a plain film. This hint has been followed up until experimentalists have found the special dyes which enable the plate to give the most exact representation of nature in due relation of tints. The blue sky and distance no longer come out lighter than they should do, and the sear and yellow leaf keeps its proper relative tone. It of course follows that as these plates are more sensitive to yellow and red rays, more care has to be exercised in the dark room, and less light of a different quality used. This is a disadvantage, however, which is not insuperable.

It is to these plates, moreover, or rather to the principle on which they are made, that we owe the very great improvement in picture-copying of recent years. Artists will remember how disappointing were photographic copies of their works, and the disappointment was intensified when the picture was painted in vivid colours; as for old pictures they were in most cases impossible. Now, by the use of isochromatic plates,

and the addition of a slightly yellow medium between the lens and picture, most perfect copies are made.

I take it for granted that I am writing for those who know something of photography—as, indeed, who does not? I need not, therefore, enter into minute details, and shall allude only to two or three points in which winter photography differs from its practice in the more genial season.

Certainty in exposure must be bought by experience. The circumstances of light and subject vary so greatly that no definite rules can be formulated. There have been many royal roads proposed in the shape of tables and actinometers,

but nothing to equal in value the exposure and development of a few plates and ordinarily intelligent observation. The actinic value of daylight has been scientifically noted, and it is found that the difference in the photographic power of light between April, May and June, and December, is as 1 to 4. It does not follow, however, that the exposure for winter should be four times that of spring. Other things may not be equal. The comparison is estimated for fine days, and a dull day in winter would be much darker proportionally than a dull day in May, while some snow scenes would take a shorter exposure than the same scene in all the greenery of spring. Then



Sandringham. From a Photograph by H. Bedford Lemere.

again a view in a close wood may take two or three times longer when all the leaves are on in summer than a view of the same part of the leafless wood in December. Therefore, no more definite advice can be given than suggestive hints. There is one good rule, however, I always observe in my own practice: "Expose for the shadows, the lights will take care of themselves." Still, there are one or two exceptions, as usual, to rules. One would apply to some kinds of snow pictures. If you would preserve the delicate gradations of undulating land covered with its white mantle, the exposure must be as short as is compatible with the preservation of some little detail in the darker parts, such as trees and shel-

tered rocks. When the subject is composed of brilliant white and dark shadows, something must be sacrificed. This particularly applies to the gradations of shade on snow. The photographer is familiar with an analogous subject in summer. He knows that if he exposes sufficiently for the landscape he is apt to lose his sky. This difficulty is now partly overcome by the use of isochromatic plates, which not only prevents yellows coming out too dark but also neutralizes the overpowering blue. Hoar frost being of a less unbroken white will admit of longer exposure, as is shown in our illustration of Captain Abney's 'Study of Hoar Frost in the Grindelwald,' in which it will be noted that the detail in the dark trees is

perfectly rendered without in any way interfering with the definition and gradation of the rime, although the mass of it is in sunlight. The same effect is seen to a still greater extent in Mr. Bedford Lemere's 'Sandringham.' In this subject the hoar frost is very thick and white, and yet has allowed sufficient length of exposure to bring out the dark details of the *Arbor vitæ* in the foreground. Another illustration of a similar kind is seen in Mr. Frank Hopps' 'Frost Study' in which there is no sacrifice in the dark parts uncovered by the partial rime.

In making snow pictures I should, with few exceptions, prefer sunlight. The increased contrast would give the delicate light and shade a better chance. I do not think that any appreciable difference in exposure need be made between scenes of the kind taken in sunlight or out of sunlight, providing the light is otherwise the same.

As regards development in winter it is well known that cold retards this operation. Although slow development is to be recommended for subjects showing great contrasts, this is better accomplished by weakening the developer than by loss of heat. The temperature of the dark room should not be allowed to fall below 55° or 60°. I have developed good negatives at a much lower temperature than that indicated, but at an unnecessary expenditure of time and trouble.

In winter we lose, or find much impaired, the possibility of getting instantaneous exposures, giving the detail of shadows fully out, yet there are times when, with short focus lenses, quick exposures will give results, if not equal to those of summer, at all events good enough for the purposes of the artist.

Notwithstanding the want of light there are many subjects

in which the hand-camera—depending as it does on instantaneous exposure—may be used. This little instrument is held in the hand, the tripod being dispensed with. Useful studies of figures, horses, cattle, etc., in motion, can be made without attracting the attention of those photographed, hence the absurd term, detective camera, sometimes applied to this useful tool. It is equally adapted for taking snap shots at vessels at sea and animated groups on shore. One of its greatest advantages is that it is small, may be slung over the shoulder like a field-glass, requires no support, and may be fired off at any moment with the touch of a finger on a spring. One precaution may be of use. This form of camera should always have a "finder" attached to it, to enable the operator to see his picture before, or at the time, he exposes; they are sometimes supplied without this necessary addition and are difficult to manage. Besides their use to produce ordinary prints the resulting negatives may be used for making lantern slides, or may be enlarged. The enlargements may be made on bromide paper and will be found quite efficient as an aid to the painter, and sometimes good enough to be valued for their own sake.

Our illustrations are selected from the late Exhibition of the Photographic Society. The 'Study of Hoar Frost in the Grindelwald,' by Captain Abney, the 'Sandringham,' by Mr. Bedford Lemere, and 'A Frost Study,' by Mr. Hopps, have been alluded to above; the beautiful little picture 'Home-wards,' by Mr. J. Gale, shows that in capable hands, photographs showing much poetic feeling, and at no expense of definition, may be made in the low light of a wintry evening; and 'A Quiet Stream,' by Mr. Ernest Spencer, is a winter scene under a quite different aspect.

H. P. ROBINSON.



I TELL thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.





I tell thee, Dick

At Charing-Crosse, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see comming down
Such folks as are not in our Town,
Vorty at least, in Pairs.

Amongst the rest, one Pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juyce.

Her finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne Pear,
(The side that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
(Some Bee had stung it newly.)
But (*Dick*) her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in *July*.



"Heath's first go round"

*J. H. Dutton
Oct. 1890*

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;

But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.



Each serving man with dish in hand

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man with dish in hand,
Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The Company was seated.

The bus'nesse of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there deni'd:
Passion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) besides the Bride.

Now hatts fly off, and youths carrouse;
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The Brides came thick and thick:
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who could help it? *Dick*).

PAINTERS' STUDIOS.

"SHOW me an artist's surroundings, and I will tell you what he creates," is a saying as proportionately accurate as, "Show me a man's friends and I will tell you his character." To both the exceptions must always be noticeable. Nevertheless, as a rule, the contents of an artist's studio may be taken as indicating the direction of his talent. Associations or a peculiar turn of mind may make him surround himself with properties entirely foreign to the phase of Art which he creates, as, for instance, in the case of a well-known marine painter, who has a mania for collecting old

armour. But this is an exception. The adornment of his studio is almost a duty a painter owes to his public. The studios of the world should stand forth as criterions of personal and individual taste, the antithesis of the furnishing and decoration of public buildings or monuments controlled by corporate bodies. If a Minister of Fine Arts be ever created, his individual taste should equally be reflected in the edifices under his control to the same degree that a painter's individuality is reflected in his studio.

Few pursuits are more delightful than that of collecting,



The Studio of Franz von Lenbach.

whether it be books, pictures, prints, articles of vertu, or bric-à-brac. The hours of the day gain a new interest; the passion feeds on what it acquires; and with acquisition comes knowledge. The first purchases of a painter are generally the properties he actually needs; from this he proceeds to buying properties he may want at some distant day, and so on to purchasing beautiful things merely because he likes them.

We propose in this and a succeeding article to glance round the studios first of some notable painters of the German school of Munich, and then to compare them with some of

those at home. Perhaps the most English of Munich *ateliers* is that of—

FRANZ VON LENBACH.

which resembles in many respects his English brother in Art, Sir John Millais'. Lenbach is *par excellence* the portrait-painter of Germany. His pictures of eminent contemporary men are so well known as to need no more than a passing reference here. Two of his recent creations—Mr. Gladstone and Pope Leo XIII.—were reproduced in *The Art Journal*

last year (p. 111). Lenbach has painted Prince Bismarck many times, one of the more recent being on an easel, in the view we give of the artist's studio. The studio is large, and furnished with a view to comfort rather than display. Filled with odds and ends, vases, heavy curtains falling in rich folds, rugs, and a large number of sketches, it is, nevertheless, essentially a workroom. The walls are hung with exquisite specimens of Gobelin tapestry, which form a luxurious and yet dignified background. To the left of the easel portrait of the German Chancellor is a stand, well adapted for the display of the painter's treasures. On the top shelf stands Houdon's bust of Voltaire, while below, to the right, is a Dutch painting, which no doubt has assisted towards the foundation of Lenbach's style. The studio, over which

Clio may be said to preside, suggests, in every detail, classic repose, and is a workroom thoroughly representative of Germany's great painter.

GÉZA PESKE.

He who would understand the true Hungarian nature must have lived for some time in Hungary. Not in the large towns where people all more or less conform to ordinary types, and where the real Hungarian life only appears, as it were, in pale colours, but among the peasants and shepherds and original Magyar people, the dwellers in the Steppes and Pusztas. These people are quite distinct from the gipsies one sees wandering about, and whose home is supposed to be in that vast, comfortless country—Hungary. The real



The Studio of Géza Peske.

Magyars live each on his own little plot of land, looking after his flocks, and building on his little field, or at times working like a slave for some landed proprietor, with very scanty reward for his services. His life is divided between work and the ale-house. When he wipes the sweat from his brow in the evening, his only recreation lies in the glass. And this life is portrayed in hundreds of pictures, and related in hundreds of stories.

The women and children manage the huts and watch the flocks. The latter are left quite to themselves. They live without discipline, and if father and mother beat them, it is all the same to the little dirty boys and girls—they take it as a matter of course. Their only education is by example. They watch their elders work and dance, and so working

and dancing fill their after-life. But the little joys and desires that lie dormant in every child's soul are also to be found in the Pussta boy. After the fashion of English children, he is for ever "making believe." He supposes this and supposes that, and is never so happy as when he is playing a hero's part in some fairy castle of his imagination. And his love of music! The most carefully taught child does not take more delight in the sound of the fiddle than does the Pussta boy. He understands it, and his passion finds vent later in the national songs and dances. The notes of a violin subjugate his soul, and set his feet dancing. And this is true of the girls just as much as of the boys. The innermost feelings of the Pussta children develop much earlier than those of other children. The loneliness of the

scenery about them, the wide, wide wastes, seldom broken even by a tree, the perfect stillness all around, ripens their understanding very early, and wakens in them that melancholy which seeks relief in a passionate and unrestrained love of dancing. This same craving for excitement is a chief cause of their violent passions, and helps to make this people a physiological riddle. One must be a Hungarian, or have lived in their midst, to understand them. And that is why Peske can express the feelings of the little lonely children. How sweetly, and with what a thorough grasp of his subject, he sets them before us. At first glance it seems as if his pictures represent our own childhood; but looking again, we find it is all so very different, even taking

into consideration the strange landscapes, the peculiarly Hungarian surroundings, and the costume of the little ones. Peske's pictures are thought and worked out in the true original Hungarian spirit. Some peculiarly characteristic touch always meets us in them. He has brought the spirit of the Pussta Lowlands into his studio. His pictures have just the unbroken simplicity, the stillness and emptiness of the Steppes. The poverty of Peske's studio speaks far better than any decoration of his love for his fatherland and his countrymen.

Now let us leave the Steppes, and donning Dr. Faust's magic mantle, set out for Munich. Let us go to the Findlingstrasse, mount two staircases in No. 44, and we stand in the studio of—



The Studio of Hermione von Preuschen.

FRAU HERMIONE VON PREUSCHEN.

Our eyes light up, we are in a real studio at last! In the home of this painter and poetess we find our long-sought artistic arrangement. Frau Hermione von Preuschen has done everything to make the room comfortable and beautiful, although for some tastes it might be considered overcrowded. Here the hand of a woman reveals itself; but not of the woman whose ideas cannot range beyond her little world of home and every-day life; who only sees in the costliness and beauty of the decoration of a room a measure of the wealth of its owner. In her studio everything is costly and distinguished, and yet there is no ostentation. The flowers and fruit in the pictures on the walls claim our attention

1890.

first of all; but that is perfectly natural, as the mistress of this room is the painter of flowers and fruit and still-life. Any idea that in this studio our thoughts can only flit like a butterfly from one flower to another, maligns the genius of Frau Hermione von Preuschen. To disprove it, we have only to recall a work of hers which made a great commotion in the Art world a few years ago, 'Mors Imperator.'

The whole of cultured society was interested in this picture, which, after being rejected by the Berlin Exhibition Jury, drew a large paying public in the exhibitions of the principal cities of Germany and Austria. 'Mors Imperator' was the expression of great power and great thought, which one hardly expected to find in the work of an artist who had

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hitherto been concerned entirely with still-life. And yet was not 'Mors Imperator' still-life—marvellous still-life? Is not Death also in the flowers and fruit which fill the costly bowls, in the golden baskets, and in the silver dishes? Hermione von Preuschen has portrayed the transitory nature of things in a powerful allegory, and this the great public has recognised.

We are in the Marien Platz at Munich. A large crowd is assembled outside a shop. Has an accident happened? Passers-by stop to inquire the cause of the gathering. The answer is given, and the questioner, with a laugh, stays and makes one of the crowd. The people are blocking

the traffic—soon they will have to give way. Suddenly in the doorway appears an odd sight, in the person of a man with no covering to his head, wavy yellow hair falling on his shoulders, earnest, rather pale features, surrounded by a thick beard, and crowned by a high broad forehead. He glances compassionately at the crowd. His face shows neither anger nor ill-humour, only something about the mouth seems, to me at least, to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There is a spirituality about his expression which is almost fascinating. What are the crowd laughing at? His dress? Well, it is certainly eccentric, very different to the prevailing fashion. A long tunic, reaching almost to the ankles, of some heavy yellowish woollen ma-



The Studio of K. W. Diefenbach.

terial, envelopes his entire form. The wide sleeves expose a strong bare arm. His feet are bare. A wide woollen band is fastened loosely round his hips, while a long cloak of light woollen stuff, falling lightly back from his shoulders, completes the costume. Leading by one hand a beautiful boy of about six years, and in the other carrying a sunshade, he steps forward, untroubled by the mockery of the curious crowd. He directs his steps towards the station, and enters a train going to Grosshesselohe. His destination reached, he turns to the streets leading to Wolfratshausen, and after half-an-hour's walk stops before a lonely cottage standing back from the road, and hidden by trees and bushes. Step in, and you are in the house of—

KARL WILHELM DIEFENBACH,

the hermit of the "Workplace of Art, Religion, and Knowledge," as he himself calls his home. A wonderful man! a great artist! although the people do call him the "Apostle of the Cabbage." In spite of all he perseveres in preaching to them humanity and temperance. Diefenbach considers the cause of the vices of human nature is to be found in the over-indulgence in meat and strong drink. He sees in the modern excessive care for the body the decay of the spiritual well-being. He is called eccentric! One can hold what opinion one likes about his appearance and his theories for reform in the domain of Education, Dress, and Religion, but one cannot withhold admiration for his strong will and courage. Diefenbach endures

a great deal. He is a martyr to his opinions. Not from timidity did he retire to his hermitage, but for contemplation and to ponder over the readiest means of regenerating mankind. Sometimes he exchanges the brush for the pen. In earlier days he preached publicly in Munich, but for a year sickness has held him a prisoner to his couch. There he may be seen, in the illustration we give of his studio, directing the brush of a pupil habited in the same costume as his master. Although his hand is almost too weak to hold a brush he is now at work upon a large and thoughtful frieze called 'Child-music.'

Enough! If we wished to pay the artist Diefenbach a visit in his studio it was necessary, according to my plan, first to understand the man. In the picture of his studio may be seen a

primitive bed covered with a woollen covering. It is the artist's couch of suffering, where the power of his spirit subdues bodily pain, and from whence he directs the work of his pupils. Otherwise the apartment is poorly furnished, and the eye seeks in vain a comfortable, cosy corner. The pictures which fill the room in large numbers attract attention. Intellect, deep feeling, love of nature and humanity speak from the works of Diefenbach.

Let us now enter the workroom of a battle painter—

LOUIS BRAUN.

Don't be frightened! Never mind the threatening cannon, the squadrons of eager soldiers. You need not hold



The Studio of Louis Braun.

your ears because of the thousand voices of the brave soldiers, the piercing signals of the trumpets, the word of command from the officers, the clatter of arms, the thunder of cannon. You only imagine you hear the groans of the wounded and see the frightful corpses of men and animals. What your imagination pictures is only what the master hand of Brauns has created—" *C'est la guerre.*" Now you know the spirit which animates this studio. Here are the instruments of war strewn about in all the confusion as on the battle-field. The only order displayed is in the closed-up columns of the storming German soldiers. Everything else shows the horrible, ghastly disorder of battle. Here the great Franco-German War lives again. The bloody struggle of Alsace-Lorraine lives in the scenes which Professor Braun transfers to canvas.

Who can help being affected by the great panorama of the battle of Weissenburg? In this studio war finds its greatest exponent. Blood and corpses strew the way to the Niederwaldendenkmal. How they fought and struggled, fell and conquered—Germany's hero sons!—under their illustrious flag! How they gained the mastery in the fight against their ancient enemy! The spirit of that time breathes in this room. To glorify it Braun needs no other aid than his sketches and his clear memory. His imagination starts forth, his eyes pierce the walls and meet once again the frightful sights of the battlefield. He follows the Crown Prince Frederick William on his victorious campaign, the enthusiasm of the army seizes him, the mighty deeds of German arms deify him and he is lost in enthusiasm.

Do you not appreciate the simplicity of this room? Would you rather see it full of nick-nacks, with comfortable corners and soft couches and ornaments in tasteful and ingenious arrangements? Understand also that the model of a fortress to the left is not an ornament but a study.

And now to bright simplicity, to—

EDMUND HARBURGER.

An ordinary-looking, cheerful, mischievous face, with little

eyes close together, and rosy, puffed-out cheeks, a pear-shaped nose, and a mouth stretched to a wide smile. Then an old velvet cap, a shabby coat, torn here and there, and you have the presentment of the humourist, Harburger. We are in the kingdom of the Comic. The old torn basket, the copper cauldron, even the dignified glass cupboard, all incite to laughter—they belong to Harburger. The studio also contains the model of a real peasant-room. Peasant-rooms are certainly not, as a rule, comic; but this peasant-room is at



The Studio of Edmund Harburger.

once peopled by the merry people the brush of Harburger has created. We expect one of them will enter every moment. Look, his hat is on the table, his pipe near it, and his beer glass is not yet empty. "Life is earnest and Art is bright." The latter is much brighter for Harburger than for most people. Time flies pleasantly to the accompaniment of funny

stories, which the owner of the peasant-room can tell. Harburger is perfectly original. Not a line recalls another artist. Munich has an advantage over other Art centres in that more prominent original humourists dwell within her walls than anywhere else. Walter Busch is dead, but she still has Meggendorfer, Oberländer, and Harburger.

(To be continued.)

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



COTLAND, ever prone to reverence the men of culture and the men of power that she has produced, may claim to have also done her due part in preserving and making visible their portraiture. Her first painter of any mark, Jamesone of Aberdeen, was a painter of portraits, and of little else; and the same may be said, with even more assured em-

phasis, of Raeburn, one of her most potent artistic personalities. Wilkie, in a past generation, Orchardson in the present — though they have preferred to portray men, humble or high-born, in action and under the dramatic pressure of contact one with the other — have each produced many portraits stamped with vigorous character, or graced with exquisite refinement.

Nor is the case at all other when we pass from the making of portraits to the showing of them. In the very year—the year was 1859—in which the National Portrait Gallery, London, opened its doors to the public, the first loan collection of national historical portraits was organized in Aberdeen. In England, indeed, public gatherings of portraits had previously been made for the sake of Art, and illustrative of the work of individual painters; while in

Scotland, on similar lines, there was the little Raeburn display held in the Edinburgh University in 1840: but the exhibition of nearly two hundred works brought together in Aberdeen, in 1859, by Mr. C. Elphinstone-Dalrymple and the owners who liberally responded to his invitation, was the first series of portraits ever collected on loan with a strictly historical and antiquarian aim.

Once done, and so proved possible, the thing did not fail to be repeated. First followed the great South Kensington Portrait Exhibitions of 1865, 1866 and 1867, in which not far from three thousand British portraits were submitted to public inspection, and, in every case where it was at all possible, made permanently referable by means of photography. In 1868 the Town Council of Glasgow collected, in their recently erected corporation galleries, a Loan Exhibition of four hundred and sixty-two portraits, representing for the most part local magnates, the commercial “makers of Glasgow,” but including the likenesses of not a few personages of far wider celebrity. The Raeburn Exhibition of over three hundred of the works of this greatest of Scottish

portraitists, equally interesting on artistic grounds and for reasons antiquarian and biographic, was opened in the National Galleries, Edinburgh, in 1876; and this brings us to the Loan Exhibition of the Board of Manufactures, held in the same galleries in 1883, largely composed of portraiture; and to their Loan Exhibition of the following year, exclusively devoted to it.

Both of these displays were organized with a view to the opening of a permanent Scottish National Portrait Gallery, towards the endowment of which an anonymous gentleman had, in December, 1882, offered a sum of £10,000, to be administered by the Board of Manufactures, the Trustees of the National Art Collections in Scotland. His condition, that a similar sum should be provided

by the Treasury, was met by a Parliamentary vote; and the interest of the £20,000 thus provided forms the total



The Staircase.

revenue now available for the formation and maintenance of the gallery.

Difficulty having arisen as to a suitable building for the preservation of the portraits, the original donor again came forward, and offered to erect ample galleries to contain not only the national portraits, but also the collections of the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, whose increasingly rich gathering of archaeological treasures had for years been very inadequately housed in the galleries of the Royal Institution, Mound, Edinburgh. He stipulated that a site should be provided, and this was complied with by the joint action of the Treasury and the Board of Manufactures, who purchased a suitable space of ground at the east end of Queen Street, for a sum of £7,500.

The plans of the new structure were intrusted to Dr. R.

of columns and pointed arches, in the entrance-hall, in the staircase, and in the ambulatory of the first floor. By the express stipulation of the donor, the western half of the building has been devoted to the purposes of the Portrait Gallery. This contains, in addition to smaller rooms, five large exhibition galleries,—two of these being spacious double galleries, each occupying the entire breadth of the building, and divided in the centre by a series of open arches. Nearly equal accommodation on the eastern side is provided for the National Museum of Antiquities.

It was originally intended that the Galleries should for the present consist simply of the oblong block described above, and that the lateral wings and decorated corner turrets, included in the original design, and very essential to its due architectural effect, should be postponed till additional

accommodation had become pressingly necessary through the increase of the two national collections. When, however, the building was well in progress, the donor intimated to the Board his desire that the design should be carried out in its entirety, and at the same time provided funds for the immediate extension of the building to a length of 253 feet, by the completion of the wings and corner towers.

Since May, 1885, the portraits that had been acquired by the Gallery, supplemented by a few works continued upon extended loan from the Exhibition of 1884, were exhibited to the public in temporary premises; but in the middle of last year they were removed to the large double gallery on the second floor. On the 15th of July, 1889, the Gallery was formally opened by the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary of State for Scotland; and, in his speech on



Interior of the Galleries.

Rowand Anderson, the architect of the new Medical Schools of the Edinburgh University; and the style adopted was the Gothic of the later half of the thirteenth century as applied to secular edifices. The main portion of the building is an oblong three-story block, 212 feet in length by 65 in breadth, of red Corsehill stone; the two lower stories being furnished with ample pointed windows, and the upper galleries lighted from the roof. With that instinct—so characteristic of all Dr. Anderson's work—for concentrating enrichment and detail upon points, and giving it value by its proximity to blank space of restful quietude, the ornament is gathered mainly about the central entrance and round the windows of the first floor, which contain a series of canopied Gothic niches, ultimately to be filled with statues of the most typical of Scotsmen; and in the interior are some telling combinations

of columns and pointed arches, in the entrance-hall, in the staircase, and in the ambulatory of the first floor. By the express stipulation of the donor, the western half of the building has been devoted to the purposes of the Portrait Gallery. This contains, in addition to smaller rooms, five large exhibition galleries,—two of these being spacious double galleries, each occupying the entire breadth of the building, and divided in the centre by a series of open arches. Nearly equal accommodation on the eastern side is provided for the National Museum of Antiquities. It was originally intended that the Galleries should for the present consist simply of the oblong block described above, and that the lateral wings and decorated corner turrets, included in the original design, and very essential to its due architectural effect, should be postponed till additional accommodation had become pressingly necessary through the increase of the two national collections. When, however, the building was well in progress, the donor intimated to the Board his desire that the design should be carried out in its entirety, and at the same time provided funds for the immediate extension of the building to a length of 253 feet, by the completion of the wings and corner towers. Since May, 1885, the portraits that had been acquired by the Gallery, supplemented by a few works continued upon extended loan from the Exhibition of 1884, were exhibited to the public in temporary premises; but in the middle of last year they were removed to the large double gallery on the second floor. On the 15th of July, 1889, the Gallery was formally opened by the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary of State for Scotland; and, in his speech on the occasion, the Lord Justice General intimated that the so-long anonymous donor was a member of the Board of Manufactures, Mr. J. R. Findlay, one of the proprietors of the *Scotsman* newspaper, an active Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, for several years one of the honorary secretaries of that body, and that the entire sum which he had bestowed for the erection of the building and towards the endowment of the Portrait Gallery amounted to £50,000. It must be satisfactory to the generous donor to know that his munificence has not only effected the particular object which he definitely purposed, but that its influence has been wider; that it has not only provided a Portrait Gallery for Scotland, but done something towards providing one for England as well; for Mr. Findlay's gift seems undoubtedly to have stimulated like-minded generosity in others, and to have suggested the offer,

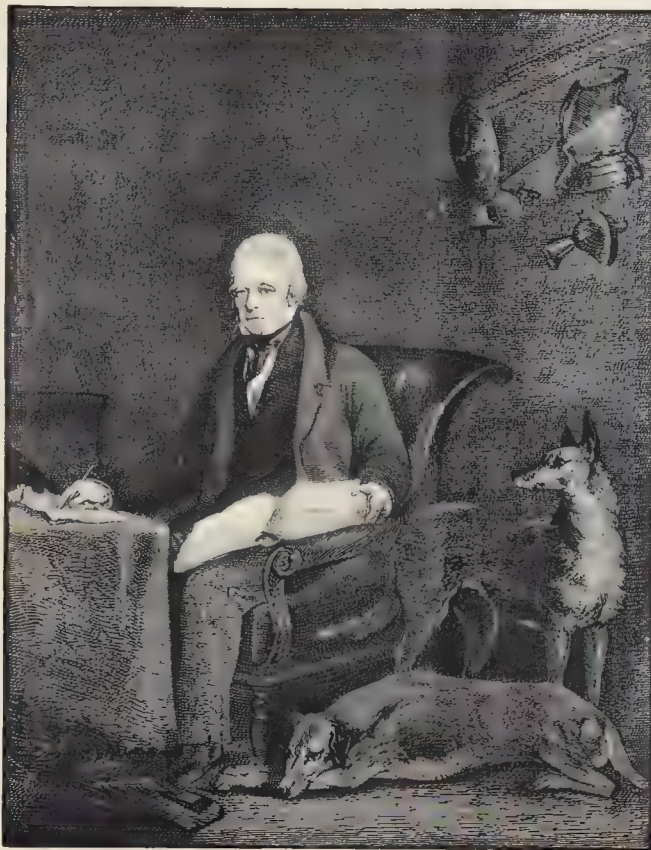
by a second "anonymous donor," to provide a much-needed building for the accommodation of the National Portrait Collection in London.

The pictures, drawings, statues, busts, and medallions in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery number in all nearly four hundred, of which about seventy have been deposited by their owners for a period of two years. Of these works received on loan the most important are the series of eleven portraits of members of the house of Hamilton, lent by the present Duke. The earliest of them is a curious panel portrait of the Second Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland during the minority of Queen Mary, a work dated 1575, the year of his death, and showing him with the collar and jewel of the Order of St. Michael bestowed on him by Henry II. of France, by whom he was created Duke of Châtelherault. It is the work of Cornelius Ketel, and is engraved in Lodge's *Portraits*. An oblong picture shows half-lengths of William, Second Duke of Hamilton, and his companion-in-arms, the celebrated Duke of Lauderdale, a signed example of Cornelius Jonson, its date of 1649 proving that it was painted in Holland previous to the fatal battle of Worcester, in which the one received his mortal wound and the other was made prisoner. The Second Duke of Hamilton appears in full length in another canvas, the work of Daniel Mytens, predecessor of Vandyke as court painter to Charles I., a picture technically interesting for its fine colour and tone, for its Velasquez-like scheme of silvery greys, accentuated by telling points of black and white: while the full-length of the Fourth Duke of Hamilton and the half-length of his brother, the Earl of Orkney, celebrated as a military leader, are signed examples of Sir Godfrey Kneller. A series of eight portraits, including those of the First Earl of Stair, Secretary of State at the time of the massacre of Glencoe, and of the Second Earl, the hero of Ramillies and Oudenarde, come from Oxenford Castle; and among the other loans is a valuable bust-likeness of David Hume, a signed picture by Allan Ramsay, dated 1754, lent by Lord Kingsburgh.

The remaining works, over three hundred in number, are either the property of the Gallery or deposited in it on what is practically permanent—or all but permanent—loan.

The Trustees have been fortunate in being able to draw upon a series of old portraits collected by David Laing, the eminent scholar and librarian (who is himself represented in an oil portrait by Herdman, and a bust by D. W. Stevenson), and bequeathed to the Society of Antiquaries, in view of the formation of such a National Portrait Collection as the present. The works that were formerly his include portraits of Field-Marshal Wade; of James Tassie, the modeller (a large col-

lection of whose portrait medallions of the most eminent men of his time is also displayed); Walter Macfarlane, the antiquary; Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session; James VI., as a boy; John Runciman, the artist; and his better-known brother Alexander, the painter of the "Ossian Ceiling" in Penicuik House, who appears in company with John Brown, the draughtsman of that remarkable series of life-sized pencil heads, mainly of the early members of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, deposited by that body in the Portrait Gallery. But the most interesting of the works bequeathed by Dr. Laing is the earliest of the portraits repre-



Sir Walter Scott. From the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant.

senting Sir Walter Scott, a little profile miniature, preserved in one of the glass cases. It was painted at Bath, when its subject was five or six years old, and shows a face exquisitely delicate and sensitive, with yellow ringlets and observant grey-blue eyes, and with very emphatic rendering of that curiously elongated, truly Scottish, upper lip, which is so marked a feature in all the portraits of Sir Walter. Various other likenesses of Scott are contained in the gallery: a medallion by Henning, dated 1809; a study by Geddes, done for his 'Discovery of the Scottish Regalia,' painted in 1818; a cast from the well-known bust by Chantrey, 1820; a

pencil sketch by the Russian artist, Ströling; a full-length sepia drawing, by Crombie; a silhouette, by William Simpson, R.S.A.; and a frame with three of the sketches made by Daniel Maclise, in Cork, in 1825—the two last items being merely on loan. But next in interest to the Bath miniature is that latest portrait of all, of which we give an engraving, painted by Sir Francis Grant at Abbotsford, in 1831, as a commission for Lady Mary Ruthven, by whom it was bequeathed to the Board of Manufactures. The artist has left an interesting account of the circumstances under which it was executed; how his easel was set in the study, where he painted while Scott dictated "Count Robert of Paris," and the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," to Laidlaw, his amanuensis, with unflinching fluency, immersed in his subject and unconscious of the artist's presence, till the dog that appears standing in the picture would impatiently claim his attention, and be quieted by his grave, emphatic address, "'Bran—my man—do you see that gentleman' (pointing to me); 'he is painting my picture, and he wants us to bide a wee bit, till he has finished my hand' (pointing to his hand); 'so just lie down for a while and THEN we'll gang to the hill,'" advice promptly followed by this embodiment of canine sagacity.

The most celebrated of the portraits of Burns, the original bust portrait by Nasmyth, is the property of the Board; but this, along with the original portrait of Sir Walter Scott by Watson Gordon, has for the present been retained in the National Gallery on the Mound. The Portrait Gallery, however, contains the likeness of Burns which, next to that by Nasmyth, possesses the strongest claims to be regarded as a portrait done from the life. This is the cabinet-sized, seated figure, engraved by Horsburgh, which was painted by Peter Taylor, in his house in West Register Street, Edinburgh, during several morning sittings in 1786. Its authenticity has been certified by the poet's wife, by Mrs. Maclehoze, Mrs. Janet Thomson, and other of his personal friends; and Hogg records a visit which he paid to the painter's widow in company with Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, who at once recognised the portrait and praised its substantial fidelity. The present owner, Mr. W. A. Taylor, of Camperdown, Victoria, has deposited the picture in the Gallery, to remain there during his lifetime.

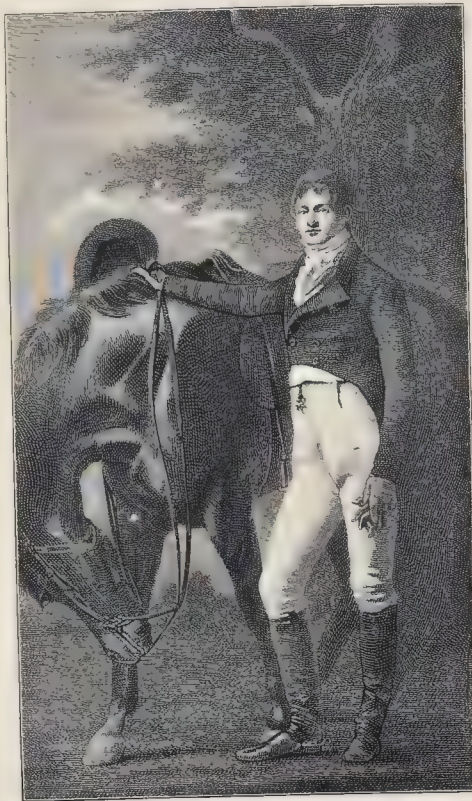
Several important Scottish national portraits have been transferred to the Portrait Gallery from the National Gallery. Such of these as are the property of the Board include a telling full-length of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and half-lengths of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh and of the Second Viscount Melville, of Colvin Smith, R.S.A., a Raeburn head of Francis Horner, and Beechey's portrait of Wilkie; while among works belonging to the Royal Scottish Academy, formerly deposited in the National Gallery, are full-lengths of Lord Cockburn, Lord Rutherford, and Sir James Gibson-Craig, by Watson Gordon,

and that fine Raeburn portrait of Professor John Wilson which forms another of our illustrations. This last picture shows "Christopher North" at the age of twenty. It was painted in 1805, and so represents that period of Raeburn's art which produced such works as the powerful seated full-length of William Macdonald of St. Martin's, in the possession of the Highland Agricultural Society. Its scheme of colouring, its warm browns and quiet blacks, opposed by the yellow of the vest and by that dexterously introduced passage of olive green in the glove, is less positive and more reticent than is quite usual with the painter; the brush-work—as, for instance, in the expression of the hands—is very interpretive and masterly; and the pose of the figure is full of distinction. An interesting reference to the picture will be found in Chapter II. of Mrs. Gordon's "Memoir" of her father.

The other Raeburn which we reproduce is one of the two examples of his art which the Trustees of the Gallery have acquired by purchase, the other being a three-quarter length of Pro-

fessor Andrew Dalziel, the classical scholar, formerly professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. The picture that we engrave shows the powerful frame and strong, large-featured face of Neil Gow, the prince of Scottish violinists, celebrated for his magical rendering of reels and strathspeys, and the father of a family of esteemed composers and musicians. He was painted, much as he appears here, and in the same costume of blue coat and tartan hose, by Wilkie in his 'Penny Wedding.'

Among the other works which have been added to the Gallery by purchase is a full-length of George II., by Shackleton; companion full-lengths of George III. and his Queen, by



Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), at the Age of Twenty. From the Picture by Sir Henry Raeburn. The property of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Allan Ramsay, formerly at Osmaston Hall, Derby; a half-length of Queen Caroline of Anspach, by Amigoni; and portraits of the Chevalier de St. George; George IV., by Lawrence; the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, of the "Autobiography," by Skirving; the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, of the "Scottish Dictionary," by Yellowlees; Thomas Campbell, the poet, by Room; Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., by Knight; and Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A., in his studio, by John Ballantyne, R.S.A.

Already a considerable number of portraits have been received by gift and bequest—to which, in the future, the Gallery, like too many Scottish institutions of a like nature, must mainly trust for its extension—and among these may be specified the Rev. Dr. Thomas McCrie, biographer of Knox,

the well-known engraved picture by Watson Gordon; Thomas Thomson, the constitutional lawyer, editor of the "Acts of Parliament of Scotland," by Robert Scott Lander; the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, a celebrated Edinburgh clergyman and member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, by Norman Macbeth; and the work which we reproduce on this page, a portrait, by James Irvine, of Dr. William Veitch, "The Scottish Porson," as he was styled by the *Spectator* in its obituary, a classical scholar better known in Oxford and in Germany than in the northern capital where he resided. Learned foreigners on their arrival in Edinburgh were frequently surprised to discover how unfamiliar his

name was there, how much difficulty they had in finding this scholar of a European reputation, till in Williams and Norgate's shop they would be directed to his modest bachelor rooms. Like so many Scottish scholars, Veitch was trained for the ministry and became a clergyman of the Church of Scotland; but he showed no especial aptitude for "the preaching of the Word," much for classical learning; and so he drifted into the life of a scholar pure and simple, working as a tutor to supply his very moderate wants, devoting all his energies to his great work on "Greek Verbs," and afterwards aiding the then Master of Balliol in revising the sixth edition of Liddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon." Full of individuality and vivacity, his com-

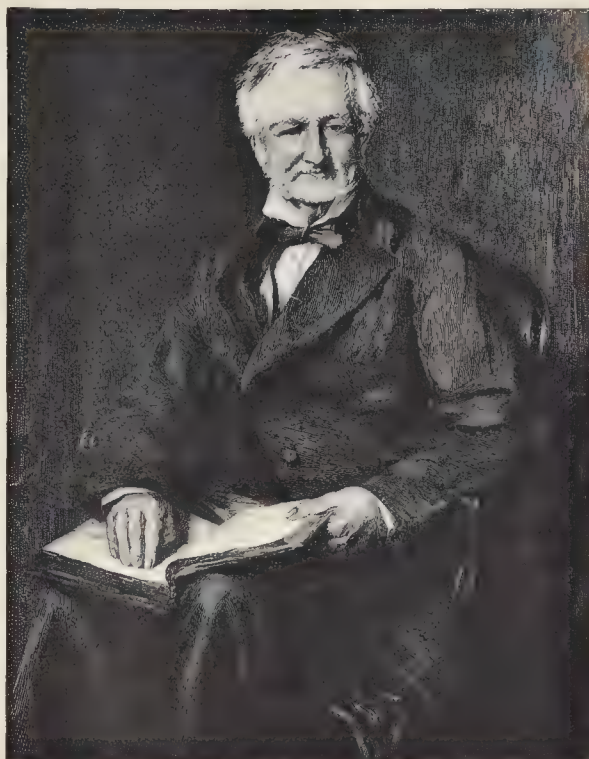
pany was much prized by a limited circle of friends, who still remember the sly, rich humour of his anecdotes of old-world days in the Highlands and in his native Teviotdale: and if his life-work was exclusively that of a purely textual scholar, he merits remembrance for having performed that life-work with quite singular exactitude and thoroughness, merits the praise of Browning's "Grammarians" who "settled *Hoti's* business," and "gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*."

An interesting feature of the gallery is a series of nearly forty life-sized pencil heads by John Brown, a talented Scottish draughtsman of the end of the last century, who has hitherto been less widely known than he deserves. These drawings, executed with much force, delicacy, and fidelity to

individual character, include a series of portraits of the early members of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, commissioned by David, Earl of Buchan, the founder of that body, from whose library they are now lent. They include the Earl himself; James Cummyng, of the Lyon Office, the first secretary of the society; William Smellie, the botanist and printer, also a secretary of the society; George Paton, the correspondent of Gough, Herd, and Ritson; Adam Cardonnel, author of the "Numismata Scotiæ" and the "Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland;" Dr. John Brown, founder of the Brounsonian System, and other Scotsmen of mark. These are supplemented by a few other similar drawings by Brown,

acquired by purchase, gift, or loan, portraying the artist's friend, Lord Monboddo, who, after his death, edited his "Letters on the Poetry and Music of the Italian Opera," written from Italy, where he had resided many years; Lord Monboddo's clerk, John Hunter, afterwards Principal of St. Salvador and St. Leonard's, St. Andrew's, and editor of the classics; Elizabeth, Countess of Glencairn, mother of James, Fourteenth Earl, the patron of Burns; the Rev. John Logan, the poet; and the First Lord Meadowbank, President of the Court of Session.

Of the fifty portrait statues and busts in the Gallery the larger number are merely plaster casts. It was considered desirable by the Board that, in forming the nucleus of the collection, works in this perishable material, representing



Dr. William Veitch. From the Picture by James Irvine.

eminent Scotsmen, should be admitted; but in future their aim will be to acquire examples of portrait-sculpture in durable marble or metal, and several of such busts have been promised. Among the busts in marble already acquired is a telling and individual head of Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," by Samuel Joseph, R.S.A., a work portraying him in all the emaciation of extreme old age; John Hill Burton, the historian, by Alexander Rhind, after William Brodie, R.S.A.; Hugh Miller, the geologist, by Brodie; the Duke of Kent, by Turnerelli; and the Right Hon. Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., one of the most dignified and successful productions of Sir John Steell, R.S.A. The works in bronze include a bust of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, by Steell; one of Dugald Stewart, by Joseph; and an electrotype reproduction of the head of the alabaster statue of Queen Mary, from the monument in Westminster Abbey; and there is deposited in the Gallery, on loan, an interesting marble bust of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.,

by Thomas Campbell, one of the very few known renderings of the features of the greatest of Scottish portraitists. The

series of medallions by James and William Tassie is extensive and representative, numbering nearly fifty subjects, in enamel or plaster, of the most distinguished sitters, and including portraits of David Hume, Viscount Melville, Professor Gregory, Dr. James Hutton, the Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair, Adam Smith, Robert Adam, Robert Foulis, and a very large proportion of the best-known Scotsmen of the second half of the eighteenth century.

The eastern half of the building, devoted to the use of the National Museum of Antiquities, is not so far advanced as the western, portrait gallery side; but it is hoped that before very many months are over the whole will be completed, when the fine archæological collection will be removed from the galleries on the Mound, where it is at present housed, to the rooms here provided for

it, and be, for the first time, adequately displayed to the public.

J. M. GRAY.



Neil Gow. From the Picture by Sir Henry Raeburn.

ART AND CULTURE.



N a story, graceful and beautiful, as all that comes from the author of "John Inglesant" must be, the question is propounded: "Is religion doomed to be a stranger at life's feast?" Little Schoolmaster Mark, with the heart of a child and the mind of a cultivated man, is perplexed to find that joy and goodness are divorced. In the Court the good are sad, and the joyous are frivolous. With pained surprise the saintly scholar faces the problem. That which he sees is just what ought not to be. Is anything more joyous than goodness? Is anything more at variance with joy than empty heartlessness? Yet there is easy and good-tempered gladness when the moral tone is low, while a cloud sits upon the brow of the saint.

The same painful perplexity visits many besides little Schoolmaster Mark. Why should religion be drawn with saddened or sour visage? How can evil smile? Does faith disclaim the arts of life? Is the domain of all that is pleasing to the eye, delightful to the ear, and persuasive to sweet restfulness, given over to those who disdain the voice of duty? Are smiles and winning welcomes to be seen on the countenance of the mistress, and is the face of the lawlul wife to be ever stern and forbidding? Who will wed with duty if she always frowns? Who can resist pleasure when she comes adorned with all the attractions of Art and culture?

Is religion hostile to culture? The question will be answered in various ways. There are men of culture who regard religion as a hostile force. In their view, religion, under the plea of the transcendent claims of the future,

abstracts from the present life powers which might better be devoted to the cultivation of the beauty of the world. There are religious men who ask, What can be the claims of culture over beings who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and upon whom is cast the tremendous responsibility of eternity? There are others whose hearts sink, when they hear it affirmed on the one side by culture, and on the other side by faith—that the pursuit of both is impossible to humanity. Is it true then that we must be barbarians if we live by faith, and irreligious if we devote ourselves to culture? It would be a sad day for men should such a conclusion be accepted. Of course, it is incontestable that if men play the part of special pleaders on either side, they can make out a very strong case. The man of culture can bring his indictment against faith. Religion burnt the library at Alexandria. Religion destroyed some of the masterpieces of Greek Art. Religion has asked what is the use of human knowledge, and has denounced the wisdom of this world. And, on the other hand, the man of religion can bring his indictment against culture. Art has corrupted morals; culture has nourished pride and has spread the taste for luxurious ease. Atheism has flourished under her care; and the worship of the beautiful has been responsible for the scornful voluptuousness which has trodden holy things under foot.

But these are not more than the arguments of pleaders. Such men hold a brief for a special view. They are advocates, not thinkers. All that their plea amounts to is, that, on the one side, there have been religious people intolerant of Art, and on the other side, there have been artistic people intolerant of religion. It is easy to disparage any branch of study by arranging in historical sequence and in ostentatious verbiage, the follies of its votaries. We are told that a celebrated French preacher endeavoured to show the weakness of philosophy by collecting the foolish theories which had been advanced by philosophers. It was a cheap and smart method of discrediting philosophy in the estimation of his hearers; but it was a fatal weapon to use. If a great cause or a great subject is to be condemned because of the follies of its adherents, no cause would survive and no subject would be studied. The follies of religious men and the follies of cultured men may make us laugh, but as no great cause was ever laughed down, religion and culture, as well as philosophy, will survive the eccentricities of men. It is neither logical nor honest to make a cause responsible for the oddities of enthusiasts.

Is religion hostile to culture? The question strictly speaking is quite absurd. Supposing some one were to propound the question whether medical science was favourable or unfavourable to Art. Suppose we were to cite cases in which doctors had clearly hindered artists in their work, ordering this sculptor to Madeira, or that master of painting to the Engadine, banishing from their toil men whose souls thirsted to bequeath to the world the most exquisite of art forms and the most inspiring creations of their imagination. Suppose we were to insist upon it that we had proved that medical science was hostile to culture, seeing that the doctor never came across the artist without in some way curtailing his opportunities of realising his art. Suppose all this, and then imagine what our answer would be to such an array of arguments! The only reply would be, to express our wonder that a man should lose so much time and waste so many words upon such a matter. If further answer were needed, we should only add that the province of medical science was

wholly distinct from that of culture and Art. The business of the doctor is to heal a man's body; and the body of an artist is, like the body of any other man, subject to the same laws, and needing the same treatment. To talk of the science of medicine being hostile to Art is simply to talk absurdly. The doctor, if he sometimes bids the artist fling away his chisel or his brush, does so, not because he hates Art, but because he seeks to cure his patient. His advice to-day may enable the sculptor to wield his tools with greater effect to-morrow. The painting may be completed with greater freshness and more consummate skill, because the doctor has checked the toil which would have invited failure and aided in defeat. Medical science may be the conservator of artistic power, at the same moment that it seems to be an obstacle to Art. Strictly speaking, however, the two spheres are distinct. The doctor might fairly say to the artist—"My good sir, I don't care a rush for your picture or your statue. It does not come within my province to consider whether they are finished or not. That is your affair, not mine. My affair is with the machine which we call body; and my business is to tell you what is good and what is bad for that machine."

In the same way, religion and Art have distinct aims. To say that one is hostile to the other is just as senseless as to affirm that medicine and culture are opposed. With a great deal more truth it might be said that science and Art were opposed; but this again would be merely talking for the sake of talking. Science has her aim, and Art has hers. There are moments when the aim of science may seem to conflict with that of Art, but in the ultimate purpose of these two powers there is no necessary collision. They are simply two independent forces, with no more likelihood of conflict in their purposes than between the aeronaut and the sailor. The province of one is the sea and the province of the other is the air. The province of science is knowledge, the province of Art is beauty, and the province of religion is holiness. The chances of collision only arise when men limit their vision, or forget the proportion which makes the true beauty of life. The realisation of this proportion enables us to harmonize the powers of our life. Thus, for instance, religion and culture are powers directed towards different ends. Religion makes character her aim. She desires to foster the spiritual forces of man's nature, to quicken his moral sense and to elevate his aspirations. She is not, and she cannot be, satisfied with any improvement or refinement of taste or feeling for that which is only externally beautiful. It is at this point that hostility between faith and culture may break out. In the eye of religion the harmony aimed at must be a complete harmony. It must be the harmony between the inward and outward, between the spiritual, intellectual, moral and physical powers of man's being. She demands that there shall be no discord in man. She asks for spotlessness of body, soul, and spirit; she seeks the purity of his whole nature. To cultivate his intelligence and to refine his taste, while leaving his moral nature the prey of his passions, is to deal faithlessly and incompletely with man. Body, soul, spirit, all that there is in man must be cultivated. His conscience must be quick and sensitive, his spirit responsive to the influences of the unseen. Beauty, to her, is not beauty of form or beauty of thought, but beauty of character also. In her deep love for men, she craves for them completeness of beauty. To her, therefore, nothing is more revolting than the outside splendour which covers inward corruption. This is a feeling deep in nature. The fairer Desdemona is, the more hateful is she, if she be not fair

within. The outward beauty should be the witness of the inward; if it is not, it is the story of the whited sepulchre. This was the feeling to which our Lord gave expression when he wept over Jerusalem. In the very beauty of the city with its splendid temple, its costly stones, its noble situation, there was something unutterably pathetic. "When He beheld the city, He wept." It was fair, but being the home of moral rottenness and religious insincerity it could not last. Outward beauty could not save it. "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." To see, in language like this, a proof that Jesus Christ could not appreciate Art or was petulantly intolerant of culture and beauty of form, is to be blind to one of the subtlest and most widespread of human feelings. It is the sense of hideous contradiction between what is outwardly fair and what is inwardly foul, which revolts our minds. It is the recognition of the well-known law that surface beauty cannot avert the retribution which waits on inward impurity. Did Othello not appreciate his wife's beauty when he cried, "O! the pity of it, Iago!" Was it not precisely the love he had for her loveliness which gave voice to that most pathetic cry? True love is always jealous, not in a small, mean, mistrustful way, but in that largely ambitious way which longs to see the object of its love growing great and fair in all that is best and noblest. It is a poor love which has no ambition; true love desires that the loved one should be rich in the possession of all which evokes reverence, honour, and high regard.

Religion, then, recognising that there is such a thing as beauty of the soul, desires that men should be clothed with this beauty. She will join hands with culture in promoting refined taste and cultivated feeling; but she cannot endure the sight of the surface loveliness which is mocked by ugliness within.

If it be said that this inward ugliness is not less condemned by culture than by religion, then we can only rejoice that culture joins hands with religion in promoting beauty of heart and character. But it is still to be remembered that the function of religion is pre-eminently towards man's moral and spiritual nature. To forego her vigilance and care of man as a moral and spiritual being would be to abdicate her prerogative, and to declare her own uselessness. Does it not seem, then, that there is no real reason for saying that culture and religion are hostile powers in the world? Their final aim is not the same, any more than the final aims of science and culture are identical. But though pursuing different aims, they are not pursuing opposing aims; and in their progress they must often tread the same path, and when they do so it is as well that they should unite their labours.

It is true that our sense of beauty sometimes tempts us to doubt whether indeed goodness rules the universe. The beautiful leads us to expect the good. "Beauty stands on the threshold of the mystical world and excites a curiosity about God." Men think if the universe, which is at best but the vesture of God, be thus teeming with things so beautiful, how good must He be, who robes Himself thus in so much loveliness! And then, finding that in nature there is so much pain, so much heedlessness of suffering and death, seeing that nature, which looked so fair, starts up like a sudden fury, "red in tooth and claw," they are staggered at the contrast. Their faith vanishes, their unbelief is the outcome of the hideous and irreconcilable contradiction. The presence of beauty had excited the expectation of goodness; their expectation is, as they think, disappointed. They feel as Othello felt. "So fair and yet so foul. O! the pity of it." We can

understand it all, even though we wonder that love did not trust a little more, and wait a little longer. Poor Desdemona was not guilty. Many a faith has been smothered on grounds as slender, though by indignation as natural, as those which joined in Desdemona's death. Beauty leads us to expect the good. Ideally it ought to be so. In the golden age it will be so. The king's daughter whose clothing is of wrought gold will also be all glorious within. Meanwhile we may rely upon our own conviction of the fitness of things that thus it must be. If we were only of the earth, we should be possessed of a dull content; but because we have the wine of heaven in our veins, we are the victims of a noble discontent. We chafe against the contradictions between outward beauty and inward uncomeliness. But this capacity of pain is our greatness. Every pang is a prophecy, it is the witness of our growth and the assurance of our triumph; the light that shows the darkness of the night is the light which predicts the morning.

Religion gives voice to this hope, and approves our expectation. Meanwhile, Art herself realises that inward beauty is essential to the successful realisation of her own aims. That spiritual health, that wholesomeness of soul which we call sincerity, single-mindedness, is as needful for the vision of beauty as it is for the vision of faith. The outward is conditioned by the inward. The eye must be single. We see as we are. It is this which Sir Frederick Leighton so earnestly and eloquently impressed upon the students at the Royal Academy, in his address on the relation between character and work. He said:—"The man is stamped on his work, and his moral growth or lessening faithfully reflected in the sum of his labours. I believe this to be a cardinal truth, the disregard of which may bear fatal fruits in an artist's life. . . . The more closely you consider this subject the more clearly will you feel, for instance, the mischief to us as artists which must infallibly attend a tolerant indulgence within ourselves of certain moral weaknesses and failings to which nature is too often prone. Of these failings some are palpably ignoble, and in the long run debasing; others are not, on the surface, so evidently mischievous. Amongst such as are palpably ignoble, I will instance the greed for gain. I believe no evil to be more insidious, none more unerring in its operation than this sordid appetite. Its poisonous taint creeps into the moral system; numbs by degrees all finer sense; dulls all higher vision; is fatal to all lofty effort. Another such deadening taint is the vulgar thirst for noisy success. Other failings there are of which, as I said, the bearing is not so immediately evident, but of which the dangers are scarcely less. As one instance of these, I will quote the indulgence in a narrow, unsympathizing spirit, a spirit ever awake to carp and cavil, feeding its self-complacency on the disparagement of others. This spirit stunts and shrivels those who yield to it, and by blinding them more and more to the work and Beauty that are in the work which is not their own, deprives them of the priceless stimulus of a noble emulation. . . . Whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us will dignify and will make strong the labours of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. *Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is, and what we sow in our lives, that, beyond a doubt, we shall reap for good or for ill in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot.*"

W. B. RIPON.

THE HOUSE OF TUDOR.

THE great ancestress, and indeed the founder of this illustrious family, was Katherine of Valois, daughter of King Charles VI. of France and Isabeau of Bavaria, and sister of the widow of Richard II., Isabel of France. The king, her father, a man of some ability, was, unfortunately, early in life attacked with inflammation of the brain, and was consequently very frequently the victim of fits of mental aberration. The Queen Isabeau, his too celebrated wife, was one of the wickedest of women. According to her portraits and the testimony of her contemporaries she was astonishingly beautiful, for she combined with the fair hair and brilliant complexion of her German father the glorious dark eyes of her Sicilian mother. It is impossible, however, to conceive a more heartless or abominable person. It seems almost incredible that the children of the House of France should have been so neglected by their mother that Mezerai assures us they were "relegated to the Hôtel de St. Paul, where they were nearly starved, covered with vermin and filth, their clothes not having been changed for months." The fact was they were left in charge of their afflicted father whilst their mother was flaunting herself with her paramour, Louis of Orleans, at Melun. The king, in one of his moments of sanity, perceiving the horrible condition of his poor children, begged their governess, who herself was in a deplorable plight, to take a certain gold cup and pawn it in order to buy some necessities for his unfortunate little ones.

From these facts, and many others of a similar nature, far too lengthy to quote, it is easy to perceive that the earlier years of Katherine of Valois were the reverse of happy, and that her education was wholly neglected. It was not until she had grown up into a tall, slender, fair-haired girl, with lovely brown eyes, that her mother evinced the least affection for her, and, indeed, she only did so now for ambitious purposes. The untimely death of Richard II. had deprived her daughter Isabel of the throne of England, and Queen

Isabeau imagined that possibly she could marry Katherine to King Henry V., then ravaging the northern provinces of France as a triumphant conqueror. No modern mother, apt at all the mysteries of match-making, ever displayed greater ability in that art than did Queen Isabeau to secure for her daughter the hand of the victor of Agincourt. Katherine, who had been dressed in rags during the greater part of her life, was now sumptuously attired, and it is related that Isabeau herself combed and scented the magnificent tresses of her daughter, which reached to her feet. Henry

first beheld her in the company of her astute mother, and he was immensely impressed by her grace and beauty. A second meeting, however, between himself and the French Queen resulted in his being put into a very bad temper because the Princess Katherine was not present. This was simply one of Queen Isabeau's artifices, for at the next interview Katherine was left entirely alone with the English king, and then occurred, possibly, that wooing in broken English and bad French, the traditions of which furnished Shakespeare with his droll courtship scene in the play of Henry V. All ended, as Queen Isabeau desired, by a marriage, which took place on Trinity Sunday, 1420, in the Church of St. Peter, at Troyes.

Let us pause here to consider the personal appearance of the paternal ancestress of Queen Elizabeth. Judging from

Rous' drawing of her in his "Chronicle," we perceive that she was a tall, elegantly shaped young woman, with the peculiar features traceable in every member of her family from St. Louis downwards. The nose is long and falls a little to the left slantways over the mouth, and, in fact, the whole face is perceptibly left-sided. Her eyes, however, are splendid and of a decided brown, whereas her hair is the colour of gold. Her character was not unamiable, she had a great sense of the beautiful, and was passionately fond of fine clothes. There can be no doubt that she was desperately in love with her husband, Henry V., and that he himself doted upon her.



Katherine of Valois. From an illumination in Rous' "Chronicle," MSS., British Museum.

His last words to the Bishop of Bedford were, "Comfort my dear wife, the most afflicted creature living." At the time of the king's death, Katherine had just attained her twenty-first year. There was no affectation in her violent grief, for it seemed for a time to have quite unsettled her reason; but it was not unlike that of the widow of Ephesus, for, as we shall see presently, she soon consoled herself. By her deceased lord she had one son, Henry VI., and certainly for eighteen months after her husband's death, she behaved with the greatest propriety, taking her position as queen-mother, and appearing a good deal in public, now at Waltham Palace, then at Hertford Castle, and again in London and Windsor, being everywhere received with all possible respect and even enthusiasm, as the widow of one of the most popular kings that England ever had.

In the second year of her widowhood, Queen Katherine formed the acquaintance of a certain Owen Tudor. He himself declared that he was descended from Cadwalader, a Welsh king, that he drew his line from a prince of North Wales called Theodore, which, pronounced in the Saxon tongue, was eventually corrupted into Tudor, and even into Tidder. His contemporaries, however, when the impression he had created upon the flexible mind of Queen Katherine became public property, observed that "it was exceedingly regretful to see how much the queen lowered herself by paying any attention to a person who, though possessing some personal accomplishments and

advantages, had no princely or even gentle alliance, but belonged to a clan of barbarous savages, reckoned inferior to the lowest English yeoman." Owen Tudor, however, was to all accounts a superb-looking fellow. According to the best authorities, he was a brewer, or rather the son of a brewer, and had been a squire of the body to King Henry V., an office which he filled about the person of his infant son. This was the medium which brought him in contact with the queen-dowager. Whilst he was at Windsor in the year 1426, he was invited to dance before the queen for her amusement, possibly one of those elaborate jigs in which our street arabs still indulge, and which were extremely popular in olden times, as they required a good deal of grace and dexterity to accomplish.

Owen was probably not so good a dancer as he imagined,

for he lost his balance and fell into the queen's lap. Her Grace's manner of excusing his awkwardness to her ladies gave them a suspicion that she was by no means ill pleased at the grotesque termination of Owen's pirouette. Whether he was really in love with her, or was simply ambitious, will never be known, but it is certain that he played his cards very well, and actually had the audacity to bring into the queen's presence two of his kinsmen, John ap Meredith and Howel ap Llewellyn, men of splendid presence but of most uncouth manners. The noble-looking fellows were evidently struck dumb by the majestic surroundings of the queen, for though she spoke to them in various languages, neither of them was able to answer her, whereupon Katherine said that "they were the goodliest dumb creatures she ever saw."

All chronicles of the Tudor era assert that the marriage of the queen-mother and Owen Tudor was acknowledged tacitly in the sixth year of Henry VI. Miss Agnes Strickland is, however, of opinion "that there was not a shadow of acknowledgment of the marriage, but only a suspicion that an event of the sort had taken place," for Humphrey of Gloucester, possibly imagining that the queen might degrade herself by an alliance with her favourite, issued a severe statute threatening with the heaviest penalties "anyone who should dare to marry a queen-dowager, or any lady who held lands of the crown, without the consent of the king and his council." It is, moreover, a curious fact that in all the documents signed by



Hilt, Pommel and one of the Quillions of a Sword that belonged to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. In the possession of Lord de Lisle and Dudley. Exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition.

Queen Katherine—in her action, for instance, against the Bishop of Carlisle for encroachment of a dower-land—there is no mention of Owen Tudor: the husband is ignored. She evidently lived a very retired life—so retired, indeed, that she gave birth to three sons successively without the people knowing anything about the matter. In 1436, however, a little time after the death of her wicked mother, Queen Katherine's condition became generally known, and her children were taken from her, and she herself banished to the convent at Bermondsey, her husband—or lover—in the meanwhile being confined in Newgate. The discovery of her intercourse with Owen Tudor and the annoyance to which she was exposed in consequence told upon her frail health and shattered spirits. She languished and contracted a grievous illness—probably internal cancer. In a letter,

which still exists in the Cottonian MSS., addressed to her son, she beseeches him to grant her an interview, and says—"And if tender audience and favourable assent shall be given by so benign and merciful a lord and son to such a mother, being in (at) so piteous point of so grievous a malady, I remit to your full, high, wise, and noble discretion, and to the conscience of every creature that knoweth the laws of God and of nature, that if the mother should have more favour than a strange person, I remit (refer or appeal) to the same."

But notwithstanding the touching language in which this letter is couched, Katherine's will makes no mention whatever either of her husband or the children she had borne by him. To use her own expression, "the silent and fearful conclusion of her long, grievous malady" took place on 3rd January, 1437. She was buried with the greatest possible pomp, her body being removed from the now destroyed church of St. Katherine by the Tower, where it lay in state, to Westminster Abbey, where it was interred in the Lady Chapel under an altar-tomb erected by Henry VI. This altar-tomb was destroyed by Henry VII., who evidently intended

to build a sumptuous monument to his "honoured grandam," but died before he had carried out his plans. In the last century the body of Queen Katherine was still shown among the curiosities of the Abbey, in a wretched wooden chest, where "it could be handled by anybody on payment of an extra penny." In 1793 it was decently buried in some unknown nook of the Abbey.

Owen Tudor, notwithstanding his folly in marrying a queen-dowager, must have been what we should call a fine fellow. His ambition or love got him into considerable difficulties,

and he passed the greater part of his time in prison, together with a certain priest and a clerk of his; but the three invariably managed, somehow or other, to escape from durance vile—on one occasion out of Newgate by half murdering their jailer. Historians have been a great deal puzzled as to who and what were this chaplain and boy. Is it not possible that the priest was the clergyman who had married Owen to the Queen, and the boy or clerk the witness? However, be this as it may, the three were inseparable, and when-

ever Owen was imprisoned the unlucky priest and boy were sure to be obliged to share his unpleasant lodgings. At last, in 1440, Owen and his two friends managed to get so far out of the reach of their enemies that they were able to correspond with them and propose terms, so that in the course of time Owen was taken into some kind of favour by his stepson, Henry VI. Henry declares that, out of consideration of the good services of that beloved squire, Owen Tudor, "we, for the future, take him into our special grace, and make him park-keeper of our parks in Denbigh, Wales." He enjoyed at this time a pension of £40 a year. His death was



Queen Mary. From a Portrait by Sir Anthony More. Exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition.

heroic. He was an old man; and when the unlucky king was in a distressed state at the defeat and death of Richard, Duke of York, at Wakefield, Owen Tudor pursued the Earl of March, who, turning furiously at bay, defeated him and his son, Jasper, at Mortimer's Cross. Jasper fled into safety, but his old father obstinately refused to quit the lost battle-field. He had fought like a tiger, and when he was led into captivity, and Edward of York had his head struck off in Hereford market-place, with two or three Lloyds and Howels, his kinsmen, a sort of throb of pity waved throughout the land. The

people whispered amongst each other the strange story of the handsome Welshman who had married the Queen of

York, whereby the Houses of Lancaster and York were united, and was the father of the most extraordinary man that ever

sat upon a Christian throne. Henry VIII. had in him all the good qualities and all the vices of the Tudors exaggerated to a monstrous scale. In person he certainly resembled his great-grandmother, Katherine of Valois, for although his face became very broad and full in age, as a youth it was rather elongated and pear-shaped. His daughter Elizabeth inherited this peculiarity to a degree. So long as Henry was able to control himself, he manifested unusual ability, but when once the passions which he had possibly inherited from Isabeau of Bavaria—a veritable Mes-



Glass Cup (with case and inscription) used by Queen Elizabeth. In the possession of Walter Money, Esq. Exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition.

England, and doubtless their prayers for the repose of his soul were mingled with tales of Agincourt, at which battles Owen Tudor undoubtedly had much distinguished himself.

We see, therefore, that from Katherine the Fair of France and Owen Tudor, the great race of Tudor, which was to rule over England at one of the most perilous periods of its history, inherited much of their personal appearance and characteristics. The bad streak of blood comes from Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen Katherine's infamous mother, the good from the manly old soldier, Owen. Henry VII., although he failed to find his grandmother's marriage certificate, was very proud of his Tudor blood. It cannot be said, however, that the splendid House of Plantagenet had degenerated, for, although Henry VI. was of a gentle and timid nature, he was nevertheless a man of excellent and unblemished reputation—considered even a saint—and his father, Henry V., was without doubt one of the grandest figures in English history. Still, the infusion of plebeian blood into the house royal of England had undoubtedly given it, as it were, new life and impulse, and, with all their faults and vices, the Tudors were a magnificent and important people. Queen Katherine and Owen Tudor left three children, all boys, whose tender years were watched over by the Abbess of Barking. The eldest son was, through the influence of Henry VI., married to Margaret Beaufort, heiress of the house of Somerset, and created Earl of Richmond. He died, however, in his twentieth year, leaving an infant son, afterwards King Henry VII. Jasper, his next brother, became Earl of Pembroke, and the third lived and died a monk at Westminster.

When, after the battle of Bosworth Field, and the defeat of that historical enigma, Richard III., Henry VII. ascended the throne, he proved himself so able and wily a ruler that, though he never enjoyed popularity in the full sense of the word, he nevertheless was one of the most respected monarchs of his time. He married his cousin, Elizabeth of

salina—enthroned themselves in his heart, he was converted into a monster who feared neither God nor man in his greed and lust. It is not for us here to discuss the part which he took in the great Religious Movement of the sixteenth century, but it is a remarkable fact that Henry VIII., an undoubted lover and patron of Art, should have permitted so many glorious monuments to be destroyed, and so many wonderful works of Art to be wantonly scattered and ruined. Cromwell, in his reports from the various monasteries, the goods of which he took a careful inventory, very frequently informs the King that he has found a piece of brocade, a chalice, or some other work of Art which he thinks should be sent to his Majesty. There is no doubt that many of the splendid costumes which Henry wore were made out of copes and chasubles stolen from the cathedrals and monasteries, and the greater part of his jewels certainly came from the same source.



Jewel.



Profile.

Jewel presented to Queen Elizabeth by Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury. From the Journal of the Archaeological Society. Exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition.

Our third Tudor sovereign was Edward VI., who, when he died, was merely a sickly boy, of apparently amiable dispo-

sition, but whose character was necessarily quite undefined, and it is impossible to judge what he would have been had he lived to maturity.

Mary Tudor, of whom we give a portrait by Sir Anthony More, the original of which is shown in the Tudor Exhibition at the New Gallery, was a woman of noble mind and character, ruined by circumstances. Indeed, there is perhaps more truth than appears on the surface in the assertion made by a great French historian, that the Tudors were marred by circumstances more than any other people that ever were exalted to their giddy station. It is quite possible that had Henry VIII. married later in life a woman both physically and morally better suited to him than Catherine of Arragon, we should never have heard of the tragedies which stained St. Peter's Green with the blood of so many illustrious martyrs. Had Mary I. of England never met Philip II. of Spain, there is very little question that instead of being called "Bloody Mary," she would have been revered as one of our wisest and best sovereigns. It was decreed otherwise, and the stigma of "bloody" will be hers—however ill-deserved—to the end of history.

The seven days' Queen, Lady Jane Grey, died so young

and so tragically, that all we care to remember of her is her sweetness and learning. Her sisters, the Ladies Katherine and Mary Grey, were scarcely less unhappy or, from all accounts, less amiable. These three sisters invest with gentle poetry the period of the Tudors, with its tremendous tragedies and dramatic episodes. Their sad stories stand in relation to their gloomy surroundings as do those of Pia de Tolemei and Francesca in the *Inferno* of Dante, like sprays of delicate bloom growing on the side of a stern and terrible rock, at whose rugged feet roll the dark and turbid waters of the Styx.

Although modern historians are less inclined than were our forefathers to honour Elizabeth as "good Queen Bess," and to look upon her as what she really was, an exceedingly licentious and wicked woman, whose private life was shameful, no one can deny her amazing ability, which she used, as a rule, with a sagacity that is beyond all praise. Unwise, indeed, were the historian who would seek to dethrone her from her imperial dignity, and ungrateful the Englishman who does not reverence her; for, notwithstanding the accusations brought against her by modern historians, at the sound

of her magic name and epoch—the epoch of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Raleigh, of Drake and Frobisher, of Spencer, Burleigh, and Cecil, and of the Armada—we forget the blood-stained scaffold of Fotheringay, and say of Queen Elizabeth as Byron did of England itself—"With all thy faults we love thee still."

The Tudor Exhibition, which opens this month, like its most interesting predecessor, the Stuart, will be of the utmost value to the student of history and Art alike. To the antiquary it will indeed be a "happy hunting ground," and doubtless it will result in many remarkable discoveries of important portraits, documents, and relics, which, but for so



Queen Elizabeth. From a Picture by Frederica Zuccheri in the possession of the Queen. Exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition.

happy a medium, would be unknown.

Through the courtesy of the Hon. Harold Dillon, and by permission of the respective owners, we are able to give illustrations of these interesting Tudor relics that form part of the Tudor Exhibition—the glass cup used by Queen Elizabeth, the jewel presented to Queen Elizabeth by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a sword that belonged to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, which is mentioned in an inventory of his property at Kenilworth.

RICHARD DAVEY.

NEPTUNE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. N. KENNEDY. IN THE POSSESSION OF ALBERT WOOD, ESQ.

MOVEMENT is a rare thing in the English school, where all—including the living atmosphere—is studied in a certain repose, and a picture so singularly full of action as Mr. Kennedy's achieves in our galleries a success of surprise as well as of admiration. The movement he has so excellently accomplished is something more than the rush of wave, wind, and sea-bird; for the movement of organic life in the figures implies a power of drawing not only secure enough for correctness, but secure enough for energy. It is also a pleasure to find qualities of this kind dedicated to a subject—one that by no means encroaches on the interest of literature, being well within the limitations of vision, and fulfils also the conditions of dramatic expression, which are so seldom valued. The group is not only extremely well designed, it is full of youth, vitality, and the happy life of the fresh Olympians. To emphasize the feeling he has so vividly

rendered, the artist quotes the complaint of the by-gone Titans, who saw from the place of their dispossession the young gods drive the sun and ride the seas. The goddess of this strenuous family group—Poseidon unfortunately gives us a choice—is probably Amphitrite, whose understanding with the dolphins was the means to her marriage. And these sea-creatures wear in the picture an innocent, conscientious expression peculiar to large living things of sea or land. According to Keats's word, the god and goddess and godling are "foamed along" by their creatures, whose action suggests also Chapman's great epithet, "*sea-shouldering* whales." Assuredly, compared with this picture of Mr. Kennedy's, its neighbours on the walls of the New Gallery, however intelligent in impression or vigilant in study, looked most emphatically what they were—presentments of a *petite vie*.

ART GOSSIP.

WE understand that a commission under the presidency of Sir Frederick Leighton has been appointed to inquire into the cause of the decrease in the number of paying students in the Government Schools at South Kensington.

The following additional decorations have been bestowed by the French Government in connection with the British section of the Paris Exhibition. *Legion of Honour*:—Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., *Officer*, and Messrs. J. McNeill Whistler, E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and Hodgson Pratt, *Chevaliers*.

It has been known for some years that Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., proposed to bequeath some of his pictures to the nation. But it has not been known which of his works had been set aside for this purpose. It is now reported that the list embraces thirty-seven canvases, including as many as twenty-six portraits. Taking these latter first, the list includes portraits of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Dr. Martineau, Lecky, Mill, W. Morris, Swinburne, Garibaldi, Panizzi, Joachim, Rossetti, Motley, Gladstone, M. Arnold, Sir H. Taylor, Lord Lytton, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lawrence, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Dufferin, Cardinal Manning, Sir J. P. Grant, Calderon, R.A., and the Duke of Argyll. In addition to these portraits there are all, or nearly all, of Mr. Watts's great compositions—'The Brewer's Horses,' an immense canvas; 'Love and Life,' 'Love and Death,' 'Hope,' 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' 'The Spirit of Christianity,' 'The Minotaur,' 'The Court of Death,' 'Death crowning Innocence,' and 'The Messenger of Death.'

Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., has been chosen as the architect to prepare plans for the erection of the permanent Church House at Westminster, the building of which will be commenced shortly.

With the New Year will appear a weekly paper solely in the interests of painters and sculptors. The price will be one

penny, and the size convenient for reading in the train or in the study. The venture will be written by artists and by those who have had practical instruction in Art. It will be catholic, appealing to artists of every school and prejudice. The name of the newspaper will be *The Art World*, and the editors Messrs. Arthur Tomson and Francis Bate.

The Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum has recently made several acquisitions of importance. Among them is a fine seal of banded agate in the form of a scarab set in gold, with a silver hoop fitting it for a ring. It is a very choice specimen, and was found in Cyprus, its date being c. 520 B.C.

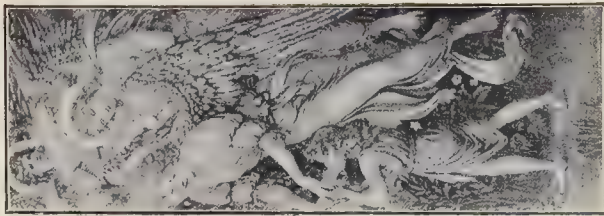
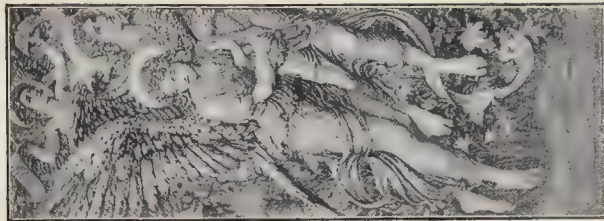
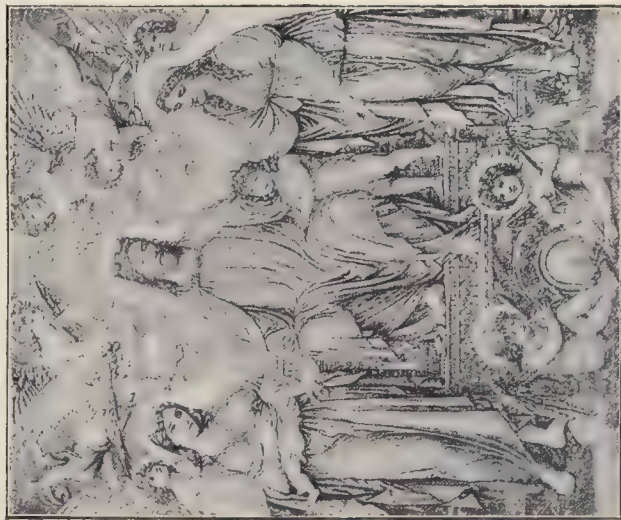
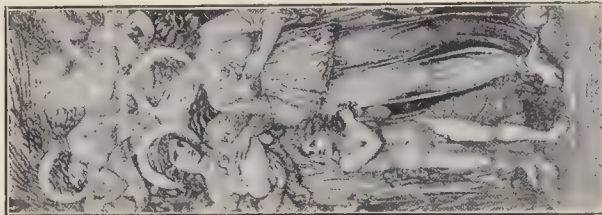
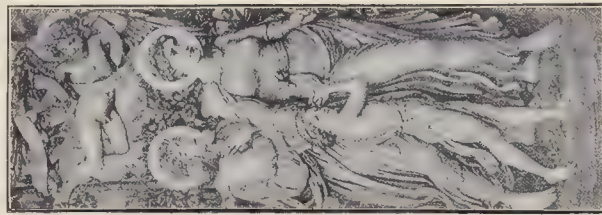
Among other recent acquisitions to the British Museum are the fragments of a bronze vase, including the lip of the vessel, on which is chased a leaf pattern of great delicacy. At the lower end of the handle (another of the fragments) is a plaque of chased bronze, to give strength to the vase. It contains in bold relief figures of the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne. The lovers are standing side by side, with an altar between them. With her right hand on the shoulder of Bacchus, Ariadne draws away the bridal veil which falls from her brows, and as she turns to look on him, her expression is distinctly visible in the bronze, although the face is not more than half an inch high. Her hair falls over her shoulders, and is caught by the breeze which presses her garments to her body. The mantle of Bacchus has slipped from his throat, leaving one of its corners lapping over his left shoulder. He turns his face, bright with happiness, towards his bride.

OBITUARY.—The death is announced of M. F. Heilbuth, the French painter. M. Heilbuth was born at Hamburg, in 1826, and became naturalised in France. Also of M. Etcheto, the sculptor, at the age of thirty-six. M. Etcheto obtained a third-class medal in 1881, and a second-class medal in 1882.

DESIGN FOR A CHURCH-WINDOW.

THE drawing of Mr. Henry Holiday, which we reproduce, adapted from his design for stained-glass windows for St. Thomas's Church, New York, was shown at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1889, and in the recent Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts

at the New Gallery. The subject, Christ blessing children, is treated, according to the artist's own description, in the heavenly sense and as of eternal application, instead of being a representation of an historical incident, as is usually the case with pictures of



"Suffer little children to come unto me," etc. The rainbow, the river of life, and the trees bearing various fruits, are images taken from the well-known passage in the Book of the Revelation. In the centre of the composition, which is in five lights, is seated Christ, enthroned and crowned, while sainted mothers and angels bring the children to Him; and children angels above bear the texts which treat of children in their relation

to the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Holiday, as he avowed in his recent lecture at the New Gallery, is the advocate of naturalism as opposed to mediocrism, which he designated as mere pedantry. In his design, therefore, we must not look for those traditional qualities which constitute the great charm of ancient work. The grouping of the whole is pleasing, and the pose of the figures graceful.

REVIEWS.

ALMOST nine years was M. Paul Du Chaillu in collecting materials for "THE VIKING AGE" (London: John Murray), and the result is two considerable volumes, with thirteen hundred and sixty-six illustrations. The reader's attention is bound to be drawn to the illustrations first. It is only when the fresh delight in them is past that he will turn to the text. This is significant, for it will be found that the constantly attractive thing about the work and its final value will be, not its specious argument and its forced conclusions, but the elaborate antiquarian research which the illustrations represent. M. Du Chaillu's argument is already familiar to most, and this is not the place in which to discuss it. We but permit ourselves to say this, that his contention—that the English are more generally, and more purely Norse than they conceive they are: that they are, in fact, the direct descendants of the Vikings—is not to be so promptly pooh-poohed as the ethnologist of the press seems to think. M. Du Chaillu's theory is but an extreme instance of the new views of racial origins in Europe, which certain honoured French specialists

way, he was as civilised and artistic at least as the Roman and Byzantine of his time.

"A HISTORY OF ART IN SCOTLAND," by Mr. William Brydall (William Blackwood and Sons) does for Scotland what Mrs. C. H. Stranahan's "History of French Painting" has done for France. Although giving an exhaustive account of Art in Scotland from the earliest times, the work is chiefly valuable as a book of reference. To this consummation an index—which we have tested in many cases and found entirely accurate—has assisted. Here, for the first time, the names of representative Scottish artists have been gathered together, with some account of their work and influence. In such a compilation personal taste and opinion must necessarily play an important part, and so we will not quarrel with Mr. Brydall as to his method of apportioning space to the various Scottish artists. The first traces of Art in Scotland are to be found in the stone monuments, older even than traditional history. The story told in the first four chapters of the book, which embrace the period from the sixth to the sixteenth century, is necessarily somewhat vague; but with the beginning of the seventeenth century we get a clear and sustained narrative of the development of Scottish Art. The book bears evidence of careful preparation, and the writing is clear and to the point without any attempt at rhetoric.



A Starling. From "Thomas Bewick and his Pupils."

have recently put forward, and his interpretation of the historical phrase, "Litus Saxonicum," has common sense and analogy on its side. The genuine interest of the book, however, is not this theory (which forms, indeed, but a very small part of it), but the illustrations of the age and home of the Vikings, drawn from Norwegian and Icelandic Sagas and Eddas, and from Northern Museums, and dug from mounds and cairns and bogs. He effectually shows that Norse or Scandinavian or Viking Art was of the least barbarous kind, that when the Teuton or German was a mere savage, clothed in skins and fighting on foot with the simplest kind of shield, and the clumsiest sort of weapon, the hardy Norseman had ships and horses, chariots and weapons of the most complete, artistic, and warlike order. Moreover, he had purple and fine linen, and could work with feeling and taste in gold and silver and bronze and precious stones; he could do excellent wood-carving, and filagree, inlay, and niello work with the best of them. Altogether, and in his

Those who lack leisure to study more exhaustive works on the subject, will find Mr. Austin Dobson's "THOMAS BEWICK AND HIS PUPILS" (Chatto and Windus) a book decidedly for perusal. The best wood-engraving of the present day is so excellent and so full of resource that Thomas Bewick's work must seem to the unlearned observer elemental to a degree; but as the inventor of the "white line," and the man who, as it were, made the art possible for every-day purposes, Bewick will always remain a distinguished figure among designers on the block. Mr. Dobson has done his work *con amore* and with discretion, the book gaining a double value through no less than ninety-five illustrations of the work of the master and his pupils.

"THE POOR SISTERS OF NAZARETH" (London: Burns and Oates), besides drawing attention to a deserving charity, bears the distinction of being one of the most interesting illustrated books of the season. From the pen of Mrs. Meynell, it is written attractively and with vigour, the text receiving additional interest through a series of illustrations by Mr. George Lambert.

It is always exasperating to Englishmen to see foreigners giving them the go-by in anything. But in the case of the new-fashioned colour processes we have never been in the same field with some of them. This is the case with some coloured reproductions recently issued by Messrs. Bousod, Valadon & Co., which exhibit excellences which it will indeed be difficult to compete with on this side of the water. We single out for especial commendation 'Kensington Gardens,' by F. Flameng, and a dainty little dressmaker, a harmony in whites and greys.





WASHING ROME



THE transformation of Rome which the last few years have witnessed, affects people in very different ways. It is not only the Italians who rejoice to see their city become like other cities.

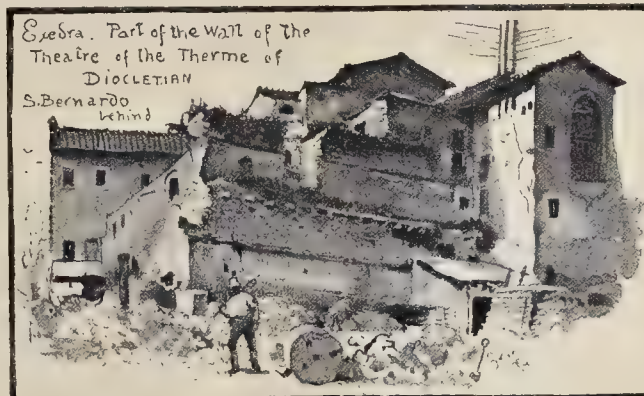
There is a large class of persons to whom the building of new streets and the multiplication of houses in any shape or kind seems to afford unmixed satisfaction. These persons hail the latest improvements of the Roman municipality with delight, and congratulate themselves as one villa-garden after the other disappears. They watch the progress of the new boulevards with admiration, and are jubilant at the prospect of seeing the Corso lighted with electric light, and the motive powers supplied by the waterfalls of Tivoli. Now at length, they say, Rome will be as fine as other great capitals, and the Eternal City may vie with the modern splendours of London and Paris.

But the artist who comes back to find his old haunts spoilt, his favourite corners altered, can hardly be expected to share in the general enthusiasm. For him, at least, there were things in old Rome which no modern improvements can ever give him back. The shrine at the corner of the street where a lamp burnt before the Madonna, the sparkling water of the fountain which trickled into the mossy basin, where ferns grew thick about some ancient doorway, the glimpse of pale blue hills and far Campagna between the tumbled roofs—all these are gone for good. And, poor although the consolation may be, he will count himself fortunate if he has within his portfolio some slight recollections of the familiar places and the fair scenes which he knew and loved so well.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

The drawings which illustrate these pages are the work of an artist who determined to lay hold on all he could of the beauty which is fast disappearing from the old quarters of Rome—before the "Piano Regolatore" had been entirely carried out. The work of cutting straight and wide streets through the old parts, and the levelling of the hill-sides before they can be rebuilt, naturally entails the removal of many ancient and picturesque bits. And although, as a rule, any object of particularly historic or artistic value is preserved, it remains shorn of its former surroundings and presenting an altogether new aspect to the eye. Accordingly Mr. Tid-

marsh, armed with an official map, upon which the streets and houses about to be demolished were marked, visited these localities and drew a few of the most interesting pieces doomed to destruction. Many of these have been already destroyed, so that his sketches, like those of so many other artists in Rome and Florence, have ac-



From a Drawing by H. E. Tidmarsh.

quired a melancholy interest, and may lay claim to historic value. They belong to the most opposite quarters of the City of the Seven Hills, and include every variety of subject. We see, for instance, on this page the low roofs and lichen-grown walls which have sprung up among Diocletian's Baths, on the hill behind the railway-station, with the church of S. Bernardo, built out of the same Thermæ by Caterina Sforza in the sixteenth century, and on the next page a charming sketch of the swallows gathering for departure about the old roofs on the banks of the Tiber, just behind the Apollo Theatre. Here, again, we have a singularly picturesque study of a washing-place in the quarter near the

river, known as the Ripetta, with one of those projecting

by its erection.

Here again most artists will take leave to think differently. We venture to think that our readers will be of the same opinion when they see the drawings of the river-banks which Mr. Tidmarsh made before the glaring white wall had taken possession of the ground. To take these four drawings in their successive order, we have, first of all, the Ponte S. Bartolomeo (illustrated in the headpiece to this article), which connects the island with the opposite shore of Trastevere. This bridge, one of the oldest in Rome, bore the name of Pons Cestius from the præfect of the city in the year of its construction, B.C. 46, and an inscription cut in the stone recorded its restoration and dedication by the Emperors Gratianus, Valens, and Valentinian in the year 370. Both this and the twin bridge, Ponte Quattro Capi, which connects the island with the Campus Martius, replace



roofs overgrown with ferns and weeds where the sunlight falls with such exquisite play of light and colour on the old brown tiles. And just below, a view of the old houses and meeting streets opposite the Fountain of Trevi, where we have all stood in our turn under the moonlight to drink of those enchanted waters and recall Hawthorne's immortal page.

One of the chief features in the improvements recently effected by the municipality of Rome is, as our readers are no doubt aware, the alteration of the river-banks, which has been caused by the new granite embankment in course of construction along the Tiber. If the disastrous inundations which have so often flooded the low-lying parts of the city have been by this means really averted, we must accept the embankment as a painful but necessary evil. Newspaper correspondents are fond of describing its imposing effect, and a writer in an evening paper not long ago declared that



A Washing Place. In the Ripetta



absolutely nothing of interest or beauty had been sacrificed | Popes, until, in 1598, tired of the fruitless task, they left

the much older bridges, built at the same time as the Temple of Æsculapius on the island itself, which, in republican days, was always described as *inter duos pontes*. A third and still more famous bridge is also visible in the headpiece to this article, the Ponte Rotto, which stands—or rather stood—on the site of Pons Æmilius, mentioned by Livy as the first stone bridge built over the Tiber, two centuries before the Christian era. It took its name from M. Æmilius Lepidus, the Pontifex Maximus, who began the work, which was finished by Scipio Africanus. In the Middle Ages this bridge was swept away by the Tiber, and rebuilt three times over by the

the two remaining arches standing alone in the river. This picturesque fragment was connected with the shore by a suspension bridge in 1853, and formed a striking object in the views of this part of the river. How beautiful these views were, looking towards the island and up the river-

banks to the Temple of Vesta and the wooded slopes of the Aventine, we all remember. But the new embankment has changed all this. Pons Cestius has been altered out of all recognition and Ponte Rotto is gone, and in its stead we have a cast-iron bridge. Following the course of the river, the



artist shows us Ponte Sant' Angelo, with the houses on the right bank, and amongst them that fine Renaissance building, Palazzo Bindo Altoviti, with the three-arched loggia, which has been lately destroyed. A little farther on we reach the Ripetta, and see the old roofs piled one upon another along

the curving river-banks, with a bell-tower or dome here and there above them.

The picturesque mass of houses, with balconies and roofs of every size and shape, rising sharply from the water's edge on the east side of the Tiber, is marked for demolition, and



by the time these lines are in print may have been already sacrificed to the progress of the new embankment. The best view was from a spot immediately above the ugly new bridge called the Ponte di Ripetta, which has taken the place of the old ferry, and crosses to the new quarters which now

cover the green meadows beyond St. Angelo, known as the Prati del Castello. Finally, another drawing on the next page shows us the quiet quay planted with trees at the back of the Piazza del Popolo, and Monte Mario crowned with woods, now cut down, purpling under the evening skies.

A second series of drawings is devoted to the Ghetto and its surrounding streets. This quarter, where the Jews had their home close to the river, and which for three centuries had been noted for the squalor, dirt, and wonderful pic-

miraculous image of the Virgin which, according to the old legend, came to ask alms of Santa Galla with the twelve poor women whom she fed daily, and which a thousand years later is said to have stayed the plague. A new street is about

to be cut through the houses of this little piazza, and will destroy the richly-carved gateway of the mediæval Palazzo Margana, which forms the subject of the next picture.

On the outskirts of the Ghetto, and sharing many features of that famous quarter, lie the densely-populated streets of the Regola, and in this network of alleys and courts, on the riverbanks, *Arenula, renula*, the poorest inhabitants of the city have lived for a thousand years and more.

No district in all Rome

has retained more of its mediæval character, none is richer in great memories and traditions of old. Each stone that crumbles at our feet has its tale to tell; the very dust,



turesqueness of its crowded streets, was cleared away two years ago, only a few of the most prominent buildings being allowed to remain. Among these are the huge palaces of the Cenci and of Santa Croce, where Clement VIII. established the Monte di Pietà in 1604, and the noble ruins of the Augustan age known as the Portico of Octavia, and the Theatre of Marcellus. Our illustration to the right gives us the corner of the Piazza Montanara, just under the arcades of the ancient theatre where blacksmiths and fruiterers and butchers all had their shops, and where the contadini, in their gaiters and sheepskins, their high hats and long mantles lined with green, might often be seen driving their goats and cattle. Another at the top of the next page represents the fish-market, which used to be held in the Portico of Octavia, where the lively bartering that went on under the Roman brick archways, and the fish laid out on the marble slabs of imperial days, made Ampère describe the scene as one of the most striking contrasts between the past and present which meet the traveller in this city of contrasts.

Close to the Portico and the Piazza Montanara was the Circus Flaminius, the favourite resort of the plebeians in republican times, and which Augustus on one occasion flooded for the amusement of the people, who saw thirty-six crocodiles speared before their eyes. The name of a street, Via delle Botteghe Oscure, reminds us that here too shops once stood in the ruins of the ancient circus, which were still to be seen in the sixteenth century. At one end of this circus stood the Columna Bellica sung by Ovid. War was solemnly declared by the flinging of a spear from this pillar, and Ampère reminds us that here Julius Cæsar himself flung the lance at the beginning of the war with Cleopatra. This old Roman tradition survives in the name of the little square called the Piazza Campitelli, or Campus-telus, with the pretty fountain which figures in our opposite illustration. The little church in this square contains the



as Châteaubriand once said, seems to bear with it something of human grandeur. What names rise to our lips as we move through the narrow streets, what echoes of the past wake again as we read the words inscribed upon the

walls! Painters and poets, patriots and heroes, saints and warriors, how many have gone forth from these crowded lanes

guished artist, the Palazzo Sacchetti, which Antonio di Sangallo reared for his own residence after helping Michael Angelo in the building of the Farnese, that mighty pile overlooking the whole district.

But the Regola has its dark tales of bloodshed and murder too. On the Campo do Fiore, just in front of the great palace, Giordano Bruno was burnt at the stake but a few steps from the place where, sixteen hundred years before, the foremost man of all the world died by the assassin's hand—

"Even at the foot of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood,
Great Caesar fell."

The colossal statue of Pompey itself, dug up close to the spot three centuries ago, is standing now in the deserted court of the Palazzo Spada hard by. A little farther on, between the Via Monserrato and Pellegrino, on the site now occupied by the English college, were the horrible dungeons of the Corte Savelli. The haughty barons of that name availed themselves of their right as Marshals of the Holy See, to drag their unhappy victims before a tribunal of their own, where justice was administered after the fashion of those days. And in the Spanish church close by, S. Maria di Monserrato, where we go to see Mino da Fiesole's beautiful effigy of the sleeping knight, Roderigo Sanctio, is the nameless stone which marks the resting place of the most infamous of pontiffs, Alexander VI.

Borgia, and Beatrice de' Cenci, Rienzi and S. Filippo Neri,



to become celebrated in all lands! Here the tribune of the people, Rienzi, was born, in a house of the Via Regola, which was only pulled down the other day. The son of an innkeeper and a washer-woman, this descendant of the Crescenzi saw with his own eyes the misery and slavery which the people suffered under the tyranny of the powerful families who had their palaces in this district; and fired with a noble ambition to deliver his country, he vowed to live and die in the attempt. In that little church—S. Angelo, of the fish-market—which is still standing in the Portico of Octavia, he spent the night in prayer, and after hearing thirty masses of the Holy Ghost, marched to the Capitol at the head of his little band, to "restore the good old estate," and be hailed by Petrarch as the saviour of Rome. In another house of a neighbouring street, then a grocer's shop, Pietro Trapassi was born of humble parents. On the piazza in front of the Chiesa Nuova this fair boy, whom the world was to know as Metastasio, used to recite poetry to the admiration of the listening crowd. In that same square is the oratory where S. Filippo Neri—wisest and gentlest of saints—collected the noblest spirits in Rome about him, and inspired them with the pure and holy enthusiasm of his own dreams. There Brugiotto, the founding child, rescued from starving by the good Oratorians, had his printing-press in the shadow of that monastery which is now a court of justice, and published the annals of Baronius before he became the director of the Vatican press. Down by the river side is the more splendid home of another distin-



Cæsar and Michael Angelo—these are only a few of the memories which crowd upon the mind in this historic district,

It is as if, in the words of Hawthorne, "Time had crossed and re-crossed his own records till they grew illegible." But the Regola, like the Ghetto, is doomed. Everywhere broad new streets and boulevards are hewing their way through the labyrinth of old alleys. This quarter of Rome will soon be transformed into another Batignolles, and the Regola will be as the suburbs of Paris and of New York. It is impossible not to regret the change from the artistic point of view, however desirable it may be in other respects. It is probably true that many of these old streets along the riverside are not, as has been said of the Ghetto, fit for human habitation, and their disappearance may prove beneficial to the inhabitants of this quarter. And in any case, in the present state of Rome and of Italy, the change was inevitable. The march of civilisation, we are told, must have its way, which in other words means that before long the whole world will be given up to the engineer and the building contractor.



House of Giulio Romano, in the Via Macell de' Corvi.

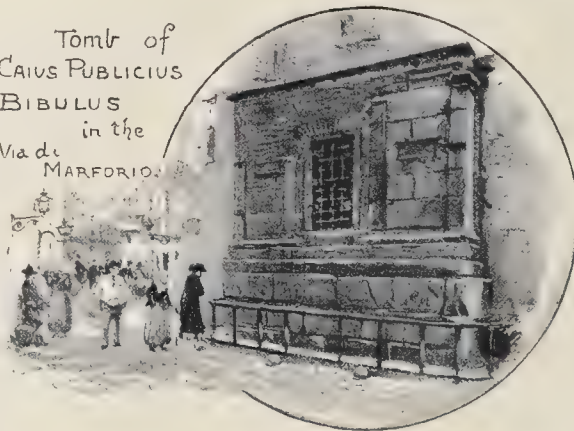
Forum of Augustus, where the progress of the excavations has lately led to remarkable discoveries. At the top of this street in mediæval times stood the famous statue of Marforio, a

colossal river-god, which was employed by the wits of the day to hold a dialogue with Pasquino, until a vindictive Pope determined to put an end to the satires directed against him,

shut up poor Marforio in the Capitoline Museum, and threatened to drown Pasquino in the Tiber. Luckily the Braschi Dukes, who claimed Pasquino as their property, interfered on his behalf, and the statue which bore the name of the witty tailor was left to moralise in turn over the vices of the Borgias and the robberies of Bonaparte, and to poke fun at the Œcumenical Council which promulgated the dogma of the Papal infallibility. One of our illustrations

gives the picturesque flight of stairs leading from the Via Marforio up to the Capitol at the back of the Mamertine prison, on the very spot where, three hundred years ago, the statue used to stand—a favourite "bit" with painters for the sake of its quaint doorways and balconies, and of the

*Tombr of
CAIUS PUBLICIUS
BIBULUS
in the
Via di
MARFORIO*



A Gateway in the Via Margana.

slanting rays of sunlight which fell on the Roman peasant girls nursing their babies, and the curly-headed boys eating water-melons and lounging under the old walls. And beyond, at the head of the stairs, the roofs of Ara Celi come to remind us that we are close to the Capitol Hill, in the very heart of old

Rome. But the new thoroughfare which is to lead from the Piazza di Venezia to the Forum Romanum will cut through here and do away with the old stairway. It will also destroy the house, No. 88, Via Macell de' Corvi, in which an illustrious painter, the friend of Cardinals and Princes, the chosen pupil of Raphael, the magnificent Giulio Romano, first saw the light. In his own day, no artist was ever held in greater honour. Now, by a natural reaction, we are inclined perhaps to rate his merit too low. His glory, to say the least of it, is overshadowed by that of Raphael, and it is impossible not to feel that the scholar represents the baser side of his master's art. At Mantua we grow very tired of his name, but in Rome somehow this old prejudice dies away, and we forgive Giulio a great deal, for the sake of the Farnesina frescoes and the lovely fancies of Villa Lante and Villa Madama, for the sake too of Raphael who loved him as his own son.

By way of atonement for the destruction of his birth-place, the name of Giulio Romano has been given to the next street, the old Via della Pedacchia, which, crossing the Via di Marforio, connects the Forum of Trajan with the Piazza Araceli. Just beyond this street, in the Via di Marforio, we come upon a relic of imperial days, the tombstone

of Caius Publicius Bibulus. The drawing (page 38) shows us the front of the tomb, a travertine block with Doric pillars supporting a decorated Ionic entablature—encased, as it has been for centuries, in the wall of a house in the street. The

house in question is about to be pulled down in order to widen the street, but the tomb will be preserved and exposed to view. We can still read the inscription which records how this burial-place was granted by the senate to Bibulus and

his posterity—probably in the reign of Tiberius, when there was an ædile of this name. The position of this tomb is worthy of notice, as marking the beginning of the Flaminian Way, which started from the Porta Ratumena just outside the Servian wall, and which, like the Appian Way, was bordered with tombs. And it has a further interest for us as the spot mentioned by Petrarch, who tells us in a letter how one day as he leant against the tomb of Bibulus, dreaming of the glories of ancient Rome, the Muse stirred him to write a sonnet. So the memories of past ages are piled

one above the other in the streets of Rome, and the mediæval poet becomes the link between imperial times and our own.

Our wanderings through the Eternal City have brought us

to the Capitol, and from the Arx we can look down on the Forum Romanum and witness the changes which recent excavations have made in the familiar scene. It is curious and instructive to compare its present condition with the photographs of eighteen or twenty years

back. Then the Column of Phocas, which figures so prominently in the last drawing, together with the Arch of Severus, a small portion of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and a corner of the Basilica Julia, were the only ancient monu-



ments to be seen. Now the *débris* of a thousand years have been cleared away, the roads across the Forum and its avenues of trees have disappeared, and the whole surface has been excavated from the Capitol to the gates of Santa Francesca Romana and the Arch of Titus.

Once more the pavement of the Sacra Via, worn by the feet of so many triumphal processions, trodden by so many illustrious victors, and scarcely less illustrious captives, is exposed to view. Once more we see the shrines and temples which had lain so long buried underground. At last we can point with certainty to the site of the Temple of Vesta and the house of the Pontifex Maximus. A thousand disputed questions

have been set at rest, and we know the topography, and understand the history of ancient Rome as it has never been known before.

The line of houses between S. Adriano, the Senate House of the kings, and S. Lorenzo in Miranda, the seventeenth-century church which incorporates the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, as shown in the last illustration, marks the present limit of the excavations. When these are removed the whole of the Forum will be laid bare, and the work begun in the days of Raphael will have been brought to a successful conclusion.

JULIA M. ADV

PAINTERS' STUDIOS.*

THE studio we last visited was that of Edmund Harburger. We next seek admittance to the *atelier* of

GEORGE PAPPERITZ,

which is indeed the home of beauty and taste. Everything suggests the magnificent. Three great arches, supported on

either side by fluted pillars, divide the studio into two compartments, one palatial, the other small and snug. To the left of the latter is a raised *daïs* approached by a flight of handsome steps, forming a sort of ante-room. A similar *daïs* is a feature of the studio of an English painter, Mr. G. F. Watts.

It may be said that Papperitz's brush ranges over the whole



The Studio of George Papperitz.

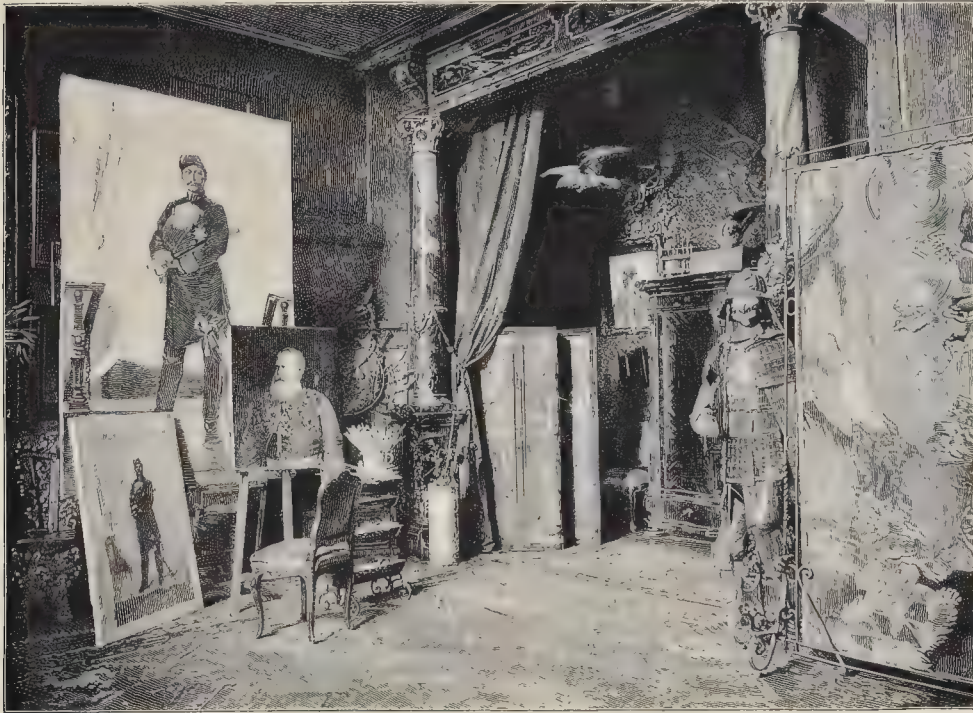
gamut of subjects—from still-life to landscape, from modern

* Continued from page 16,

portraits to the antique, from *genre* pictures to scenes from history. For the portrayal of such a diversity of subjects a

great breadth and freedom of imagination is necessary. He who visits Papperitz's studio feels no cramping influence, no

overcrowding. New ideas are suggested by whatever the eye falls upon. The commonplace and the trivial are left



The Studio of Rudolf Wimmer.

behind at the door. There are but few sketches about, everything suggesting perfected Art. Nicknacks find no place in Papperitz's magnificent workroom. As a matter of fact ornaments not absolutely of heroic proportions would run the danger of being lost in the vastness of the room.

As a portrait painter, Papperitz reaches a high standard of excellence. In his faithful rendering of the likenesses of women, he must stand even above Lenbach. He has studied the characteristics of the female face, and knows like Lenbach how to make the eye speak, and how to reproduce the tender rose-tints of the cheeks, and the carmine of the lips. Papperitz's pictures of women and children bear marks of loving and sympathetic study. Whether his studies are from the nude, or dressed in the rich silken folds of the Renaissance, there is always the same perfect grasp of their peculiar characteristics. He seldom attempts men's portraits—womanhood is his domain. In her he finds a responsive echo to his own artistic refinement. As a welcome guest at Villa Wahnfried, in Bayreuth, the home of Richard Wagner, Papperitz immortalized in a great canvas the forms of the band of musicians living in that place. This has done more to popularise his name than any other picture. The scene was laid in the music-room at Villa Wahnfried, when Liszt first played the new opera *Parsifal*. The composer was the centre figure, and round him were grouped his family and the

illustrious circle of the great master's friends, making an historical picture of the deepest interest. Wagner's knowledge of nature and art probably influenced the talent of the young painter, and ripened his powers.

RUDOLPH WIMMER.

Wimmer is a distinguished artist in the modern school of portraiture, of which the chief characteristic is the power of grasping a likeness. The members insist on the importance of realistic details and backgrounds. The old school, to which Lenbach belongs, devotes its energy rather to endeavouring to express on canvas the soul of the sitter, avoiding those details that are not absolutely necessary to the portrait. Both schools, however, aim at fidelity to nature. As a natural consequence the modern school demands a considerable amount of hard work from its followers, but at the same time the result of their labours is more popular with the public. For the times, alas! demand attention to outward appearances, and in painting, as in other professions, one must go with the times. The art suffers no degradation thereby; it becomes only an additional means by which the future historian will see the spirit of to-day in its true light.

We have already spoken of the "classic repose" which breathes in Lenbach's *atelier*, and of the elegance and taste which characterize that belonging to Papperitz. Wimmer

mer and Papperitz are the twin brothers of Art, and to describe the studio of one is to describe the studio of the other. In their work, too, they are much alike, so much so that it would not be at all surprising to discover in the corner of Wimmer's great portrait of the Emperor William in his admiral's uniform, which we notice in the engraving, the signature of Papperitz. The latter painter would certainly have portrayed the young emperor in a similar fashion.

The modern school of portraiture has found its masters in Wimmer and Papperitz. Their pictures bespeak the times in which we live, whose constant demand is—show us something new, and exploit it with originality.

But hark! what tuneful notes are those! A clear "yo-

heave-ho" sounds in our ears, while the air seems to echo with the splash of oars. Where are we? Ah! in the studio of

KARL RAUPP.

But there is small suggestion of these cries and sounds in this studio of the painter of Bavarian lake and mountain scenery. Still there is some trace, as witness the storm-beaten boat reposing on an elegant silken-covered stool with elaborately carved legs. That weather-beaten object is distinctly out of place in this room. It suggests hob-nails on a highly-polished drawing-room floor. Now don't dispel our illusions, Herr Raupp! We know quite well that you do not notice your surroundings in the least degree. You are like a man so



The Studio of Karl Raupp.

deeply absorbed in his own thoughts that he hears nothing of the story his friend is narrating. In you is embodied the psychological fact that it is possible to understand and yet take no notice; to stare and yet receive no impression, to hear and take nothing in.

Karl Raupp's imagination and lively memory are so concentrated on his lake and mountain scenes, that he is hardly conscious of surroundings which harmonize so badly with his pictures. These all come from within himself. In the midst of his luxurious studio, with its tapestry and statuary and tropical plants he hears the cry of the mountaineer, the shouts of the happy children rocking in the boats, the dull thunder of the approaching storm, which will soon break with

a deafening crash on the crests of the mountains, the threatening roar of the stormy sea, or the bell which tells of the approach of the holy elements to the dying man. But when he awakes, and forsakes his easel, Karl Raupp is quite content to find himself in his comfortable room.

What a different impression does the studio of

WALTER FIRLE

convey! It brings the daily life of that enormous body of our fellow-creatures which constitute the hard-working and plain-living class quite near. We breathe the air of every-day life; simple feeling enwraps us, the common experience of joy and sorrow become part of our lot. The spirit of the people reigns

in this apartment, which is a workroom first and a studio afterwards.

One of Firlé's countrymen narrates the following little incident that occurred during a visit he paid to the Jubilee Art Exhibition at Munich. It illustrates the effect of this painter's work on the different orders in Germany. "I noticed in one of the galleries a crowd of visitors before a large canvas, and was soon absorbed in studying its effect upon the onlookers. As I had not yet observed the picture, I amused myself by seeing what opinion I should form of its merits from the remarks of these amateur critics. The most noticeable group was composed of several girls and an elderly couple, to whom a young man was holding forth. 'The painter has shown

pathos in his treatment of his subject,' said this critic, 'but the scene would have gained in dramatic effect if the room had been poorer and the grief of the mother more violent;' to which the others ejaculated in turn—

" 'Ah, yes. That's true.'

" 'But still it is beautiful.'

" 'And so touching.'

" 'It almost makes me cry.'

" 'How absurd! Cry over a picture indeed!'

"Well-dressed persons, as a rule, vouchsafed the picture nothing more than an impassive stare, or only stopped long enough to glance at the title in the catalogue; but one group, a trio of ill-dressed, hard-working women, stood silent and



The Studio of Walter Firlé.

absorbed before the picture. At length one whispered to her neighbour, with tears in her eyes, 'I just know how that poor woman at the coffin feels. It is the best picture in the Exhibition.' They then turned to the catalogue, and read aloud the title of the picture and the painter's name, 'In the House of Mourning,' by Walter Firlé."

Firlé studies the every-day life of men and women, and he has found it natural and free from affectation. In his pictures there is nothing of the violence of grief, the faces alone show what lies beneath. Mankind, for the most part, seldom uses much gesture in expressing great pain or joy, and this knowledge is the key-note of Firlé's pictures, which are mainly from scenes of peasant or artisan life. In his studio there is nothing complex nor distracting, neither is there gran-

deur. No ingenious frivolity of artistic arrangement detracts his attention from his work.

The crane flying towards the ceiling may be taken as the symbol of the high aims of the painter. Except for a primitive altar, the model for the altar in the large canvas on the easel, our eyes only rest on sketches, studies, and pictures. In the illustration we give Firlé may be seen hunting through a portfolio for a sketch which will be serviceable in the completion of the picture he is now at work upon.

And now to a painter of history, to

FERDINAND WAGNER.

About twenty years ago, when Ferdinand Wagner was still in the *sturm und drang* of student days, with his mind full of

a thousand plans, there lived in the beautiful castle of Tutzing, on the Starberger See, a man of considerable culture, Edward Hallberger. Hallberger employed several artists to adorn his splendid castle and grounds. From near and far he gathered together painters, architects, and gardeners, and among them, Ferdinand Wagner, who had already shown considerable promise, although his achievement had been small.

No particular commission in the adornment of the castle fell to Wagner's share, and so he had no chance of distinguishing himself; but he had the will, and also the talent. While staying at the castle he made the acquaintance of a young

literary man, and they planned together the most daring schemes, one of them being a journey into Italy, with a view to an illustrated description of the land and people. But Wagner's restless spirit lacked perseverance to carry the project through, and in the end it came to nothing. The would-be *collaborateurs* drifted asunder, and when they met again, after a quarter of a lifetime had passed by, the literary man found the painter had become famous. Talent and hard work had placed him in the front rank of artists. The friend of his student days was confronted with a full-blown historical painter in the place of a comic artist revelling in droll figures and funny scenes from the Bohemian life of



The Studio of Ferdinand Wagner.

Munich. From broad comedy to serious history, what a step! but, Wagner's peculiar temperament delights in such contrasts. He is known as an historical painter, giving us, however, now and then for a change a *genre* picture or a study in still-life. Attention to detail, harmonious colouring, and clever composition are noticeable in his pictures. Wagner is not a painter of great and striking incidents in history. He rather prefers processions, parades, and pleasant scenes from mythology, although the fight depicted in the canvas to the left of his studio can hardly be pleasant for any of the parties concerned.

From the illustration of Wagner in his studio some idea of the difficulties that lie in the path of painters of large pictures

may be gained. The painter may be seen somewhat insecurely balanced on a ladder, from which he must descend and walk to the further end of the studio each time he wishes to judge of the composition in its entirety.

Our last illustration is the studio of the distinguished etcher,

EDWARD UNGER.

The profession of etching necessarily entails a large amount of work of a nature which can hardly take place in a room filled with rareties and articles of vertu. But Edward Unger delights in these things, and so he has contrived two studios—one mainly for show purposes, and the other for a workroom, where acid may be occasionally spilt without causing too

much destruction. From the view we get of the smaller room, where the etcher is at work upon a plate, it would seem

that it is furnished in a fashion calculated to content most persons even as a show studio. The acid bottle and other



The Studio of Edward Unger.

appliances are no doubt hidden away to the right. A light from a skylight falls upon the table where the etcher is at work, and workroom and showroom form altogether a very

pleasant place for Herr Unger to make those etchings which are known and admired throughout the world.

(To be continued.)

A HOPELESS DAWN.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK BRAMLEY, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

LOVERS of subject and lovers of painting for its own sake, those who think that Art may join Literature—at least dramatically—in the expression of emotion, and those who hold that she has enough to accomplish in the pictorial rendering of the events of mere air and light, life and vegetation—both schools of critics and both divisions of the public alike had their ideals fulfilled by Mr. Bramley's work, the picture of the year in 1888. If the painter had had no other aim than the searching study of natural things in their truest pictorial aspect, he could not have produced a picture of finer technical method, more true to the whole code of artistic laws; nor could he have presented a more convincing and pathetic drama, if his whole object had been to show the world a tragedy. Mr. Bramley does not virtually belong to the English school, inasmuch as the kind of excellence and completeness which he achieves is something more entirely artistic,

more full of vitality, and less merely industrious, than the "finish" of which the English school is proud. It is therefore no sufficient comparison to compare him with his contemporaries at the Academy. But he can be matched, without hesitation, with any of his contemporaries in the foreign schools. In design as well as in execution his work has that quality of just surpassing the excellence his critic had hoped for, which is one of the happiest signs of genius. That extra or additional virtue is perhaps especially to be noted in the beautiful and thorough drawing of the hands and in the tone of the light of the hurrying sea and sky outside. As regards the feeling of the picture no higher praise could be given to it than a recognition of its greatness and patience. It has no vulgar optimism, nor is the sorrow in any degree evaded, but neither has it any ignoble pessimism or rebellion. 'A Hopeless Dawn' is in thought and in technique absolutely sincere work.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE FIRST PROFESSORS.

"EXAMPLE is better than precept." This is an old saying, and in all probability it contains as much solid kernel of truth as any of the proverbial nuts which the searcher after wisdom is called upon to crack, and we in our professional conscience find it perfectly accurate and legitimate that our readers should apply it to the matter of Art education.

There can be no doubt, as it appears to us, that the most fruitful and valuable assistance which can be given to the progress of Art, is by producing fine pictures and statues. The productive and the critical faculties are distinctly different animals, and although they may be seen occasionally to run evenly in the same team, they are certainly not housed in the same stable. Their union in practice may be compared to those abnormal teams which surprise the traveller in the East, where a camel is seen ploughing with a bullock: it is a makeshift which enables the fellow to overcome the stubbornness of the soil,

though it is fatal to the regularity of the furrow. Or to set metaphors aside, which like bills of exchange are very pleasant when drawn, but troublesome when they come to maturity, the productive faculty works unconsciously, and the critical consciously. The great productive genius cannot tell you why he did a thing; he did it because it came to him to do it that way. He did not think about it, and moreover the moment he did stop to think, he hesitated; he saw two or three possible roads instead of one inevitable one, and the odds are that he put down his brush for that day, and gave the matter up as hopelessly abstruse and complicated. This is marvellous, and to all but the few gifted sons of men who

possess the divine faculty, it appears incredible. The creative faculty is first in order of generation, the critical is born of it, and without the one the other could not exist. Hence it is that the function of all teachers of Art of all academies resolves itself into reasoning about what others did intuitively and unconsciously. But, and here the matter becomes much more complicated, there is a presiding faculty which we call taste, which is evidently not intuitive, which has been built up gradually by the labours of the critic, and by which the artist and creator himself is guided. There is a vast storehouse of ideas expressed by Art, out of which the

artist selects by assimilation, and his selection when completed constitutes his style. To guide him in his selection is what academies profess to do.

Experience has proved that the best teacher is not always the best artist, and moreover that the best artists are often deficient in the critical faculty. It probably could never have been said of any man that he painted like



The Death of General Wolfe. From the picture by Edward Penny, R.A.,

an angel and judged like an ass. It is an absurdity to generalize and say that artists know less about pictures than many people do who have not studied the art practically; but it is true, that very great artists who see with the eyes of enthusiasm and imagination, sometimes do not give themselves the trouble of going through the processes of comparison and reflection which are necessary to form sound judgment of the works of others: and it is also tolerably certain, that the great artist who does a thing, he does not know why, in obedience to some imperious impulse in his nature, is less able to instruct and help others, than he who is in the habit of accounting to himself for every step he takes. Rubens acquired only the defects of his

style, his florid exaggeration, from a vigorous and original painter, A. Van Noort; the judicious equipoise, the magnificent completeness of his art, he owed to the teachings of a timid pedant, Otto Vanius. We trust our readers will pardon the introduction of a matter so frivolous as a personal recollection into a subject so serious, and will consent to follow when one of the present writers takes a backward glance adown the vista of the halls of memory. If so, far away—alas, how far!—he will discern a strange figure, a bearded man clad in a long velvet, or more probably velveten garment, with a pipe of the churchwarden type clenched between his teeth, who is paint-

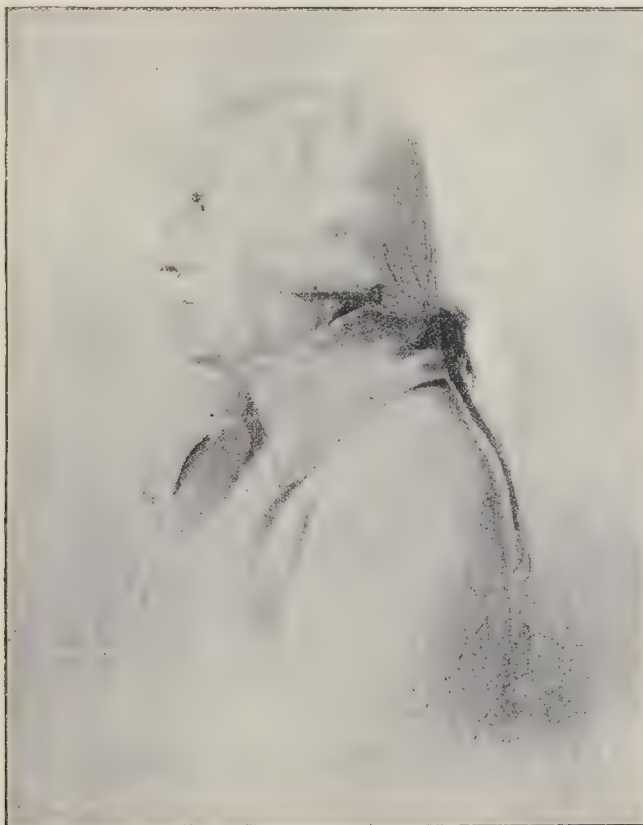
ing before a huge canvas. That canvas, which cannot be described as in any way lively, either in its aspect or in its mental suggestiveness, represents a 'Descent from the Cross.' In the heads of many of the figures represented, notably in those of the Virgin and Mary Magdalen, what are technically called the high lights have by constant retouching assumed the prominence of horns. On that canvas the one great expiatory sacrifice of the 'Tragedy of Calvary' is much more feebly depicted than the familiar one of misplaced ambition. That man's house, on every wall, from basement to attic, is filled with pictures, whose value

either marketably or with respect to their power of giving pleasure, must be reckoned as mathematically nil. And yet that man was the intellectual father of some of the most eminent artists of the day, of five or six Royal Academicians and Associates, and of others who became successful teachers. He had a jerky, epigrammatic style of talking, which conveyed information, excited curiosity, and aroused enthusiasm all in one: he was a bad artist—taking into account all possibilities and achievements, we are bound to confess he was about as bad "as they make them"—and yet he was undeniably a splendid teacher, and there are many artists now living who will testify, that in hours of doubt and difficulty a remembered saying

of "Old Leigh's" has acted on them like a dram, and helped them to fight down obstacles.

Great, very great, and much to be admired is that mysterious power given to a few men, to as few probably as is the more resplendent gift of genius—the power to impart knowledge, to arouse curiosity, and to quicken enthusiasm, to whom it is vouchsafed to utter the winged word which falls on the struggling brain like an inspiration, or like a shaft of light which pierces the dark chambers of thought, and reveals their disorder and their emptiness. Such men are as necessary to a great educational establishment like the Royal Academy as are

artists of genius who give a lustre to its exhibitions, and who stimulate students by their example. That it has not always been equally fortunate in the one case as in the other, is but natural; it has uniformly and consistently followed the course ordained by its constitution and prescribed by reason. Each succeeding president has delivered his discourses; in the chairs of painting, architecture, perspective, and anatomy, professor has succeeded professor. And though the echoes of their voices have died away, and their literary efforts have found a common grave in the oblivion of the waste-paper basket; though the "Discourses" of Reynolds is



Thomas Sandby, R.A. From the drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

still pronounced to be the most "stimulating" of Art books; we may venture to hope that many have not been without success, that the words of honest advice clothed with the authority of experience and the utterance of profound conviction have not been thrown away, and that with its practical teaching the Royal Academy has for upwards of a century disseminated lofty views and genuine maxims which have equally powerfully contributed to its fundamental object, the furtherance of British Art.

It was at its second meeting, on December 17th, 1768, at which thirty members were present, that the Academy proceeded to the election by ballot of four professors as provided

for by the Instrument, viz., those of Painting, Architecture, Perspective and Geometry, and Anatomy, the first three to be chosen from among the Academicians. The choice fell on Edward Penny, R.A., for painting; Thomas Sandby, R.A., for architecture; Samuel Wale, R.A., for perspective; and Dr. William Hunter for anatomy. Of the lives of these professors we shall presently give some account. The chairs of Painting, Architecture, and Anatomy still remain, and to them have been added that of Sculpture in 1810, and that of Chemistry in 1871. In 1860 the professorship of perspective was turned into a teachership, and the post is no longer held by a member of the Academy; while in 1886 Associates were admitted to be candidates for the three chairs, the occupancy of which had been hitherto restricted to Academicians.

The duties of the originally appointed professors were laid down in the Instrument. They were each to give six lectures annually. Those in painting were to be "calculated to instruct the students in the principles of composition, to form their taste of design and colouring, to strengthen their judgment, to point out to them the beauties and imperfections of celebrated works of Art, and the particular excellences or defects of great masters; and, finally, to lead them into the readiest and most efficacious paths of study." Those in architecture were to be "calculated to form the taste of the students, to instruct them in the laws and principles of composition, to point out to them the beauties or faults of celebrated productions, to fit them for an unprejudiced study of books, and for a critical examination of structures." The Professor of Perspective is enjoined to "clearly and fully illustrate all the useful propositions of geometry, together with the principle of lineal and aerial perspective, and also the projection of shadows, reflections, and refractions," and to "particularly confine himself to the quickest, easiest, and most exact methods of operations." While the anatomy lectures are to be "adapted to the arts of design." All the lectures, moreover, are to be "laid before the council for its approbation, which shall be obtained in writing, before they can be read in the public schools." But this somewhat arbitrary and oppressive regulation does not seem to have remained long in force, and the only restrictions subsequently placed on the discretion of the professors was that no "comments or criticisms on the opinions or productions of living artists in this country shall be introduced into any of the lectures delivered in the Royal Academy."

A separate diploma was given to the professors, or at any rate to those who were not members of the Academy. The original draft, signed December 15th, 1769, of the one bestowed on Dr. Hunter exists. It is addressed to "our trusty and well-beloved William Hunter, Doctor of Physick," and after the preamble as in the other form of diploma goes on, "and seeing that no liberal art can attain perfection without the concurrence and cooperation of other sciences, we have resolved to appoint certain professors to instruct the students in various branches of knowledge necessary to the arts. We, therefore, in consideration of your great skill in anatomy do by these presents nominate and appoint you Professor of Anatomy in our said Academy of Arts, hereby granting unto you all such honours, privileges, and emoluments thereof as are consistent with the nature of the establishment, and compatible with the Instrument of Institution, and with the laws and regulations by which the said Society is governed." A similar diploma was also received by Dr. Hunter's successor, as the President reports to the General Assembly on November 3rd, 1783, that "His Majesty had been graciously pleased to

approve the election of John Sheldon, Esq., as Professor of Anatomy, and to sign his diploma, dated 18th July, 1783." That the outside professor, as we may call him, should be brought into touch with the general business of the Academy, it was resolved by the council on December 27th, 1768, "that Dr. William Hunter (as Anatomy Professor) have free access to all General Assemblies." Whether he ever availed himself of this privilege does not appear, nor do we know if it was continued to his successor, but it is not in existence now.

Two other entries in the early minutes of the council with reference to the anatomy lectures sound curious at the present day. On March 17th, 1769, it was ordered "That the other lectures on the muscles be at such times as a body can be procured from the sheriffs, to whom he (Dr. Hunter) recommended that application should be made." And on January 15th, 1770, there is the entry, "the President was desired to make an application to the master of the Surgeons Company for a body to be dissected in the Royal Academy by Dr. Hunter."

It is time, however, for us now to give the reader some account of the lives of the men who were first chosen to fill what we have shown to be very important posts in the constitution of the new Society.

EDWARD PENNY, R.A.,

the first professor who occupied the Royal Academy chair of Painting, had, in the troublous times which the artists of England underwent before they found a haven of rest in royal patronage, occupied the post of Vice-President of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and his signature appears amongst those of the seceders from that body. He was born at Knutsford, in Cheshire, and was a pupil of Hudson, some years probably before young Joshua Reynolds made his timid entry into a studio which is now associated with his own imperishable fame. He afterwards studied in Rome under Benefiali; which may be called a dumb fact, as neither Penny nor Benefiali are credited with possessing a voice which is audible at this distance of time. Penny is said to have been much admired for his portraits on a small scale, and some of his historical and sentimental works were engraved. Amongst these was a 'Death of General Wolfe,' a popular subject in those days. Romney, Mortimer, and Barry tried their hands at it, and others might have continued had not Benjamin West given the finishing stroke to the hero of Quebec, and killed him so effectually that none has since dared to lift his brush against him. In two pictures Penny represented 'Virtue and Profligacy contrasted,' let us hope very much to the credit of the former; also a 'Marquis of Granby relieving a sick Soldier,' which does not seem to have perpetuated the memory of his lordship's benevolence and condescension.

His influence among his fellow-artists would appear to have been considerable, as at the general assembly of the 3rd January, 1769, the third held, it was resolved "That the thanks of the general assembly of the Academicians be given to Mr. Penny for his activity in bringing several worthy members into the society."

Of his lectures as Professor of Painting we know nothing; Sandby informs us that they were favourably received, and he continued to deliver them annually till 1783, when his health failed.

He appears to have succumbed to the infirmity of so many of the noble minds of that period, and married a lady of pro-

perty, which enabled him to end his days in luxurious retirement at Chiswick, where he died in 1791.

THOMAS SANDBY, R.A.

The life of the first Professor of Architecture offers the promise of picturesque materials and an opportunity for that sort of literary historical genre painting of which Carlyle's "Diamond Necklace" is so masterly an example. It passed through a great crisis in our history, greater perhaps than we are now aware of, and in the calm environments of its close it suggests the blessed relief from discord which this country attained to, more perhaps by luck than good guidance, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Thomas Sandby is by no means such an obscure personage as Henry Pitman, who is memorable as having left authentic records of his personal contact with great events, with the rebellion of Monmouth and the "Bloody Assizes." Sandby came in personal contact with the invasion of the Pretender in 1745, and had he written his autobiography giving all the details of his life, from the stormy scenes which surrounded his youth to the final peaceful seclusion as Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, he would have left a book of more permanent interest to mankind than his lectures on architecture, which were found too costly for the Academy to publish, are at all likely to have been.

He was born in Nottingham in 1721, and is said to have been attracted to the profession of architecture by the fascinations of the science of perspective; fascinations which about the same time were impelling the son of a Devonshire schoolmaster towards the profession of painting. In 1743 he was in London and was appointed draughtsman to the chief engineer in Scotland. This brought him to Fort William, at the foot of Ben Nevis, in 1745. It would be worth many lectures on architecture to know what he saw there; to have brought before us the tumultuous gatherings of tartaned ruffians, to hear the wild pibrochs and the clashing and clattering of claymores, targets, and Lochaber axes. All we positively know is, that he was the first person to convey to the government authentic tidings of the landing of the Pretender in Glenfinnan. In return for this important political service he

1890.

was taken good care of ever afterwards. H.R.H. William, Duke of Cumberland, whose sublime forehead touched the stars on the memorable day of Culloden, appointed him his peculiar draughtsman; though what the duties of a peculiar architectural draughtsman to a successful military commander of royal blood may be, we are not able to conjecture. And in the following year, when all the disturbances were over, when Lord Balmerino had wiped his spectacles for the last time and laid his poor foolish old head on the block on Tower Hill, as the last of the long series of decapitated traitors, Sandby was appointed Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park. Our readers mostly know Windsor Great Park, and description would be superfluous, and certainly inadequate. We will only remind them of that placid expanse of tranquil water, belied, if such a term is admissible, with white blossoms, whose banks are littered with shreds of morning newspapers, *exuvie* of picnics, and which is known as Virginia Water.

That was the creation of Thomas Sandby, R.A. There are other lakes scattered over the face of the globe, Lakes Superior, Ladoga, and others, whose origin is in the present condition of science unknown, but of Lake Virginia Water we know certainly it was created, as we have said, by Thomas Sandby, R.A.

Freemasons' Hall, where whilom Art and Be-

nevolence united were accustomed to exchange their festive greetings, was designed by him, as was the elaborate wainscoting around the altar of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

In a former article we described the various abortive efforts which were made by the artists of England to form a properly organized institution for the encouragement of Art. Thomas Sandby had taken a part in the agitation, he joined the Incorporated Society, and after the schism by which it was rent asunder he passed into the newly-formed Royal Academy as one of its foundation members.

He exhibited great zeal in carrying out his duties as Professor of Architecture. His lectures were largely illustrated by beautifully executed drawings, many of which are still preserved. As we have already mentioned, they have never been published. The MS. was offered for that purpose to the Council of the Royal Academy, but declined on account of the great cost of reproducing the illustrations. Subse-

o



Old Somerset House. From a drawing by Thomas Sandby, R.A., in the British Museum.

quently it was presented to the Royal Institute of British Architects, and is probably still preserved in their library.

Towards the close of his life Sandby became incapacitated by ill-health from the labour of delivering his lectures, and for two years they were read by Edward Edwards, A.R.A. The evening of his life was passed in the peaceful retirement of the Deputy Ranger's Lodge in Windsor Park, and there he died, aged seventy-seven, in 1798, fifty-three years after the fortuitous circumstance to which he owed his fortune and his social position.

SAMUEL WALE, R.A.

At the date of the foundation of the Royal Academy, its promoters found themselves somewhat in the position of the lord in the parable who had to search for wedding guests amongst the hedgerows and byeways. There was no neglected talent pining for lack of recognition, no claims likely to be overlooked; the difficulty was to fill up the ranks with representative artists when none such could be found; men who practised any description of industry which could plausibly be included in the category of Art were considered eligible. Such an one was Samuel Wale, first Professor of Perspective. He decorated ceilings, illustrated books, painted signs, and in a promiscuous way turned his hand to anything which required a certain skill in drawing and a knowledge of the mechanism of painting.

Our readers who pay attention to such things, must be familiar with a peculiar phase of water-colour art which is often found decorating the staircases and bedrooms in English country houses. Who does not know the dingy landscapes which the host points to apologetically as an old-fashioned picture which has been in the family for years and years? It probably represents an old ruined castle, drawn in outline with a reed pen; there is pretty sure to be a bridge spanning a river, and some men engaged in drawing a net in the foreground; on each side is a tree trunk with rugged boughs, drawn more or less in a series of hooks with thick strokes of the pen, the whole washed over with a thin film of colour.

Such was the water-colour art of the middle of the last century, the rude germ which developed into the magnificent works of Girtin, Turner, De Wint, and Copley Fielding. Samuel Wale practised that form of art largely, and exhibited his works at the Royal Academy. As an assistant to Mr. Gwynn, the architect, he acquired a good knowledge of perspective, and was appointed to profess it on the foundation of the Royal Academy. At first it appears to have been the practice to deliver lectures on the subject *ex cathedra*, a

practice which Wale was obliged to discontinue on account of ill health, and to resort to the much more practical system of giving a series of lessons at a table, which has since been universally adopted. Perspective is nothing if not precise, and its principles, to be understood, must be put into practice with the scale and parallel ruler.

Wale was much employed in designing illustrations to books; his best-known works in this line are the engravings in the 8vo edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," published in London, 1760, which are probably very familiar to all readers of the worthy old piscator's book. 'The Morning Greeting,' 'The Milkmaid's Song,' and 'The Three Anglers at the Inn Door' giving the hostess the chub to cook, are things which we remember to have seen in our youth, and

never have forgotten. In addition to these Wale illustrated an abridgment of "Sacred History," 1766; "Fables," by William Wilkie, D.D., 1768; and Raymond's "History of England;" besides a number of other works. His historical plates are very curious in our eyes; they show the utter carelessness and ignorance of appropriate costume and accessories which prevailed in the eighteenth century, when Garrick as Macbeth, in a bag wig with a small sword, made his audience tremble at the spectacle of "the ruin of a crime-entangled soul." There are two plates after Wale in Raymond's History; one represents Canute reproving his courtiers, in the background of which there is a church with a spire of fifteenth-century architecture; and another of Richard I. taken in disguise by Leopold Duke of Austria, where the Crusader is in knee-breeches, with a small sword at his side. It was certainly cleverly imagined on the part of the lion-hearted King to disguise himself in the costume of seven centuries later, and

we cannot help wondering that it was not more effectual.*

In 1782, on the death of Richard Wilson, Wale was appointed Librarian, and held that office, in conjunction with the Professorship, till his death in 1786.

DR. WILLIAM HUNTER,

though his fame is cast into the shade by the singularly brilliant genius of his younger brother, John, must have been a very distinguished physiologist and physician, to judge only by the honorary degrees which were conferred upon him both in this country and abroad. And, from the testimony of his contemporaries, we may surmise that the Royal Academy

* The annexed view of the Old Royal Exchange is a favourable specimen of Wale's book-illustrations—it has the massiveness and dignity which belong to a good period of Art.



The Old Royal Exchange. From a drawing by Samuel Wale, R.A., in the British Museum.

was both fortunate and discerning in having the opportunity of securing him as Professor of Anatomy, a post which, as we have seen, in its early days conferred the right of attending at general assemblies, and made the holder in a manner an *ex-officio* member of the body.

Wm. Hunter was born at East Kilbride, in Lanark, in 1718; he studied for five years in the University in Glasgow, afterwards in Edinburgh, and finally at St. George's Hospital in London. He early distinguished himself for his knowledge of anatomy; and when at the age of twenty-eight by a mere chance he was called upon to take the place of Mr. Samuel Sharpe, and to deliver a course of lectures on operative surgery and anatomy, he brought to light, in addition to great knowledge, a peculiar aptitude for exposition, and great oratorical ability. It is said that his lectures differed from those of his contemporaries, in the fullness and thoroughness of his teaching, and in the care he took to provide for his hearers the best possible practical illustrations of his discourse. His lectures were simple and yet profound, mi-

nute in demonstration, and by no means tedious, and he had a happy knack of enlivening them by anecdotal illustrations.

He thoroughly enjoyed lecturing, and used to say that "a man may do infinitely more good to the public by teaching his art than by practising it," an unselfish sentiment which does honour to his heart, but which cannot logically be said to run on "all fours."

Hunter also contributed many papers to medical journals. These were accused of being too controversial in tone, and he excused himself by saying that anatomists naturally got into that way, having been so "spoiled by the passive submission of dead bodies" that they are unable to brook any resistance. Like his brother, he was a collector: his house was a museum, filled with splendid anatomical and pathological preparations, ancient coins, medals, minerals, shells and corals, together with a fine library of Greek and Latin classics. After

his death, in 1783, these passed into the possession of the University of Glasgow.



Sir William Hunter. From the Picture by M. Chamberlin, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

CHURCH FURNISHING AND DECORATION.

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF TASTE AND COMMON-SENSE.

IT has been said, and said truly, that the cause of nearly every failure nowadays in Art lies in misapplied effort. It is not that the workers of to-day are less skilful technically, or that brains are less inventive or resourceful than of yore, but that now they are undisciplined and lacking in method. And although that indefinable sense of the fitness of things—that which in a word we call taste—is more precious than rubies, and is, like the gift of poetry, inborn and incommunicable, yet its laws or canons have been laid down again and again by those competent to speak with authority on the subject, so that those who possess the working faculty unallied with taste have no excuse for disregarding its rules except that they are not conscious of their own deficiency, and, therefore, in working it does not occur to them to place themselves under reliable guidance.

It has not always been necessary that men should work by rule. Our ancestors in the mediæval world instinctively produced beautiful works without a thought of rules. The unwritten laws only had to be formulated when they came to be broken; for so long as we cannot without conscious effort produce works of beauty we must be guided by rules and canons. But when, by patient training, we have become sufficiently imbued with the spirit of beauty, and have regained

the lost power of producing spontaneously that which is beautiful, then and then only, shall we find that as a lame man cured dispenses with his crutches so we can afford to proceed by ourselves without risk of falling.

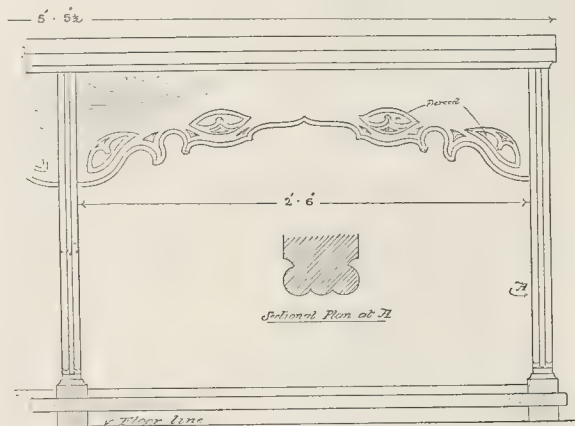
Meanwhile, through following no definite rule the average workers go blundering on, exerting themselves to no purpose, devoid of pleasure themselves in their work, and imparting to others no pleasure in the result of their labours; their materials are improperly applied towards the attainment of improper results; their work lacks due proportion; neither is it, nor can it be, convenient for the purpose for which it is made. This is true enough of workers generally, but more especially of those who are in the habit of fitting up churches. From timidity, a shrinking dread of "incorrectness" or of secularity, persons who are more or less apt at making a suitable choice of an article for domestic use are hopelessly at fault when it comes to providing anything for church use. There appear to be two distinct standards of taste among us, the one for our homes and the other, quite fifteen or twenty years behind it, for church purposes, instead of, as it should be, the church standard being the first and the highest. Again there is a strange superstition that beauty and practicability are incompatible. Our contention, indeed, is that nothing can be in the

truest sense artistic or beautiful that is useless or unfit, but that fitness and usefulness and beauty go together. We purpose, therefore, in this and the following papers to show how these may go together hand in hand in the fitting up and ornamentation of the church, which we shall deal with in several sections, commencing first with the flooring.

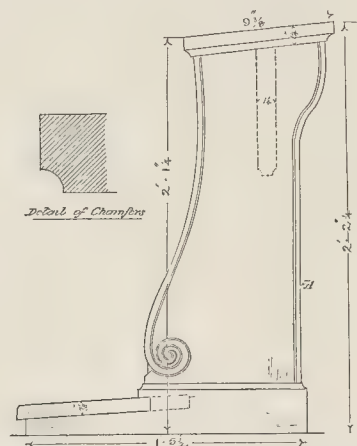
Now I take it that the first requisite of a floor is security, by which I mean that there must be no risk of falling, a condition which, though necessary enough in the case of the nave, is absolutely essential in the chancel. This sounds too obvious to need to be argued. Nevertheless it is often forgotten or disregarded in practice. I know a church in which the communicants' rail is at the entrance of the choir, and where there is a full-length chancel, paved with glazed tiles of so ambitious and elaborate a device that the architect specially stipulated that they should always remain exposed to view. The consequent agonies of carrying a chalice backwards and forwards the whole length of the chancel across a treacherous and glassy floor, as a clergyman giving com-

munion single-handed, it may be to row after row of communicants, is obliged to do, have to be felt in order to be fully realised. If the architects who design chancel floors for show and vainglory, not for reverence and utility, could be subjected to the ordeal described, it would be a salutary lesson for them.

In the fitting up and arrangement of a church, there are certain matters pertaining to the conduct of the service, matters which are of practical convenience or of ecclesiastical rule, with which the architect, as a layman, may not be acquainted, or, if acquainted with, may not imagine to be so all-important as they are. And since it is not he who has to officiate, there is little chance of his finding them out. It is the province then of the clergyman to see to these things, and to insist that the architect carries out his instructions. For instance, architects have been known to place the credence on the north of the altar as a *pendant* to the piscina on the south. It is only they who have to use them who know by experience how necessary it is for both piscina and credence



Lindfield Church, Sussex.
Front Elevation (half).—Communicants' Kneeling Rail.



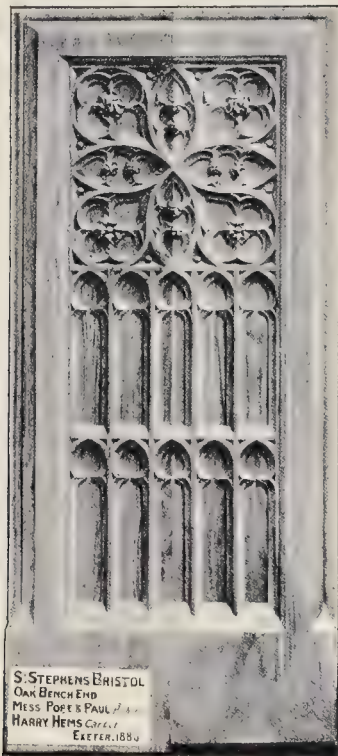
Side Elevation.—The Communicants' Rail is made moveable: the drawing represents one bay, or half of the rail. Material, oak, and dull polished.

to be on the south. Again, let the clergyman point out how wide he finds it convenient or necessary for each step in the chancel to be, and take care that the architect follows his directions. It is very easy to err by making the foot-pace, on which the altar stands, too wide or too narrow. It is too late to remedy such a mistake when use has discovered its inconvenience, or when, the first time there is a celebration in the new church, the clergy find there is no room to pass one another in giving communion without one of them having to mount on to a higher step. I have known the space so narrow between the communicants' rail and the next step above it that the clergyman had to choose between two alternatives, either to kick the people's knees as he went by, if he tried to stand with both feet on the same level, or else to scramble along crab-wise, with the left foot on one step, and the right on the step above. How many a clergyman might be spared unnecessary fatigue and an aching back if the architect, for the sake of effect or through inadvertence, had not placed the communicants' rail at the very edge of

a step, so that they must kneel on a step below the clergyman, and he is obliged to stoop down to them. It would be a simple matter to avoid blunders of the kind in the first instance, and in the end the saving to the clergy would be untold. So far is it from being desirable for the communicants to kneel on a lower level than, or even on the same level as, the minister, it is much more convenient that their knees should be raised higher than his feet, on a kneeling-board or substantial cushion, not a mere mat. A kneeler of the sort, admirable in construction, and, save for a curl in the supports which is debased and not to be imitated, in design also, has been lately made by Mr. C. Kempe for Lindfield Church, Sussex.

But if the clergyman does not allow the architect to have his own way in such matters as I have named, he for his part should be scrupulously careful to avoid interfering in those matters of taste and style in which the architect's special knowledge entitles him to be the guide. Clerics are sometimes not only ignorant of architecture, but obstinate in their

opinions. Not many summers ago there was exhibited in the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy a very beautiful design for a proposed church, consisting of chancel and nave with aisles divided from it by arcades. The Bishop, however,



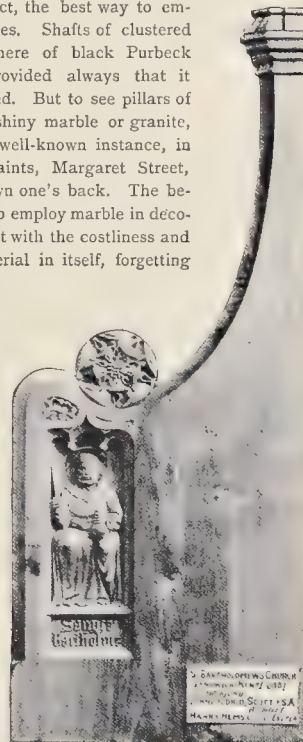
refused to sanction the pillars, on the ground that they were an obstruction, and the architect was compelled to prepare a fresh design for the church to be built in the form of an oblong barn, under one span of roof, a building which, whatever advantages it may possess in the Bishop's eyes, cannot be so satisfactory, either æsthetically or even for acoustic properties, as a building with nave and aisles; as any one will understand who has noticed the difference between the effect of sound in Keble College Chapel, Oxford, or St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, and St. Barnabas', Oxford. And yet the cost of building St. Barnabas' was nothing like that of either of the other two.

But to return to the subject of floors and tiles. As regards appearance, figured tiles do not look well in a mass, spread over any considerable space. For decorative effect they should be employed very sparingly—in bands only, or borders, or as centres—to give a finish to the bolder geometrical arrangement of plain tiles of various colours. But, with or without a pattern, the most legitimate use for glazed, so-called encaustic, tiles, since they have a slippery surface, is the ornamentation of the perpendicular face of a step. Whenever they are laid on the floor, except when in such a position that no one will ever have to walk upon them, they should invariably be covered.

1890.

Quite apart from their danger, there is a further objection that they are noisy. This brings me to the second requirement of a floor, namely, that it should be as quiet as possible. Tessellated pavements, though far less dangerous, make almost as much clatter as glazed tiles. Even wood blocks make a rattling sound when walked upon, besides being often very slippery, if at all polished. The worst kind of floor for a church, at any rate in a poor neighbourhood, is a boarded one. It requires to be scrubbed frequently, and the damp wood does not dry quickly. Moreover, if the boards are not laid quite close, the crevices between get filled with dust that harbours vermin, which never fail to attack the susceptible subject, and effectually rob him of all devotion for the time being. Bricks or red earthenware tiles are warm in colour and have a homely look about them, but are apt to wear into holes, and the red dust from them is a nuisance. A concrete floor is better, but, for the average church, slabs of ordinary flagstone, like street pavement, are the most suitable, most durable, and not unpicturesque, provided that the flags are of irregular sizes and arranged with no other method but just where they happen to fit best. But the ideal floor, where expense is no object, is black and white marble, paved in squares, of from eighteen inches to two feet, set diamond-wise, and unpolished of course, such as one commonly meets with in a college chapel at one of the old Universities. This is, in fact, the best way to employ marble in churches. Shafts of clustered columns here and there of black Purbeck marble look well, provided always that it is plain and unpolished. But to see pillars of hard, unsympathetic, shiny marble or granite, like those, to take a well-known instance, in the Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, sends an icy chill down one's back. The besetting sin of those who employ marble in decoration is to rest content with the costliness and splendour of the material in itself, forgetting that they might as well use mud or chalk for all the gain that comes of marble as they use, or rather abuse, it. Costly material deserves to be well used, and requires, moreover, judgment in the using, if the result is to be satisfactory. Probably the best modern work in marble, just because it is less aggressively marble than anything else of the kind, is the reredos at St. Frideswide's, better known as Christ Church, Oxford.

The third requirement in a church floor is the absence of cold and draughts. To see to this is hardly the part of the decorator. But it is as essential for the well-being of the



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worshippers that provision be made for the proper warming and ventilating of a church and for freedom from unnecessary currents of cold air as that they should have a roof over their heads. Such provision ought never to be omitted when a church is being restored or built. The difficulties of interrupting the whole routine of the services, and of turning the interior of the church upside down in order to lay hot-water or hot-air pipes, and all the apparatus connected with a furnace in a church that has been built and already used without any such provision having been made, are enormous, and deter many from attempting it. The pipes are often very unsightly, and it is quite true that we do hear of churches being destroyed through the overheating of a flue (and I may say in passing that the clergymen or churchwardens who neglect to insure the churches of which they are the guardians against fire are nothing short of criminals), but there is no adequate excuse for exposing the congregation to cold and draughts. And until all that can be done for their comfort in that respect has been done, no stained-glass windows or any other luxuries, not even an organ, ought to be thought of.

I have said that glazed tiles ought to be covered. In any case, however, the sanctuary floor should be covered, and for this purpose I should certainly recommend a pile carpet or rugs. As to design, whatever else it be, let it not be what is called "ecclesiastical." One of the commonest errors is striving after a churchy effect—what I may call cant in ornamentation for religious purposes. We have set up for ourselves a sort of fancy standard of orthodoxy which we are afraid to violate. The aimless way in which the sacred monogram, crosses, palms, and crowns, and other stereotyped devices are scattered about, not only on textiles, but on other articles of church furniture generally, cannot be too strongly condemned. "Familiarity breeds contempt." We ought not to make the Holy Name and the sign of our redemption so cheap. They are far too grave and sacred. Again, many decorators seem to imagine that if they can occupy, or rather cumber, so much space with some sprawling, senseless growth or other, unmistakably unlike anything we meet in every-day life, it must, therefore, be suitable for church purposes. Unsecular it may be in the sense of being extraordinary, but it is not, on that account, necessarily ecclesiastical. In choosing a carpet, many people think that they must procure it at an ecclesiastical furnisher's, that it must be, in fact, something that has been

made for the purpose. The public have too long been beguiled in the matter of so-called "ecclesiastical" goods, and in carpets as much as in anything. How otherwise could such things exist as a crude crimson carpet, speckled all over with black crowns within lozenges, or a still more violent ultramarine that seems to start right up and box one on the ear, spotted with yellow fleurs-de-llys, or that tamest and yet most irritating of all patterns called "moss," which has a peppery unrest about it that no one with any sensitive taste would endure for a moment in his own house? But if it were borne in mind that carpets came originally from the East—from Mohammedan looms, no doubt—and that such and no others must have been the first carpets placed in Christian churches, we should at once

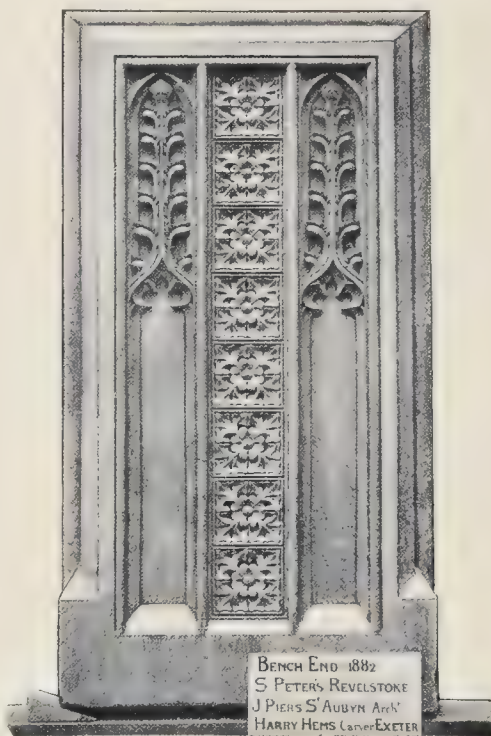
feel that they can hardly be unsuitable. On the contrary, in my opinion, the Oriental character of carpets for church use should always be preserved; or at least, let us have the best-designed English carpets we can get, avoiding only those that profess to be ecclesiastical.

What should be used when it is required to cover the floor of the nave is a greater problem. Carpets are out of the question, and cocoanut matting holds the dust and dirt. Linoleum or some similar material appears more sensible. It is not so cold as tiles or bricks, or stones. It deadens the sound of footsteps, and can be more readily cleaned, and dries more quickly than wood. A self-coloured linoleum can be procured in warm and harmonious tones of olive or light red.

We now come to the subject of church seating. The commonest error in this respect is to try and crowd too many people into one church. But at how great a sacrifice!

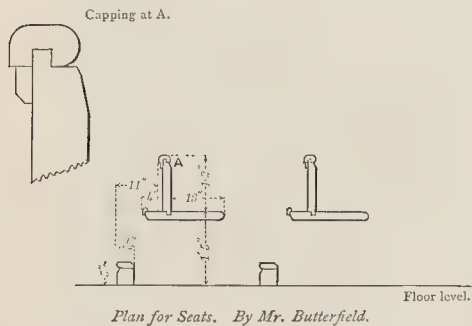
As Mr. Micklethwaite, in his

book on *Modern Parish Churches*, very truly remarks, "A large congregation is certainly a good thing, but a devout one is better. And how can people properly worship when they are packed so close that they can scarcely move," and when their attention is occupied with a ceaseless struggle for room? In churches where convenience is considered at all, the tendency is to make the church seat a lounge, so that to kneel is often a physical impossibility. "The clergy and architects," writes Mr. Foster in his introduction to Mr. Butterfield's pamphlet on "Church Seats and Kneeling Boards," "ought to bear in mind that the first thing to be aimed at is proper kneeling accommodation. They will then find that they have gained all that is necessary to comfort in sitting accommodation."



BENCH END 1882
S. PETER'S REVELSTOKE
J. PIERS S. AUBURN AND
HARRY HEMS CARPENTERS

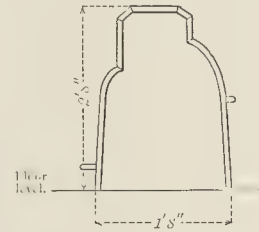
Experience shows that fixtures alone secure proper means for kneeling. "A hassock," writes Mr. Butterfield, "is a stumbling-block even to the youngest and most agile in entering any seat, and it permanently occupies a large piece of the floor, to the great hindrance of standing with ease and comfort. It is always in different stages of decay, raggedness, and nastiness, and, in town churches at least, it harbours vermin. It can never be cleaned." Mats or pads are as bad. Moreover, their migratory habits are fatal to their usefulness. They are not to be relied upon as forthcoming when wanted, and persons arriving in church early have been known to appropriate more than one pad, and so to deprive their neighbours of the use of one. Were the floor clean enough, or a flat mat suitable enough in other respects to kneel upon, to do so for any length of time is not possible, and strains the ankle joint. "A level kneeling-board, 5 inches off the floor, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, is the best and most practical for kneeling in connection with fixed seats," and should itself be fixed at a distance of 11 inches from the top rail of the seat. The seats must be 3 feet apart, as shown in the annexed copy of Mr. Butterfield's plan. His system I consider the best I have seen. It should be observed that the dimensions and general arrangement as given by him must be followed in their entirety or not at all, for the modification of any one of the measurements throws the rest out, and produces something worse than the ordinary ill-constructed seats. I say his plan is the best I have seen, but I do not consider it quite ideal. For though he provides a shelf on the level of the seat for books when not in use, it will be noticed that, there being no desk of any kind, all the while a book is being read it must be held in the hand, a thing which it is not quite always convenient to do. The hat problem may be said to remain still unsolved. For, though Mr. Butterfield's method, by leaving 2 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches from kneeling-board to kneeling-board, provides a very fair space for a hat, and enables it to be



placed before one on the further side of one's own kneeling-board, it is by no means certain that the hat is then quite secure from the danger of being kicked by the person in front, or of being rubbed by the skirts of a lady's dress. But until something better can be devised, we should do well to adopt Mr. Butterfield's scheme.

From the æsthetic point of view Mr. Butterfield's bench ends are not at all satisfactory. They have a squat and awkward appearance. I do not know that there is any reason why they should not be replaced by rectangular ends in the old form, some specimens of which from the studio of Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, from photographs kindly placed by

him at my disposal, I am here enabled to reproduce. Something substantial (and at the same time beautiful) like these at either end is wanted to sustain the weight of the seat, for, as Mr. Butterfield says, "For the purpose of floor cleaning and for other very good reasons, there should be no divisions carried down to the floor beneath the seats. Such divisions harbour dirt, increase a hundredfold the difficulty of washing the floor, and cramp the legs when a person is sitting."



I have hitherto said nothing about chairs, but I am sure that they are not without great advantages. The worst of all errors is to have part of the church supplied with benches and part with chairs. The congregation then at once

divides itself into two classes, rich and poor; the poor, of course, going to the wall on either side, while the rich occupy the benches in the centre. To have the church entirely supplied with chairs that can be placed closer at a pinch for any special occasion, or removed when not required at ordinary times, is a great convenience. Where there are fixed seats, the comparatively small congregation that attends the daily services scatters itself about, each person sitting in his or her accustomed seat; but in the case of chairs, if only a few are arranged as near to the choir as possible, the congregation, however small, cannot help being compacter and more united than otherwise, the clergyman's voice is spared needless straining, and lastly, though in themselves chairs are not to be compared in appearance with benches, the effect of the plainest church is enhanced by the greater dignity afforded by an open and unencumbered nave.

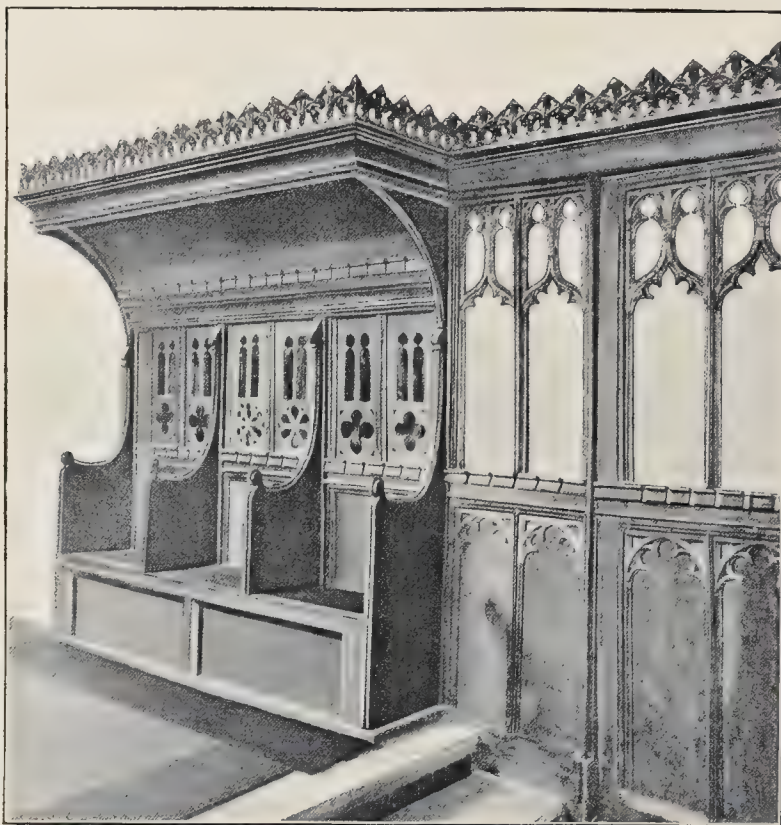
Chairs should be nailed to a connecting board in rows of fours or fives—longer rows are too heavy and unwieldy to shift with ease or rapidly—to prevent fidgetty or selfish people disturbing their neighbours by moving their chairs, as some will do if they can. With chairs there need be no difficulty as to the kneeling-board being a fixture. For chairs can now be obtained furnished not only with a handy receptacle for books at the back of the centre rail, but with a wooden kneeler attached on hinges, to let down at the back of each chair. Let me warn everyone against trying so-called kitchen chairs, such as I have known used sometimes in place of church chairs. Kitchen chairs have a sharp edge on the back that is a torture to rest the arms upon, and, moreover, each side of the back ends in a curl that catches everybody and everything that passes behind.

I now have to speak of the choir seats, and as in the construction of these there is much divergence from ancient precedent, let me lay it down as a rule, that the mere fact of any custom being ancient is so strong a presumption in its favour that it should never be departed from, except when there is a very particular reason to the contrary. It is obviously a strong temptation to architects and contractors, when "restoring" ancient churches, to advise the substitution of their own work for the old. *Cui bono?* is an infallible test in such cases. But whether it be a question of providing new work in the old or modern style, we cannot do better than do as our fathers did. He who follows such guidance to the letter

is less guilty of pedantry than he is of presumption who dares to depart from it. The men who built and fitted up the old churches of the land knew what they were about, and if we take the trouble, we shall generally prove what excellent wisdom was in them.

Return-stalls, for instance, though they are now generally thought antiquated and useless, are of the greatest practical benefit. The minister occupying one is in a more central position than back against the north or south wall of the chancel; and, again, with one upward glance, he can take in the range of the whole choir, and instantly detect any bad

behaviour on the part of the singers. Again, there are the ancient misericord seats (miscalled misereres), which derive their name from the fact of their being a charitable concession to the infirmity of human nature, which wearies of long-continued standing—hinged seats, the underneath side of which is furnished with a small bracket-like projection, just sufficient, when they are turned up, to afford a slight rest to the body. Are there no clergy or choir-men who, on the fifteenth evening of the month at any rate, will feel grateful for the retention of misericords? I strongly suspect that the disuse of these seats, when Gothic architecture and its acces-



Sedilia and Parclose Screen, St. Nicholas' Church, Rodmersham, Kent.

sories no longer prevailed, led to the luxurious habit of sitting during the psalms and other parts of the service. There are two other practical advantages in the use of misericords. The seat turned up, in the same way that is usual with stalls in a theatre, gives plenty of room for any one to pass. And, lastly, if used as it should be, *i.e.* always turned back on end, and so left when not occupied, there is no fear of dust settling on the surface of the seat, and soiling the surplice of the first person who sits down upon it. The accompanying illustration shows the ancient fifteenth-century sedilia and parclose screen

at Rodmersham Church, Kent, which were renovated in 1880 under the present vicar, by Mr. Harry Hems, to whom I am indebted for the information not only that they are very rare as an example of wooden sedilia, but that, so far as is yet known, they are unique as a specimen of mediæval work in chestnut. For simplicity and grace of line they are remarkable even for the period to which they belong, and show the superiority of brain over compass-work for artistic execution.

AYMER VALLANCE.

CAMBRIDGE AS A SKETCHING GROUND.

AMONGST old university men with a taste for Art, and there are many such, there must be few who have not, at some time or another, regretted that they omitted to employ any part of their abundant leisure whilst in residence, in an endeavour to perpetuate the scenes which can now only live in their memory.

Nowadays, perchance, the manners and customs of yore have changed, and not only the water-colourist and the sketcher in oils may be seen hard at work in college and in street, but the photographer's camera is as indispensable an appendage to the furniture of an undergraduate's rooms as the gloves or singlesticks were in the times of which we speak.

What was the reason why in olden times, as we may now call "the sixties," the Arts were utterly neglected in both universities? Why, through all the lovely spring days, when the sun insisted in pouring into one's room

with such an imperious seductiveness as to compel books to be shut up, and made a boat at the backs, or a seat in the old garden a necessity—why did no thought of putting pencil or brush to paper, in an endeavour to portray some of the old scenes, ever enter one's head? Why were one's highest artistic efforts confined to fancy sketches of boat-races, town

and gown rows, the race for the Cambridgeshire, or to elaborately coloured charts of the rise and fall on the river of the college and other boats?

The reasons, if thought out, would probably present themselves thus:—First, the narrow bounds within which even the

recreation of an undergraduate is confined, especially if he happens to be at a boating college, where every hour not devoted to study is passed in what would seem to an outsider a slavery in the service of the college boat club. No galley slave toils harder, and under more exacting taskmasters, year in and year out, than the hapless individual, broad in the back and long in the reach, who evinces a capacity for hard work and endurance. True it is that with the honour of the college at stake, he counts it all glory to be thus singled out; and even the witless youth who never can by any

chance attain to higher things than a bow seat in the fourth boat, is no less eager than he who is sure of his "blue," to scamper off day after day, wet or fine, in heat or cold, to the boats. When in later years we calmly survey our academic life, and view it from the utilitarian and hygienic point of view, we are apt to pause and consider whether



Trinity Avenue.

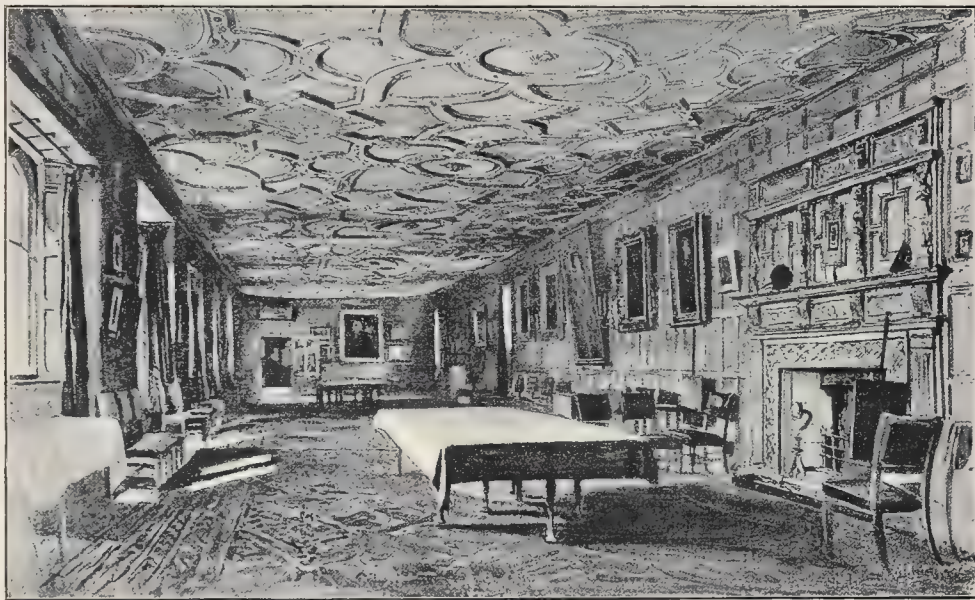
this rigorous training has been of much service to us—those of us especially who graduated at Cambridge, and can call to mind the foulnesses which the blades of our oars stirred up from the depths of Barnwell Pool.

A further reason which existed in the writer's time, and which may or may not be existent now, was the lack of any means whereby those who might have wished to study Art could do so. No drawing master, even of the most academic type, was resident at Cambridge—certainly none made his presence felt, or gave any intimation of it, for had there been any such, some amongst one's artistic friends would have called in his aid.

But the principal motive which stayed any attempt at sketching was the firmly rooted idea that the artistic surroundings of Cambridge were not suitable for reproduction in Art. The notion that within the town itself there was any ma-

terial was never thought possible; even had it been, it would have been considered an impossibility, for what undergraduate would have dared to set up his campstool in the college quad, the college garden, or the town street? No one ever considered what a pleasure in after years a sketch of one's college quad would be, or of the lodgings one occupied on the King's Parade, or of the old garden, with its chestnut-trees so full of blossom in the May term, and its flower bed crowded with old-fashioned flowers, looking their best under the protection of the red brick wall which for centuries has sheltered their ancestors from the cold, and reflected from its surface the warm rays of the sun.

But although no one considered that such kind of work was feasible in the town, there still remained the country round. But here tradition stepped in with the idea that it contained nothing worthy of the student's notice. This tradition was



St. John's Combination Room.

undoubtedly founded upon the tenets of the system of Art education in vogue at that time in amateur circles, which held that distant hills, composed for the most part of cobalt, were a necessity to any landscape. Now as the only elevations which could by any chance be called hills were those designated by the inartistic name of the Gog-Magogs, and these could never be seen at a sufficient distance to afford any possibility of excuse for rendering them in blues, one great constituent of the picture was lacking. Then, undoubtedly, except by the river banks, the most enthusiastic sketcher must admit that there is not much in the fields to attract, for the undergraduate is not in residence when they are golden with the harvest and the fen country shows to its best advantage; the farmsteads seldom call for notice by artistic buildings, groupings, or colourings, nor do the villages offer much in that way. The artistic mind did

not descend to minor subjects so admirably fitted for sketching such as Ditton Church from the river, Trumpington Church, Byron's Pool, or the tiny reaches of the Cam in the neighbourhood of Sheep's Green, or even the pollarded willows fringing the banks at Firstpost Corner, or at Baitsbite Lock.

Now this partly enforced and partly voluntary abstinence from Art has had this extraordinary result upon the body of professional artists, that there is not to be found amongst the seventy odd members of the Royal Academy one who has had a university training at Oxford or Cambridge, and only two such are to be found amongst the one hundred and fifty members of the two Royal Water-Colour Societies. These two are Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. Herbert Marshall, both belonging to the elder society. Evidence that the former of these worked, and worked to good purpose, whilst in residence, was forthcoming the other day when, at a sale of the



Trinity Great Quad.

effects of a well-known picture-dealer at Oxford, several specimens of Mr. Hunt's work being included in the catalogue. Mr. Herbert Marshall whilst at Cambridge did not, very probably owing to the reasons we have adduced, include any education in Art amongst the subjects for his curriculum. His leisure hours were spent in an endeavour to obtain for himself in the cricket-field a bit of that cerulean blue so coveted and valued by every Cambridge man. In this

he was eminently successful, for he represented his university at Lords on no less than three occasions. We wonder whether when so engaged he ever imagined that he would find himself in a very few years occupied in perpetuating in water colours the struggle with which he had been so intimately connected?

The foregoing train of thought arose out of an inspection of a series of drawings of Cambridge which Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I., has been engaged upon for a year past. It will be in the remembrance of many that this artist a couple of seasons ago illustrated Oxford with brush and pencil, forming an exhibition of his collected work at The Fine Art Society's, and reproducing many of them in book form.* The pleasant task of forming an exhibition of drawings of the sister university has lately been engrossing Mr. Fulleylove's attention, and when these lines appear in print it will be open to the public at the same *locale* as was Oxford two years ago.

* "Oxford," by J. Fulleylove, R.I. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Unburdening one's mind to the artist during a visit paid to him at his studio in Mecklenburgh Square whilst his Cambridge drawings were on the easel, we found his views and ours were so thoroughly divergent, and his statements upon the possibilities of Cambridge as a sketching ground so decided, that we at once proceeded to put them on paper for the benefit of those who, like ourselves, had hitherto erred in that direction.

Comparing Cambridge with Oxford, from the artistic point of view, Mr. Fulleylove unhesitatingly gives the preference to the former. This will indeed be a surprise to many of us, for even the most enthusiastic Cantab has never dared to assign so high a meed of praise to his University. The reasons which he gives for his preference are these. It lends itself more than Oxford to picturesque treatment, especially on a small scale; this is especially the case in the streets near the Market Place, which in itself is more in evidence than at Oxford, and with its old-fashioned booths gives a quaint vitality to the sur-



King's.

roundings. Then again there is no such dominating building at Cambridge as the Dome of the Redclyffe, which asserts its bulky form everywhere, and so dominates some of the best views as to give them a ponderous appearance. Curiously enough, Mr. Fulleylove considers that Sir Gilbert Scott's Tower at John's is the most frequent feature in Cambridge views, and a survey of his seventy drawings confirms this. One would have imagined that King's College Chapel had no rival in this

respect. But it is the colour of the buildings at Cambridge upon which Mr. Fulleylove waxes most enthusiastic. Whilst at Oxford the prevalent tone is silver, at Cambridge there are the most delightful harmonies of black, silver, and gold, which blend beautifully with the skies and the crisp light for which Cambridge, on bright days, seems to hold its own with Oxford. Turning the attention to individual buildings, of course Cambridge has nothing in the way of churches to compare with St. Mary's at Oxford. But for College buildings nothing, in Mr. Fulleylove's estimation, can compete with the Great Court of Trinity. When we mentioned the Tom Quad at Christ Church he did not waver, for he considered that in the latter the large masses were too unequally placed. Whereas at Cambridge each side has, in the chapel, the hall, and the two gateways, a distinctive and dominating feature, at Oxford the hall, chapel, and gateway are all on two sides. The low-

ness of the buildings round the Great Court at Trinity he thinks in many respects an advantage, for it gives additional size to the area of the quadrangle, especially in the morning and evening light when the sun is low. Then Mr. Fulleylove has fairly lost his heart to the great Fountain, which is not only ravishing as regards its colour, but fits in beautifully with the background from whatever point it is viewed. The artist's sketches certainly endorse his praises, and emphasise his remark that no worthier object for the amateur to paint can be found in the whole University.

Sketchers, Mr. Fulleylove considers, have exceptional opportunities at the Universities in this, that they can be almost entirely independent of weather. In the big quad of Trinity, for instance, there are a hundred windows from which a good view could be obtained, and if access to these was not possible there are almost as many doorways. Then again, there is a plethora



Cambridge from the Ely Road.

of indoor subjects which have hardly been attempted—chapels, libraries, and combination rooms—of which we give an illustration of that at John's. The interior of King's is too full of detail for any but a most experienced hand to undertake, and no satisfactory result would be attained without weeks spent on a translation of all the elaboration: but the small side chapels offer many admirable features for the sketch-book, one of them being especially interesting to readers of Thackeray, for it contains the tomb of Colonel Henry Esmond, Beatrix's lover, whose rooms, by-the-bye, are to be seen in the illustration we give of Trinity Great Court, "close by the gate, and near to the famous Mr. Newton's lodgings."

Our other illustrations include a view of King's College Chapel from the side of the Fellows' building. Mr. Fulleylove considers that the best way of dealing with the chapel is to take it in segments like this. Trinity Avenue (see page 57)

1890.

forms a delightful subject at all seasons of the year, especially in early spring. The iron gateways which terminate many of the avenues are also especially good subjects; they are almost invariably picturesquely placed, and their graceful traceries assimilate charmingly with those of the trees.

We give a view of Cambridge from the Ely road as our one example of subjects which may be found in the immediate surroundings of the town. But Mr. Fulleylove was fain to confess that Cambridge was not to be mentioned in the same day with Oxford when viewed from a distance. No one approaching it from the station would know that he was near a University town, although that end of Cambridge has lately been much improved by the erection of a large Roman Catholic church, whose beautiful spire forms a striking object in the background of Mr. Fulleylove's drawing of Downing College.

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PORTRAITS OF ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN 1859 Mr. Rudolf Lehmann lived in Rome. One day he was introduced to Robert Browning, to his wife, and to their son, a little boy with fair hair falling to his shoulders. Forthwith the painter asked permission to add the two poets to the gallery of drawings he was making of eminent men.

tion of Mr. Lehmann's drawing, were large and intelligent (using that word in its best and most expressive sense), the forehead high and broad, and the mouth and nose quite masculine in their strength, and so like George Eliot's. Fifteen years had gone since she had dedicated her first poem to her father, and two had yet to run before she was to write her last in that same city where the likeness was made.

The pencil drawing of Robert Browning was done when he was forty-seven. In those days he wore but little beard, his appearance contrasting curiously with the face so well known of recent years. But certain things are visible enough in this drawing—the great width between eye and ear, the glance which never fell to timidity, and that something in his whole bearing, the personal proclamation of the line in "Prospice,"—

"I was always a fighter."

The oil painting, which we are also able to reproduce, was painted as recently as 1886. Browning was an excellent sitter—patient, tractable, and entertaining to a degree. Eight sittings were given for this portrait, and throughout them he talked, always with vivacity, and, apparently, never with fatigue. He was no picker of words or subjects, as frank on his own religious beliefs as in a criticism of the last Academy.

It would seem that Browning had always a special place in his heart, and a special cadence of conversation, for those who had known his wife. Till the end his wife and his son were

the nearest way to his heart. Only the other day when he picked up in Mr. Lehmann's studio the drawing of the poet of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," he turned away to hide his tears, and the only time during the eight sittings that the painter was obliged to stop working, was when the poet's



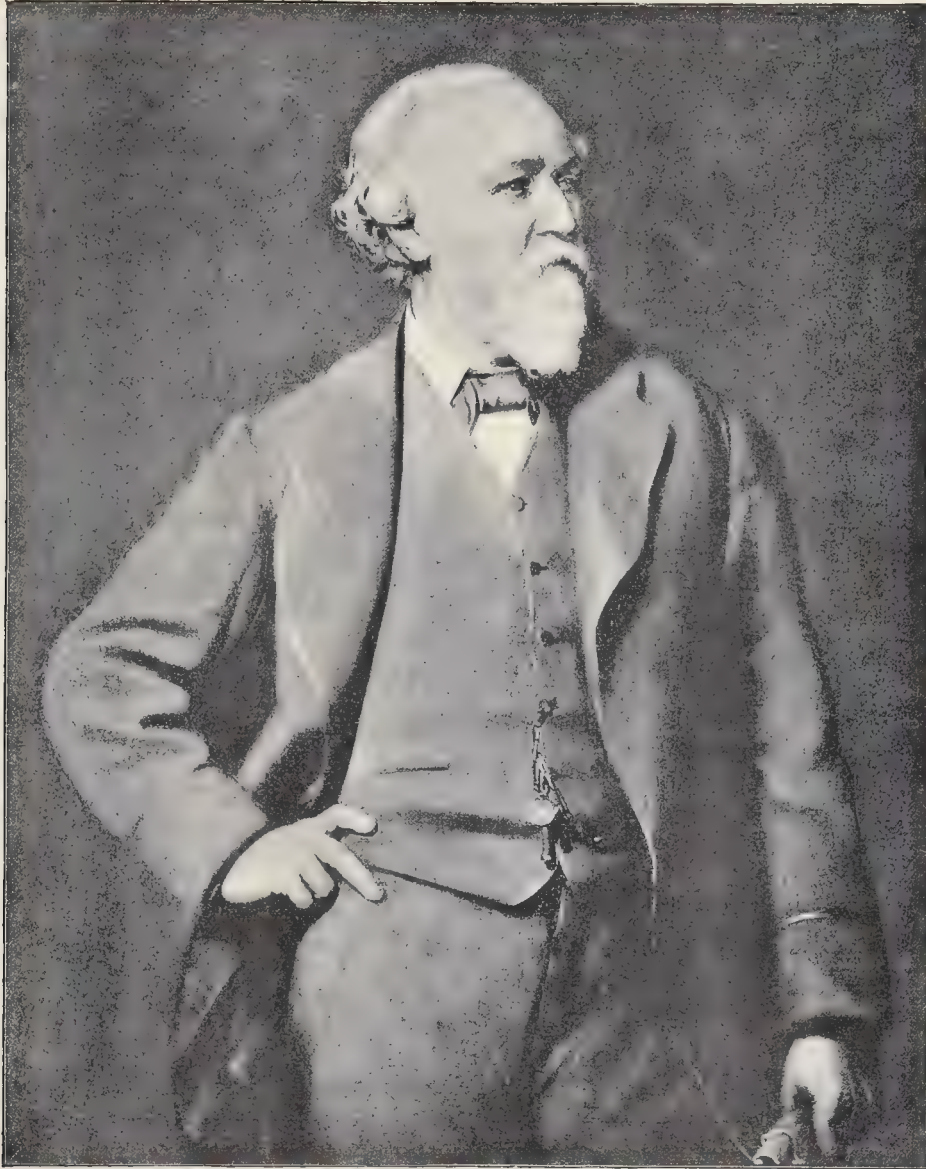
From a Drawing by Rudolf Lehmann.

Browning himself trudged down the road to the painter's studio, but the sittings for Mrs. Browning's portrait were all made in her own house. She is remembered as a slight fragile little woman, with long tresses of dark brown hair curling naturally. The eyes, as will be seen by our reproduc-

face suddenly flamed green with anger through the recollection of some slight similar to that for which Fitzgerald was smitten so severely.

When the eight sittings for the oil painting were finished, and the face, hands, and form had grown upon the canvas,

Mr. Lehmann sent a messenger to the poet asking for the loan of the clothes in which it had been arranged he should be painted. Directly Browning gathered that his beautiful frock-coat would be fitted upon a model and there painted, he started off post haste to Campden Grove, swung into the



Robert Browning. From an Oil Painting by Rudolf Lehmann.

studio in a whirl of vigour, and thus unbosomed himself: "Look here! I'd sooner sit for ever than have my frock-coat put on one of those infernal Italian rascals."

The antithesis of the phrase, "an old man in a hurry,"

with which some genius has described a modern statesman, just applies to Browning. He never was an old man (in spite of his seventy-six years), he never was in a hurry, that is to say, he always had time to minister to the happiness or the

comfort of others. Amid his manifold interests Browning found leisure to write long letters to correspondents, and for no reason but kindness. There is one letter especially, which I am permitted to quote in full—written to a girl—one of those fortunate ladies (her age is now less than twenty-one) whom the poet deified by his friendship:—

"29, De Vere Gardens, W., July 6th, '89.

"MY BELOVED ALMA,

"I had the honour yesterday of dining with the Shah, whereupon the following dialogue:—

"'Avec plaisir.'

"I have been accordingly this morning to town, where the thing is procurable, and as I chose a volume of which I judged the binding might take the imperial eye, I said to myself, 'Here do I present my poetry to a personage for whom I do not care three straws; why should I not venture to do as much for a young lady I love dearly, who, for the author's sake, will not impossibly care rather for the inside than the outside of the volume?' So I was bold enough to take one and offer it for your kind acceptance, begging you to re-

member in days to come that the author, whether a good poet or no, was always, my Alma,

"Your affectionate friend,
"ROBERT BROWNING."

The last time Mr. Lehmann met Browning was in the summer of the year that has just gone. It was at dinner at the painter's house, among the guests being Colonel Gouraud, who brought his phonograph. It was Browning's first sight of the thing, and he was like a child with a new plaything. When his turn came to speak, he declaimed into the instrument his own "Ride to Ghent." Half-way through memory failed him for a moment, at which he ejaculated, "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest!" and great was the amusement when the phonograph repeated the half poem, and then, after a brief pause, the "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest." The voice is now with Colonel Gouraud, a precious but an eerie possession.

Since his death has placed the poet's name in italics, and to talk glibly of Browning is an achievement possible to everybody, it is something to have known him, although not with speech, a long while; to have found him without direction years back; to have bought the small brown

volumes, one by one; to have felt, and to have confessed, not necessarily in the public prints, their deep, their incalculable influence. To such, there are half a hundred poems, the knowledge of which remains in that place in the heart where those things are that must be immortal.

C. LEWIS HIND.



From a Drawing by Rudolf Lehmann.

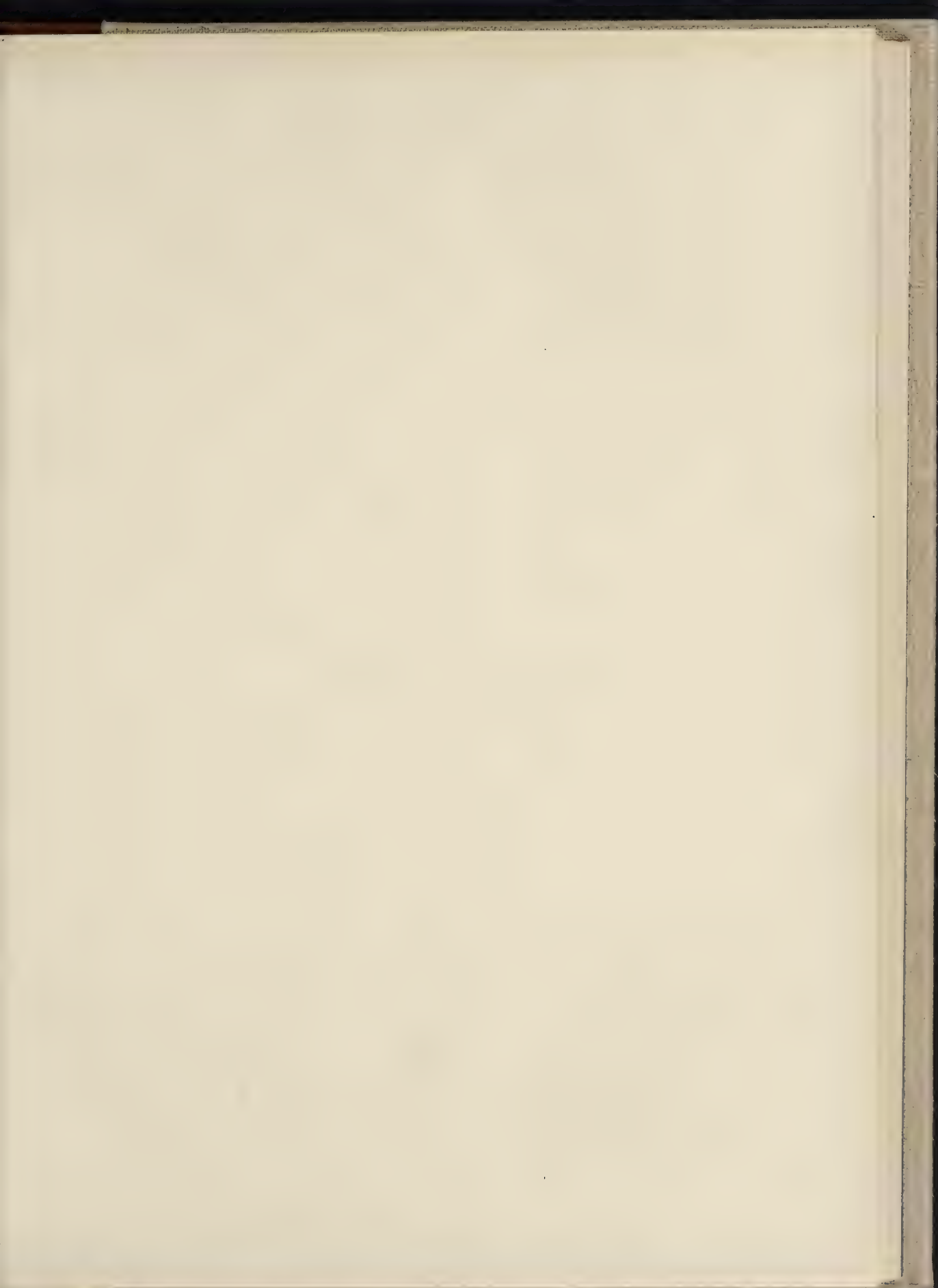
"'Vous êtes poète?'

"'On s'est permis de me le dire quelquefois.'

"'Et vous avez fait des livres?'

"'Trop de livres.'

"'Voulez-vous m'en donner un, afin que je puisse me souvenir de vous?'





ON BIDEFORD SANDS.

ARTISTS' STUDIES.

EVERY ONE who visited the remarkably interesting collection of Studies for Pictures exhibited recently in London, must have been exceedingly surprised at the fact recorded by the short note at the commencement of the catalogue, that "applications to all the principal artists to contribute, revealed the fact that a very small number make use of this preparatory stage," and that, furthermore, the collection "included specimens from the hand of almost every one who does so:" that is to say, that out of the hundreds of well-known British painters *only sixteen* take the trouble and precaution to make preliminary sketches and studies! This seems incredible, but it is a fact, and one which perhaps explains the halting composition which is so often an eyesore in modern picture exhibitions.

For no matter how much an artist may be imbued with his subject, no matter how strong his inspiration or his mental vision, it is impossible that, without preliminary work, even the outline in the composition of a group can possess that subtle harmony

which is the crown of patient study, and fills the beholder with that sense of restfulness which accompanies all completeness. The sureness of hand which should be visible in the ultimate design, must more or less be wanting, if the artist attacks his

canvas practically from the experimentalising point of view, and after putting in here and taking out there, only finds out, when his picture is drawn in, that the whole composition refuses to "hang together"—if, indeed, he finds it out then, when his eye and brain are confused by attempting too many things at once. If the composition of a picture succeeds under such circumstances it may certainly be said to be due more to good luck than good management.

That this somewhat haphazard way of attacking a picture did not obtain in days of old amongst

the masters, whose works have come down to us to hold aloft a standard of unattainable perfection, is proved by the drawings they have left behind. The studies by Mantegna and by Leonardo in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, show what loving care



Study for 'A Dedication to Bacchus.' By L. Alma Tadema, R.A. In the possession of Signor Piatti.

and labour they, and others of their time, expended on the smallest details of anatomy or drapery. No detail was too trivial to be examined and reproduced under various aspects, no wind-blown drapery was left to chance for the correctness and harmony of its folds. The definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains" could not be better exemplified than by the collection of drawings at the Uffizi; the true humility of great minds in the worship of Art and nature is there to be read by all who have understanding.

In the British Museum and in the Royal Collection at Windsor are several studies by Leonardo for a picture of a Madonna and Child, the latter with a cat in his arms, which were reproduced in the pages of this Journal in the year 1882. These show as well as any the extraordinary pains which this incomparable artist took to find the best and happiest pose and composition. In the four or five studies of the Child and the cat we can see not only how the master tried to find the most complete harmony of line but also how he reproduced his model with a startling realism and fidelity to nature; and in the study for the group of Mother and Child there are no less than three different suggestions for the pose of the Madonna's head, which was a frequent practice with Leonardo in composing his groups, and one which proves that even for this universal genius there was no royal road to success but that of persistent effort. Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Albrecht Dürer, and a host of other names of the great painters of the world's history, come to one's memory through their sketches and drawings, and one need only turn to the collection of Holbein drawings

on view in the Tudor Exhibition at the New Gallery, to realise the immense importance which that past master of portraiture ascribed to preliminary work. In the same Exhibition the large cartoon of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. is a marvel of patient and careful draughtsmanship; every detail of ornament on the dress and every curve of the architectural background, are studied and reproduced with the conscientiousness of the true artist to whom his labour is one of love.

With some painters, indeed, it may be said that their original sketches are the most admirable works they have left behind. For instance, who would not sooner have one of Rubens's oil sketches, full of the first overpowering rush of his glorious imagination, instinct with the force of his creative genius, teeming with impetuous desire for visible expression of what was in his mind, rather than the enlarged and sobered version of the same subject which ultimately issued from his studio?

It is in the sketches of a great painter that one feels most in touch with his genius, that one gets nearest



Study of a Female Figure. By Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I. In the possession of T. Way, Esq.

to the man and the thoughts he wanted to utter. The words that Haydon wrote in his diary come to one's mind:—"Put in the head of my hero," he says, "not half so well as in the sketch. There is always something in a sketch that you can never get when your feelings are quiescent." And herein is the very use and object of the sketch. The true sketch is, or should be, the first rapid realisation of inspiration, the creative moment when the divine fire has set the artist aglow with the sense of power to realise something of the intangible divinity of his dreams. All his faculties are full filled with strenuous activity;

to the man and the thoughts he wanted to utter. The words that Haydon wrote in his diary come to one's mind:—"Put in the head of my hero," he says, "not half so well as in the sketch. There is always something in a sketch that you can never get when your feelings are quiescent." And herein is the very use and object of the sketch. The true sketch is, or should be, the first rapid realisation of inspiration, the creative moment when the divine fire has set the artist aglow with the sense of power to realise something of the intangible divinity of his dreams. All his faculties are full filled with strenuous activity;

mind, eye, and hand, all are absorbed in the work that they are impelled to create; and it may truly be said that during such moments the artist lives his life with an intensity only known to those to whom is given the joy of creation. But such moments must of necessity only be fleeting; the glow fades from the goddess, and the worshipper finds himself face to face with the reality of the marble. In his sketch, however, he has fixed that moment of inspiration, when everything was

made plain and easy to his hand, and this sketch remains with him to correct the afterwork, to remind him of the "divine afflatus" which gave him the first conception of his subject as a whole. It is obviously impossible for him thus to keep his guiding sketch intact, if instead of treating it as a sketch, he has gone straight to his canvas and attempted to elaborate it thereupon. In making the alterations and additions which become necessary as various questions of



Drapery for Picture of 'Greek Girls playing at Ball.' By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

detail arise, the original conception becomes more and more blurred as the work goes on. With no original sketch preserved intact as a guide, the artist gradually wanders farther and farther from the path he had marked out for himself at starting; the "fire and fury" of the all-absorbing primary conception die slowly out of the composition, and the painter is left with a painful sense of bewilderment closing in around him, that the final state of his picture should be so far re-

moved from what he can remember as being the first conception of it.

After studying all the evidences of careful and patient study and investigation into the truths of Nature and Art, on the part of men who, to the present generation of painters, are even as giants are to pigmies, it seems incredible that so large a majority of the artists of the present day should abandon the well-worn if laborious road that led to immortal greatness,

and content themselves, and, alas! the public, with ill-digested and incomplete efforts, which, if they had been sufficiently weighed in the balance as sketches would probably have been altered, if not thrown aside, as further study proved their manifold imperfections.

The studies made by painters who in this respect are wise enough to follow in the line of the old masters, may be divided under five heads:—

1. General Composition;
2. Colour; 3. Action; 4. Drapery; 5. Expression.

1. Studies of general composition, which may be termed the expression, often inchoate and incomplete, of the salient idea in the artist's mind. He has something to tell, some web of thought to spin: and to find the most vivid and harmonious rendering of his idea must necessarily be his first care. Such sketches are, as it were, his own shorthand notes, from which he will afterwards elaborate his "fair copy." Sometimes he will, at the same time that he is trying to lay down the lines of the general composition, take a perfectly allowable short cut, and lay down the scheme of colour, which may be called Study No. 2.

But it is only after these two general outlines of composition and colour are settled, that the difficult question comes of studies of detail. By detail, I mean studies of action (No. 3), wherein the anatomical knowledge of the painter is called upon; studies of drapery (No. 4), wherein the feeling of

movement, whether from the action of the model or some passing breeze, has to be remembered, as well as the texture of the material itself; and studies of expression in heads or hands (No. 5). There still remain the more comprehensive studies which a few rarely conscientious painters, notably Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., make for portions of their pictures, namely, studies in clay, as, for instance, that for his

'Cymon and Iphigenia,' reproduced in *The Art Journal* Volume for 1884, p. 129, which have the advantage of giving quite a different aspect to a given subject, and often suggesting a better method of composition. But such artistic conscientiousness is more than rare; we need hardly stop to discuss it, but with a passing word of admiring reverential praise, return to the question of the actual studies in drawing, which it appears so many English painters manage to do without—with what result is known to the dissentient few and the carping critic.

The illustrations of this article are taken

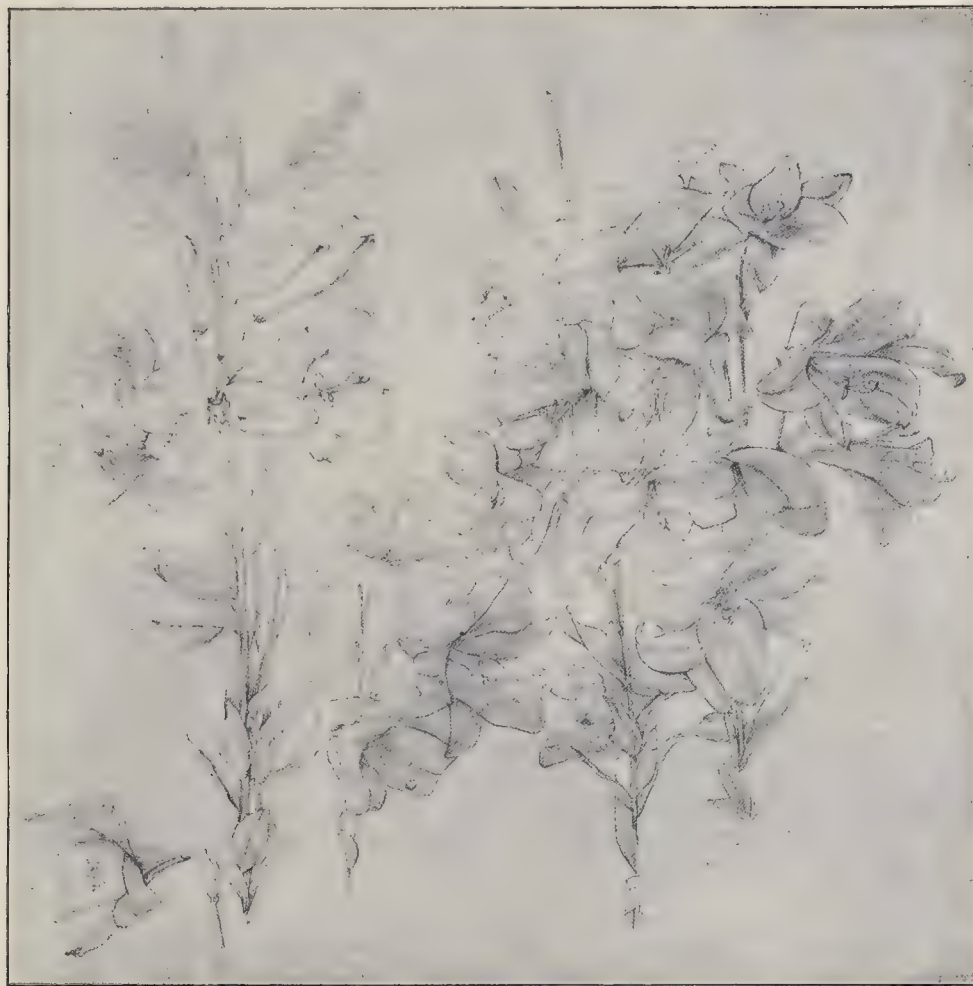


Study of a Female Figure. By Frank Dadd, R.I.

from the exhibition above referred to, and exemplify to a certain extent what I have said above concerning what may be termed the classification of artists' studies. The studies of general composition were unfortunately wanting in the collection; almost the only notable ones being two small studies by Mr. Poynter of 'Atalanta's Race,' and an exquisitely minute and delicate sketch, by Sir Frederick Leighton, of

the procession of Cimabue's Madonna—that procession which gave, it is said, the name of Borgo degli Allegrì to the street through which it passed, on account of the happiness of the people to see so marvellous a work of Art. To a certain degree, size may have had something to say to the absence of studies of general composition; for instance, any one who has been so fortunate as to get a glimpse of Mr. Burne-Jones's magnificent cartoon studies of

the 'Perseus' and 'Sleeping Beauty' series, will easily understand the impossibility of these being represented in any exhibition with limited space. Studies of colour also were not represented, with the exception of two charming pastel 'Notes' by Mr. Albert Moore; though perhaps the head by Mr. Poynter might almost be entitled a study of colour, with its white, black, and olive-green chalks on a warm yellow-toned paper, which is used as the flesh-tint. But



Floral Study. By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

whatever else the exhibition may have lacked was made up for by the individual beauty of the studies sent in by the artists whose sketches have been chosen as illustrations for this article, notably those by Messrs. Leighton, Linton, Alma Tadema, and Burne-Jones. Perhaps the most beautiful of all is Sir James Linton's 'Study of a Female Figure.' This is essentially a study of action, depending for its beauty on the rare knowledge of outline and anatomy, and the perfect

tion of form of the model. No amount of shading or modelling could suggest the roundness and softness of female flesh better than does this drawing with its stern simplicity of pure outline and nothing more. Artistic knowledge, and that sureness of hand which is its outward and visible sign, are apparent in every line, and as one looks at it the sense and the beauty of truth in Art fills one's whole soul with that intense satisfaction and appreciation which one can only feel before

a work that is in its way as near perfection as possible. I have in my possession the study made by Régnault of the figure of Thetis for the picture which gained for him the *Prix de Rome*; and in it is to be traced the same quality and knowledge which distinguish this drawing of Sir James Linton's. The lightness in the pose of this figure by the latter artist is one of its greatest charms: the poise of the arms, and the foreshortening of the bent head and neck, have all the beauty of grace as well as simplicity. It has all the suggested completeness, as well as the spontaneity, which should be the characteristics of a sketch of action.

In the studies of expression in heads the collection was, of course, not wanting; for it may be said that as a general rule the majority of artists will make ten or twenty drawings of heads for one of careful drapery or action. The head by Mr. Alma Tadema on the first page is a good specimen of the care this painter gives even to his small studies. Not much larger than a thumb-nail sketch, this little drawing in pencil may be almost said to be finished like a miniature. The modelling of the cheek under the bewildering shadows thrown across it by the ivy-leaves of the girl's garland, which intercept the rays of the sun, is a wonderful study. The judicious use of the stump has softened out every line on the cheek,

whose softness one can almost feel, and the few strong pencil strokes to the outlines of the nodding ivy-leaves seem to bring out their texture, and suggest their contrast of colour in a masterly way. Of all the secrets of technique in painting, Mr. Alma Tadema is an acknowledged master, but even with the brush he has seldom done anything more full of colour-quality than this little sketch in black and white. There is such a tender feminine charm, too, about this dark-eyed young priestess of Bacchus, her parted lips showing her white teeth as she sings; a charm which, for instance, is a trifle wanting in the study of a woman's head in 'The Song of Miriam,' by Mr. W. B. Richmond, which at first sight might be taken for that of a man.

In the studies of drapery, the thoughtful care which Sir Frederick Leighton bestows on all work that comes from his hand is manifest. As I said, after the general composition has been studied, then comes the question of anatomy in action; and that Sir Frederick acts upon this principle is proved by the fact that his studies are all first made from the nude and clothed afterwards. This is only logical, for the greatest charm drapery can possess is the way it plays about the movement of the figure, now accentuating and revealing, anon hiding or effacing outlines of form, yet always leaving the perfect beauty of the nude suggested to the eye, in spite of all fleeting disguises. It is in this conception of the use of beauty in drapery, upon which the ancient Greeks

acted, that the President excels above all other living English painters, and the carefulness of his studies in this line alone would be a liberal artistic education to many who think that a picture can be "dashed off" without any preliminary work whatever. The suggestive possibilities of drapery are never lost sight of by him. Unlike the artist of the traditional story who never painted anything but battle scenes, because a liberal use of smoke always could be relied on to cover imperfections and obviate difficulties in drawing, the President's draperies never give the idea that they perhaps disguise feeble outlines or



Study of Drapery. By E. J. Poynter, R.A.

defective anatomy. A picture by him is but the last stage, the outward and visible signs given to the world of a long and laborious artistic process, a building up bit by bit of the whole composition in every detail; a labour, no doubt, of love, the love of Art which is the breath of life, but also one full of immense pains and difficulties, which have to be fought with and overcome before the ultimate results can be sent forth for the world to gaze its fill upon them. And of all these preliminary labours the world, as a rule, knows nothing, and cares less. For all that the many-headed know of Art is her, to them, laudable, capability of "telling a story." What these "children of larger growth" require is not admirable drawing, harmonious composition, rich yet sober colour, artistic

merit and value, pictorial truth, or anything else of the kind, which they loftily denominate "fads." They require not the excellent laying-on of paints, but the admirable laying down of law, or the pointing of a moral; in fact, they do not want Art, but what has been described as "disguised literature," and to such as these, the laborious care expended on the pursuit of truth and harmony in some question of detail such as drapery, is simply a crazy waste of time.

Fortunately, there yet remain to us such men as Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Burne-Jones, as well as a few others, who are not content to rest on the glories of chronicling the nursery and the kennel, and who think that the ideal in Art is best attained by the earnest study of nature under all aspects. It

was Michael Angelo who, in answer to a reproach that he was wasting his time on the detail of a statue, replied, "Trifles like these make up perfection, and perfection is no trifle." The work of the two artists I have just mentioned prove that they share the truculent old Florentine's opinion. In the "drapery study" for the picture 'Greek Girls playing at Ball' of last year's Academy, the drapery is everything that the artist had set his mind to study at that moment. The figures are barely suggested, only just enough to give reason to the fluttering folds. In the right-hand figure of the girl springing at the ball, the drapery has been studied for the effect of wind on an almost transparent tissue. One can almost feel the breeze that blows that gauzy raiment out into a thousand crinkly



Study for a Head in 'The Song of Miriam.' By W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

folds, flattening it against the girl's figure here and there, and revealing, as it were half-unwillingly, hidden beauties of line and curve. The fluttering tissue has all the elements and charm of surprise; it is full of a movement which is not that of the figure alone, and which is almost contradictory to the action of the girl. It is probably this subtle suggestion of contradiction in the rebellious garment, rebellious alike to the imperious breeze and to the wearer's movement, that makes this study of drapery so instinct with truth and reality. It suggests and aids the flying action of the girl, and at the same time contradicts it by its subjection to the wilful wind that beats upon its folds. This drawing and its companion are executed on a sheet of brown paper, the transparent draperies being sug-

gested by white chalk and black pencil, the brown background showing through with an admirable effect. The companion sketch is of the other girl in the same picture who has thrown the ball, and is catching up her drapery as she steps forward. Here the treatment of the drapery is quite different. The girl's movements are evidently slow, she is almost in repose; and this idea is borne out in her draperies, which hang in straight severe folds, except where they are slightly lifted on the calf of the leg as she bends forward. Just as the other girl's drapery indicates all the charm of a sudden unexpected action, a feat of agility and buoyant youth, as she leaps in the air to catch the ball, the girl who has thrown the ball suggests the immediate possibility of gracious repose, with her draperies

gathered round her, and no mischievous breeze teaching their folds rebellion. In the one, the fluttering garments suggest quick, brief, impetuous action; in the other the draperies hang in dutiful submission to possible movement, which they may aid but not suggest.

Another study of drapery in repose is that by Mr. Poynter, which is here reproduced. The material is not transparent, as in the Leighton studies, and the whole effect is more quiescent. And yet, though the treatment is far simpler in every way, and though the opaque material refuses any of those glimpses of outline which are so conspicuous a charm in the 'Greek Girl' drawings, one has no feeling of doubt as regards the drawing or comprehension on the part of the artist of the anatomy of his model. Another quality in this study is the simplicity and truth of the drapery. There are many artists of what may be called the pseudo-medieval school whose draperies are irritatingly meaningless from the amount of folds which they seem to think proclaim careful study. Folds, where folds could not possibly exist in natural drapery, are as infallibly indicative of ignorance on the part of the artist who commits them, as is the smoke in the battle scenes of the painter I quoted above. They have both the same disguised intention to blur doubtful outlines, and to distract the eye of the beholder from what the painter instinctively feels had best not be exposed to too critical an examination. Meaningless draperies in a picture are a confession of utter weakness and want of study on the part of the painter; and no one can look at the simple, severe lines of the draperies in the works of the great masters, Botticelli, Leonardo, Mantegna, Luini, Cima, Gian Bellini, Carpaccio, and many others of the same epoch and traditions, and not recognise how great a part their knowledge of the meaning and possibilities of drapery, kept within certain bounds, played

in the ultimate composition of those pictures which make our eyes and hearts glad to this day.

No one who saw this collection of studies but must have been struck by the marvellously delicate and careful drawing of lilies by Mr. Burne-Jones which is given in these pages. In patient observation, sureness of hand, and truthful delicacy, this drawing would certainly be hard to equal or surpass. Only a lover of Nature in her broadest and truest sense could have given us such a representation of the growth of a lily. It is a study both of composition and of anatomy in detail. Nothing could be happier than the general outline of the group of flowers; and the botanist who could find it in his heart to carp at the exquisite care with which every detail of the outward structure of the flower is given, the loving precision which seems to lie like a caress on every curve of petal and leaf, would indeed be difficult to please. Delicate in treatment as the finest silver point, this drawing stands forth as a proof that there are yet in our age men capable of expending as much care in the drawing of a simple garden flower as Dürer did on the wing of a bird. There are yet havens in the World of Art, quiet harbours where the patient toilers work as of old, shut out in spirit from the "Sturm und Drang" of the tumbling, noisy, fickle ocean beyond. To them nothing is too insignificant to be studied; there are no "trifles" in Nature. Perfection in art and human happiness may be said to have at least one thing in common, that they are both mosaics, made up of the shining "trifles" which many people pass by with thoughtlessness or disdain; and yet it is the patient study and collecting of those very trifles which may bring about that perfection which, whether it is in the rarefied regions of the Temple of Art, or in the foggy atmosphere of every-day life, we all ache to possess, for verily, as Michael Angelo said, "Perfection is no trifle." GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

ON BIDEFORD SANDS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK BOURDILLON (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1889).

"If you stir, Mr. Carey, you have to deal with Richard Grenville!"—*Westward Ho!*

THIS brilliant *plein-air* picture has the charm—not inviolable with the school to which it belongs—of presenting an aspect of nature not only watchfully studied for its truth, but keenly enjoyed for its beauty. Mr. Bourdillon has chosen one of the most effectively luminous of the times and seasons that succeed each other upon the softly-clouded littoral of south-western England. To look against the light is to catch all the shadows that make light apparent. All who are accustomed to seek the daily beauty that mere ordinary illumination adds to the colour, shape, and attitude of things—a beauty indeed that sometimes has to take the place of all other beauties and to satisfy for their absence—know that figures and flowers take a happy translucence when the light of a window passes through petals and cloudy hair, and

leaves the opaque parts in transparent shadows. The effect is ordinary and easy enough in interiors, but it is rarer in the diffused and embracing light of the out-of-door world. Nevertheless it is there whenever the sun's light is, as it were, localised by some limits of cloud or mist, or by the low place of the rise or setting. At such times every particle of atmosphere looked at as we face the light, is at once luminous and shadowy; and never is flesh more beautiful or "darkly bright" than it is then. Mr. Bourdillon's group has in this respect a beauty which the black-and-white renders most felicitously apparent. We dwell upon this particular quality here, even though it was not the most conspicuous in the painting, with its fine drawing, dramatic movement, and excellent technique.

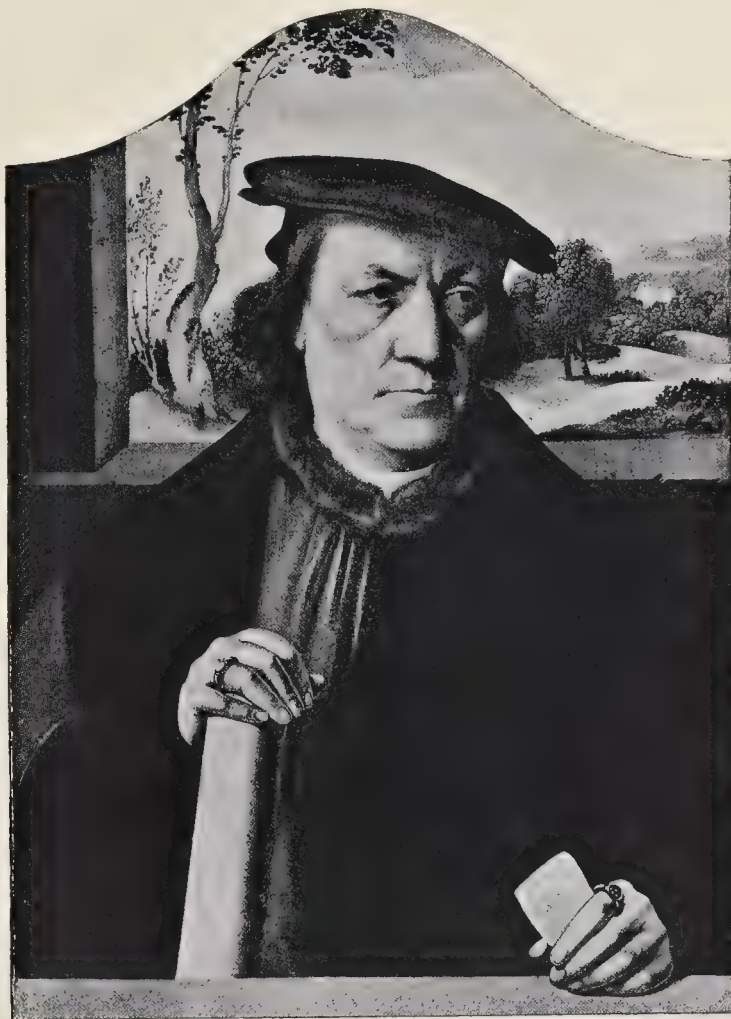
BARTHOLOMÄUS BRUYN, PAINTER, OF COLOGNE.

THE byways of Art, like the byways of literature, often afford pleasant halting-places. We cannot always be travelling on the broad high-road, and it is profitable, as well as agreeable, to turn aside occasionally and explore the lanes and less frequented paths which diverge from the more famous beaten track. It is of course impossible to become too familiar with the creations of master minds whether in Art or literature, but this need not by any means involve the neglect of works by men who, though not on a level with the greatest, have nevertheless serious claims on the attention of the student. And in these literary or artistic byways we are often not a little surprised to meet with occasional works which deserve to take rank with the finest creations of the great masters.

In German pictorial Art two names stand forth pre-eminent, Dürer and the younger Holbein. But we are by no means entitled to say, as Macaulay said of Boswell as compared with other biographers, that these two men "have distanced all their competitors so decidedly that it is not worth

while to place them." Holbein's father, for instance, produced many fine works, among which we may include the beautiful St. Sebastian altar-piece at Munich, now generally held to be by his hand, although it was long attributed to his more

famous son. Around Dürer, too, clustered a group of gifted artists, among whom Barthel Beham may especially be named, whose best works may be seen in the Fürstenberg Gallery at Donaueschingen.* But before these men many artists, most of whose names are now forgotten, had arisen in different parts of the country, and notably at Cologne, where a school of painting had existed from a very early period. This school preceded and influenced the great Netherlandish schools, but was afterwards in its turn influenced, and eventually eclipsed, by the more ce-



Arnold von Brouiller, Burgomaster of Cologne. By Bartholomäus Bruyn.

lebrated masters of the Low Countries. The churches and museums of Cologne and the old Pinacothek at Munich

* See *Art Journal* for September, 1888.

contain many charming and not a few grotesque works by these old Cologne painters. The importance of this little school, apart from its actual merits, which stand deservedly high, can hardly indeed be over-estimated. We may feel at times inclined to smile at the attenuated limbs and overstrained attitudes of some of the saintly figures in these pictures, but we cannot withhold astonishment at the richness and brilliancy of the colouring displayed by the artists, while before works of such beauty, tenderness, and grace as the famous 'Dombild,' the 'Virgin in the Rose-Arbour,' the 'Virgin belonging to the Priests' Seminary,' and the 'Virgin with the Bean-Flower,' one of the earliest productions of the school, any desire to criticise is overborne by a genuine tribute of admiration. It was to this school that the painter, whose works we are now briefly about to consider, belonged.

As in the case of many other greater artists, the ascertainable facts of Bruyn's life are few. An entry in the town books of Cologne on the 17th September, 1533, gives, according to J. J. Merlo's researches, the first positive documentary intimation of his existence. He is entered on that day as the possessor of two houses in the city, which were said to have previously belonged to Meister Stephan, the reputed painter of the 'Dombild' mentioned above. It appears, moreover, from the ancient archives, though the discovery is not very important, that the name of the artist was not *de Bruyn*, as had been commonly supposed, but merely Bruyn, otherwise Brun or Braun. It is uncertain whether he was born in Cologne, or came and established himself there from some other place. As early as the year 1529, he was recognised as one of the first masters of the Lower Rhine. His activity as an artist lasted in all probability from about 1520 to 1560. His earlier productions of a religious character show traces of the influence of Joest of Calcar and the Master of the 'Death of the Virgin' in the Cologne Town Museum.* Among the finest

of these are the wings of the large shrine on the high-altar of the collegiate church of St. Victor at Xanten.

In the year 1529, a contract was entered into between the chapter of this wealthy foundation and the "worthy master Bartholomäus Bruyn, painter and burgher of Cologne," for the execution of the work; which was forthwith begun accordingly and finished in the year 1536. So pleased were the chapter with the artist's efforts that they handed him a sum of one hundred golden florins over and above the five hundred golden florins which was the figure originally inserted in the contract. The work consists of four paintings on both sides of the wings of the altar, and represents on the inner sides events

from the legends of SS. Victor, Sylvester, and Helena; and on the outer ones, the figures of those saints, with the Virgin and Child, SS. Gereon and Constantine. We are shown the history of the Theban Legion and the Empress Helena: how the Empress, accompanied by a number of women, carries the cross towards a church, how she takes leave of Pope Sylvester, how Constantine welcomes the Theban Legion, with the martyrdom of the latter. There is no middle picture. Another good work of this class, the 'Adoration of the Three Kings,' with carefully studied heads, well-arranged drapery, and landscape background, is in the Cologne Museum, and there are several others at Munich. These latter include a 'Crucifixion' (No. 68), a

'Descent from the Cross' (No. 75), with side panels and donors; but, although not wholly without merit, especially in the landscape portions, which are usually charming, they belong chiefly to the artist's later and feebler period.

In his earlier pictures of sacred subjects Bruyn shows great skill in composition and execution. The figures and heads are good and not without elevation of character. In his later productions, however, his art is injuriously affected by foreign influences, which he, in common with many other artists of his time, unwisely allowed to take effect upon it. A decided falling off now becomes apparent in his works. The colouring is colder, the execution slighter, and flatness and insipidity take the place of warmth and vigour. As long, in fact, as he



Johannes von Rhyt, Burgomaster of Cologne. By Bartholomäus Bruyn.

* In their "History of Painting," Messrs. Woltmann and Woernann give reasons for disputing the identity of Joest with the said "Master."

was content to work on the lines marked out for him by his predecessors in the school to which he belonged, so long do his productions show truth and vigour of conception, and careful, earnest handling. As soon, however, as influences alien to his native and artistic training begin to exercise sway over him, his style becomes exaggerated, mannered, and not unfrequently superficial.

The above remarks, however, do not apply, in their full force at least, to his portraits; and it is rather as a portrait painter than as a painter of religious subjects that Bruyn deserves to be remembered. Many of his works of this class are so good as to have passed for genuine Holbeins, and it would be hard to give a higher proof of their merit. Indeed, for clearness and beauty of execution, combined with perfect truth to nature, it would be difficult to surpass the fine portrait, which we engrave, of the Burgomaster Arnold von Browiller in the Cologne Museum, painted in 1535, when the subject of it was about sixty-two years old. The figure, half of which only is seen, is about three-fourths life-size. Every detail of feature and costume is admirably brought out, and the hands, both of which are seen, are perfectly drawn and painted. Not the least pleasing part of this excellent picture is the landscape background. The little cottage nestling amongst the trees on the right is exquisitely put in. This von Browiller (or von Brauweiler as the name would now be written) was a man of some note in his time, and stood in high favour both with the Emperor Charles V. and with the Pope. That he was a warm friend and patron of the painter seems evident from the fact that three portraits of him by Bruyn are still extant in Cologne.

Turning to Berlin, we find another excellent portrait by Bruyn's hand, of another Burgomaster of Cologne, a certain

Johannes von Rhyt, who died in 1533. His face is seen in full, and he is dressed in a black fur-trimmed under garment and black bonnet or cap. In his left hand he holds a roll of paper. The picture, which we reproduce, and which is about life-size, and half-length, bears the date 1525. Other examples of his work in portraiture are at Frankfort, Brussels, and in the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg.

Although there is no work by Bruyn in the National Gallery, he is not unrepresented in some of the Private Collections in England. In the Rev. J. Fuller-Russell's collection, Waagen speaks of "Two Saints in a niche, as a good picture of that period of the master in which he was warmest in his colouring," and he especially praises an altar-piece with doors, at Althorp, as "an excellent picture, here quite erroneously called a Dürer, of the earlier period of the master, having, like the St. Jerome at Munich, much resemblance with that Lower Rhenish painter who painted the celebrated, 'Death of the Virgin.'"

Bruyn was the last really eminent painter of the Cologne school, and with him the glories of the school may be said to have departed. The evil influences, which had already begun to take effect in his time, prevailed after his death with even greater force. The sweet simplicity of the old Cologne masters disappears, and a mediocre mannerism reigns in its stead. Cologne still possesses the largest number of his works. That he was held in high estimation in the Rhenish capital, both as an artist and a man, seems evident from the fact that he held office as Municipal Councillor of the Town in 1550, and again in 1553. Of his three sons, two followed the profession of their father and acquired senatorial rank; the third took clerical orders.

F. R. MCCLINTOCK.

THE ROYAL PALACES.*

VI.—ELTHAM AND GREENWICH.



PEOPLE who pass by Greenwich in a river steamer, and see rows of very modern-looking columns ornamenting what everybody knows is, or was, a seaman's hospital, may be surprised to learn that in Tudor times this was, of all others,

the favourite royal residence; and, further, that those new-looking buildings enclose a part of the old palace. Scarcely less strange is the first sight of Eltham, where, among the modern villas of a populous suburb, we suddenly come upon a very ancient house, and beyond it an old Gothic bridge, which leads over a moat to one of the most beautiful of those great halls which were thought, in the Middle Ages, to be the chief part of any large house.

* Continued from page 254.

We first hear of Eltham as a royal residence in the reign of Henry III., who passed the Christmas of 1270 there with regal state, accompanied by his queen and all the great men of the realm. After his time there is a very puzzling passage in the history of Eltham. I may briefly state it thus:—The manor, which had belonged to Edward the Confessor, passed into the hands of two separate owners in the twelfth century, namely, the King and the family of Mandeville. Edward I. gave his share of it to a certain John Vesey, generally known in history by the Latin form of his name, "De Vesel." John Vesey was Edward's secretary, conjointly with Anthony Bec, and bought the Mandevilles' share, and united the manor again; but it is a question whether he obtained the moated manor-house as well as the lands. A little later, namely, in 1281, John Vesey died, leaving Anthony Bec, now Bishop of Durham, trustee to a will by which he bequeathed his rights in Eltham to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Aton. But from that time on we find Bishop Bec living at Eltham as if it was his own, and to him the greater buildings are usually attributed. In 1304 Bishop Bec gave or sold the house to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward II., and received a grant of it back from the Prince for his life; and here in the manor-house he died in March, 1311.

In the meanwhile Queen Isabel had obtained the lands of the united manor from the Vesey heirs, and so, on



Old Houses outside the Moat, Eltham Palace.

the death of the bishop, house and lands were hers together.

Henceforth for three centuries Eltham was a favourite royal residence. The Queen's second son, John, was born here in 1316. Edward III. held two parliaments here, one early in his reign (1329), and one very late (1375), when he made his grandson, afterwards Richard II., Prince of Wales. In January, 1364, he gave a great feast at Eltham in honour of John, King of France, his prisoner, who at that time resided in the Savoy. His successor, Richard II., often kept his Christmas at Eltham, and here, in 1386, he entertained Leo, King of Armenia. It received visits also from Henry IV. and Henry V., but to Henry VI. it was a usual place of residence. In the troubles of the latter part of his reign the palace fell out of repair, and Edward IV. spent large sums upon it. He, in all probability, made the hall as we now see it, but it may be that he only restored an older building. In 1482 he feasted two thousand people daily at Christmas-tide here.

Henry VII. rebuilt a part of the palace, and commonly dined in the hall. Henry VIII. was the last king who made Eltham an habitual place of residence, but it was visited by Elizabeth and James I. at intervals.

Under the rule of the Parliament the park was broken up, but the house was in the occupation of the Earl of Essex, who died in it in September, 1646. Three years later a survey was made, which tells us a good deal about the kind of house it was. There was "a fair chapel," the great hall already mentioned, thirty-six rooms and offices below-stairs, with two cellars; above-stairs seventeen lodging-rooms on the King's side, twelve rooms on the Queen's side, and nine on the Prince's, with various other necessary rooms and closets; there were many other chambers, as kitchens, outhouses, and offices, in all seventy-eight, most of them outside the moat, where the one old house still remains; this courtyard enclosed an acre of ground. But the furniture, except of the chapel and hall,

was all gone, and the whole place was sold for the materials, which were valued at the modest price of £2,753.

In 1656 Evelyn, the diarist, visited Eltham, and found both palace and chapel in miserable ruins. The hall was soon after turned into a barn, and the beautiful carved bosses in the bay windows were destroyed by the stones of the village boys. It was suggested, when Wyattville was rebuilding Windsor Castle, that the timber roof of the hall should be moved thither, but it was thought on examination to be too much decayed. When the Princess Sophia lived in the Ranger's lodge at Greenwich, now tenanted by Lord Wolseley, she drove over to see Eltham, and persuaded the authorities of the day to make some reparations. Thorne tells us that it had ceased to be used as a barn, and that the Eltham volunteers drilled in it. Some years ago the roof was underpinned with great baulks of timber, but it cannot last much longer.

The best account of this interesting building was drawn up by Dunnage and Laver, about the time of the visit of the princess already mentioned. They saw it before it had become utterly dilapidated, and made careful drawings and



Corner of the Hall, Eltham Palace.

measurements. It is 101 feet 3 inches long, by 36 feet 3 inches in width, and 55 feet high. The spandrels of the doorway

show the "rose in sun" of Edward IV., and it is likely that the whole building, as we now see it, is of his time. The bow windows on either side of the dais are of remarkable beauty, being exquisitely groined.

The bridge over the moat on the north side consists of four unequal pointed arches, the widest span being 24 feet 5 inches. It may be older than the hall, but is certainly not more modern. The old house, much modernised, which adjoins the hall, was the buttery of the palace, and retains some features of antiquity. The tilt-yard was to the south, on which side, too, but nearer the hall, is a trap-door giving access to a subterraneous passage, which has been explored for about 500 feet.

The parks belonging to the King's residence at Eltham were of exceptional size before the time of Cromwell; but at Evelyn's visit, already mentioned, hardly a tree remained.

The Great Park contained 596 acres, and was half as large again, consequently, as Hyde Park. Home Park had 336 acres, and the great part of the modern suburb of Lee stands on it. The Middle Park attained fame at a comparatively recent date. It contained 333 acres, and has still more fine trees on it than Evelyn's account would lead us to expect, for some at least of them must be older than his time. The Middle Park was used for the racing stud of the late Mr. Blenkiron, who died in 1872, when, at the sale of his horses, the still unsurpassed price of £13,125 was given for Blair Athol. The open spaces round Eltham, apart from the actual parks, were, in Tudor times, very considerable, as Chislehurst, with its great commons, adjoined it on the south, and Blackheath on the north-west. Beyond Blackheath was, and is, Greenwich; and Henry VIII. seems, for several reasons, to have preferred the river-side to the hill. Before Eltham



Eltham Palace.

was deserted, however, during a visit paid to it by this king, Wolsey came over from Richmond, and made ordinances for the government of the royal household. This was in 1525, and the same "Statutes of Eltham" continued, until the present reign, to form the regulations of the palaces.

One of the attractions Greenwich may have had for Henry VIII. was the fact that he was born there in June, 1491. Old views of the palace as it was then are not at all rare. The brick-gabled, irregular front towards the Thames was built by Henry VII.; but the house had been an occasional royal residence long before Edward I. was there in 1300, but we have no means of knowing anything about it until much later. Henry IV. dated his will at Greenwich in 1408. The manor belonged to Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, who died in his house here in 1417. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the uncle of Henry VI., next inhabited it, and had leave from Parliament to enclose a park of 200

acres, and to erect certain towers of stone. His building by the river's bank was thought very sumptuous at the time, and was called *Placentia*, or in English "The Pleasaunce." On the hill above, where is now the famous Observatory in longitude o° o' o", he built a small castle or tower. It would be curious to know if this tower was built for the sake of the view, for it is doubtful if our ancestors of the fifteenth century cared for landscape. Here, no doubt, they had a view which included London and St. Paul's with its mighty spire, the tallest in Europe; and if they did not care for the landscape for the sake of its slopes, its trees, the winding river, and the green hills of Essex in the background, they may have liked to be reminded of the proximity of the great city.

After the murder of Gloucester at Bury St. Edmunds in 1447, Greenwich went to the Crown, and was a favourite residence, as well as Eltham, of Edward IV. In 1466 he formally pre-

sented it to his wife, Queen Elizabeth (Woodville); and here, in January, 1478, her second son, the little Duke of York, then but five years and a half old, was married to the equally youthful Lady Anne Mowbray, the heiress of the Duke of Norfolk. She is believed to have died soon afterwards, and, as is well known, the little duke, already a widower, shared the fate of his elder brother, Edward V., when the two boys disappeared in the Tower of London, and were never seen or heard of again, after 1483.

Henry VII. rebuilt the front towards the Thames, and we read of a great hall, probably like that of Eltham, the materials of which were eventually taken up the river to Scotland Yard, to make a house for one of the courtiers of Charles II. There was also a tilt-yard, and adjoining it the official residence of the Keeper of the Armoury, for Greenwich was the Enfield of that day, and, in addition to a fine collection of

fire-arms and armour in the Green Gallery, gave lodgings to a staff of Flemings and Milanese, who executed "Almaine work," as it was called, for the King. This armoury stood west of the palace. An inventory of the property which belonged to Henry VIII. at the time of his death gives many interesting particulars as to this armour, and has been edited by the Hon. Harold Dillon in the last volume (li.) of the *Archæologia*. From this paper we gather the following formidable list of royal residences:—The Tower, Greenwich, Westminster, Hampton Court, Oatlands, Nonsuch, Windsor Castle, Woodstock, More, Richmond, Bewley or New Hall, Nottingham Castle, St. John's, Clerkenwell, Beddington, Durham Place, and St. James's. It will be observed that Eltham is not mentioned in the list. Hand-guns and cannon were probably made at Greenwich at this time, and there is much about both in Mr. Dillon's paper. Henry VIII. had



The Old Bridge over the Moat, Eltham Palace.

at his immediate command the means of arming what was in those days a very considerable force, and one capable of meeting any sudden emergency. In 1530 one Scawsey supplied "the Lady Anne" (Boleyn) with bows, arrows, and other tackle, from which it would appear that even ladies took part in hunting and similar manly sports. But tournaments were the chief amusements at Greenwich. As early as 1510 we find the young king challenging Guyot, "an Almaine," to fight with battle-axes, and he was a proficient in the use of the two-handed sword, "in which his size and strength were important considerations." Armourers from Brussels were settled at Greenwich as early as 1511, and others from Milan in or before 1514. It is from these Milanese that our modern "millinery" is derived, and many of the most common names for ladies' dress are taken directly from pieces of armour. I need only mention the

bonnet, the jupon, the corset, and the plastron, all words which have gone over to the weaker sex, and with which bassinet may be included. Henry's taste for arms and armour was well known on the Continent, and he constantly received presents from his friend the Emperor and other sovereigns, as well as from his own subjects. Many of these pieces may still be identified in the Tower of London, to which place the Greenwich armoury, or what remained of it, was finally removed.

It was at a tournament at Greenwich that the first act of the great tragedy of Henry's reign was performed. The King had been in the habit from the first of spending a great part of the summer and the festival of Christmas at Greenwich, and here his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, both were born. At the Christmas visit there was a grand masquerade, and in summer "jousts" were the order of the day. We read

that in 1511, on May Day, Henry, with Sir Edward Howard, Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who in 1515 married Henry's sister in the parish church of Greenwich, and Sir Edward Nevill challenged all comers. Something of the kind seems to have gone on every year, and in 1536, on May Day, and before, a grand tournament took place. Lord Rochford, the Queen's brother, was the principal challenger, and Henry Norris the defender. Already the air was heavy with rumours of arrests and suspicions. The Queen was still young and admired, if not beautiful, and we can well under-

stand was not what is called prudish in her manners and conversation. It is a difficult question, and one hotly debated of late years, whether Henry's jealousy was well-founded or not. An accident happened at the jousting which was enough for him. Anne dropped her handkerchief just as Norris was below her in the lists. He picked it up, pressed it to his lips, and returned it to her on the point of the lance. Henry rose from his place and retired. The Queen shortly retired too, but the King had left the palace. She

dined alone, and the next day took to her barge to follow her husband to Whitehall. But on the way she was stopped and conveyed to the Tower, where Rochford, Norris, Brereton, and Smeaton were already in ward, for Henry's jealousy had swept up challenger and defender alike.

Nearly four years later Greenwich was the scene of the marriage of Henry VIII. and another Anne (of Cleves), a marriage which led to the fall of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. After Henry's death the boy-king resided much at Greenwich, and makes frequent reference to the place in his

diary. In 1552 he kept a royal Christmas here with the usual masquerade, but his health was already failing; the air of Greenwich was thought to be particularly beneficial in chest disease. A low and especially a damp situation, was always chosen in those days, and long afterwards. In the next century we find George Herbert at Dauntsey, a place which the modern physician would pick out to avoid. There is an affecting story that upon a rumour that Edward was dead, some Londoners went to Greenwich to ascertain the truth, and the dying boy was held up to a window to satisfy them.

It was upon this that Mr. Gow's picture, illustrated in *The Art Journal* volume for 1887, p. 231, was founded. On July 6, 1553, he died, not yet sixteen years of age, as he had been born at Hampton Court, October 12, 1537.

Queen Mary, who had been born at Greenwich as far back as 1515, had reached the mature age of thirty-eight when she came to the throne, and appears to have been but seldom here. In September, 1555, and in March, 1556, she was at Greenwich, and appears to have followed the old custom, and kept Christ-

mas here the same year. Her successor, Elizabeth, who was born here in September, 1533, loved her birthplace, and was constantly at this palace, and in 1559 the tournaments her father had so loved were renewed. Hentzner, a German traveller, whose "Itinerarium" was published by Walpole, gives a long account of a visit to Greenwich in 1598, while the Queen resided there. He mentions a presence chamber, richly hung with tapestry, but the floor strewn with rushes; a great hall, a chapel, an ante-chapel, a banqueting-room, in which a table was set "with



The Chapel, Greenwich Hospital.

great solemnity," and an inner chamber, where the Queen dined.

James I. gave the palace to his queen, Anne of Denmark, who built a garden front and a small "House of Delight," still farther south, which still substantially exists in the Royal Naval School. Queen Henrietta Maria decided to rebuild the old river front, and employed Inigo Jones to make a design. It was completed in 1635. In the troubles which overtook the kingdom and the King, Greenwich was seized by Parliamentary soldiers, and probably, in part at least, plundered; and though it was reserved for Cromwell's use, I find no record of his ever having been in it. At the restoration the palace was found to be in a dilapidated condition. Charles II. determined to rebuild it, and employed Webb, a son-in-law of Inigo Jones, who had died during the civil war. Webb used Inigo's design, and erected what is now the north-western building, that part which we first approach coming from London by water. It was placed, says Evelyn, between the river and the Queen's house. The cost was £36,000, but the King's enthusiasm soon abated, and the palace was never finished.

In 1692 all England was rejoiced by the great naval victory of La Hogue, or Harfleur, really fought in mid-channel. At the same time sympathy was aroused for the poor maimed seamen, with whom, after one of these fights, the seaports were crowded. The gentle Queen took up the question of how to deal with them. A hospital for soldiers already existed at Chelsea, and she determined to turn the abortive building of Charles II. at Greenwich into a similar institution for the use of maimed or superannuated sailors. Two years after the battle of La Hogue William III. granted the palace

to trustees for the purpose Queen Mary had so much at heart. Two months later she died.

The later history of Greenwich Hospital must be briefly noticed. Wren was employed, with Hawkesmore, his best pupil, as clerk of the works, and the noble buildings as we now see them were the result. Wren accepted Jones's design for the river front, erecting a second similar building, finished in 1728, and giving his services gratuitously. Looking through between these blocks, we see an exquisite back-ground. Forming the east and west sides of a square of green turf 270 feet wide, are long rows of duplicated Tuscan Doric pillars, forming a magnificent framework for the view of the park beyond. There is no other building in England comparable with this, for the architect has aimed high, and has completely succeeded. The chapel and hall are marked by the charming cupolas which are so well known to all that pass up or down the Thames. The chapel, within, was rebuilt by "Athenian Stuart," after a fire in 1779, and is perhaps the most elaborate example of the "Grecian" style that prevailed at that period. The hall contains many fine pictures and relics, and is as Wren and Thornhill left it. It was illustrated in *The Art Journal* only lately, 1888, page 201.

The endowments of Greenwich Hospital were in great part taken from the forfeited estates of the rebels of 1715, and are now appropriated to seamen's pensions, and we no longer see the old men who used to wander about the town and park, and spin tremendous yarns to boys and nursery-maids. The buildings are appropriated, however, to various useful purposes, chiefly connected with the navy, and in the grounds stands that most useful institution, the Dreadnought Hospital.

W. J. LOFTIE.



The Observatory, Greenwich Park.

CHURCH FURNISHING AND DECORATION.*

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF TASTE AND COMMON-SENSE.



IN my last paper I did not quite finish what I had to say regarding screens, respecting which it is not so generally understood as it should be, that there is a vast difference between a parcloze screen and a chancel screen. A parcloze, as its name implies, is merely a partition; a chancel screen is much more,

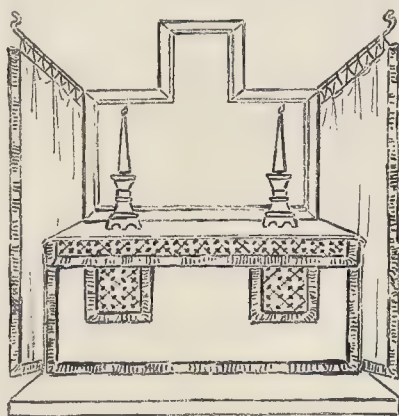
and is not complete without a regular passage or loft at the top. In modern or restored churches it is not unusual to see at the entrance of the choir a screen, more or less elaborate, surmounted by a mere cresting, with a cross in the centre. For my part, I consider a screen and bare cross arising from the top such a miserable substitute for a screen and loft and roodbeam, with crucifix and attendant figures of Mary and John, that I should prefer, in churches where for any cause the whole cannot be had, to have the screen alone without a cross, thus showing that it makes no pretence to be finished, and is only waiting the clearing away of prejudices, or a sufficient sum of money being collected, in order to be completed. It is quite a mistake to regard the loft as an obstruction. It need to be nothing of the kind if it be only high enough from the ground, as any one visiting the modern church of St. Agnes, Kennington Park, with its beautiful though modern loft, will readily perceive. The loft can be used as a gallery for instrumental musicians or for women singers, whose voices are a great assistance, joining with the voices of the men and boys.

Since the arts of joinery and wood-carving reached their

highest perfection in this country in the fifteenth century—and the finest and by far the most numerous examples left to us are of that period—we cannot now do better than study them and go on reproducing them, until, from the point where Gothic architecture, the only organic style, was broken off, with the gathered-up threads in our hands, we are in a position to start on the road to further developments.

Before I leave the subject of woodwork, I must enter a very earnest protest against the sad havoc done to ancient work by perishable "decorations" of all kinds. If we realised that the old churches are not the exclusive property of this generation, but a sacred trust that we have to hold for a season only, and then to hand on in turn to posterity, as our fathers handed them down to us, we should not make so free with the sacred fabrics or knock them about as we do, just as though we had only ourselves and our own ephemeral convenience to consider. If our forefathers had not exercised the virtue of self-control, which is so rare amongst us, and resisted the temptation to smash away with hammer and nails, every Christmas and Easter, into screens and other carved work in the reckless way we do now, I have no hesitation in saying that every splinter of old woodwork must have perished long ago, and a great deal of masonry besides, and there would then have been nothing left of all that made glorious

the churches of mediæval England. How would the clergy like a dozen or so of irresponsible ladies to go into their private houses, and under the plea of decorating, to make their sideboards and cabinets and choicest bits of furniture bristle with nails, besides chipping and cracking them about mercilessly, once a



No. 1.—Type of Fifteenth-Century Altar.



No. 2.—Type of Fourteenth-Century Altar.

year only, as some of them suffer the same amateurs to injure the walls and the furniture of the House of God, not once nor twice, nor even three times a year only, year after year? I need not describe what takes place in the Autumn at what we are pleased to call the "Harvest Festival." Since the germ of that new epidemic was engendered not so very many years ago, it has spread far and wide, and its symptoms are now only too painfully familiar.

* Continued from page 56.

Look at the sanctuary on such an occasion! It is so full of plants that it is impossible for the clergyman to approach the piscina, or to communicate the people without plunging through a forest of palms, whose pointed leaves catch his surplice or make a hissing scratch on the silk of his vestment; or go to the other end of the church and look at the font. It ought not to be necessary to remind anybody that the font is intended to baptize in, and for no other purpose whatsoever. But what do we see? We will not speak of the carpet-bedding round the base, just where the ministrant of the sacrament or the sponsors require to stand; nor of the cotton wool or red flannel with which its stem and sides are enveloped, but of the most important of all—of the basin or font proper. While the brim is made to bristle with flower vases which, so soon as ever an attempt is made to reach the water, being in the way, get overturned, and fall outwards or inwards, with disastrous consequences either way, the inside is converted into a stagnant pool with a "floral cross" floating on the top; or else so crammed with flower-pots and dirt and vegetation that a basin for water has to be placed on the edge when an infant has to be baptized. Oftentimes it is turned into a veritable fruit-stall.

Are all temporary decorations then to be disallowed? By no means. But remember that that is under no circumstances a decoration which entails a permanent disfigurement or injury to the church in which it has been set up. Making yards and yards of plain evergreen and holly wreaths is too monotonous and simple a process to find favour with our modern "decorators." But the old-fashioned is also the most rational and handsome mode of garnishing. A green wreath should be tied, not nailed, round the top of the capitals of the pillars so as to rest upon them, and another wreath should be twined spirally round the column down to the base and fastened there with string as before. But no fantastic devices nor imitations of wood or stone architectural forms should be attempted. The Christmas wreaths should not be allowed to remain hanging until they fill the air with stifling fumes of decayed vegetation, but should be replenished with fresh greenery once every ten days or so, until all the decorations are taken down

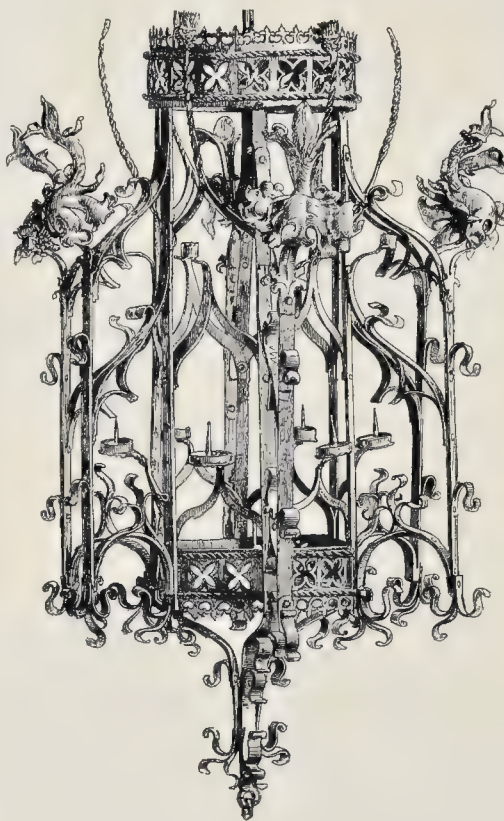
after the last service on Candlemas Day, 2nd February, according to old English custom. I may here observe that it is a striking inconsistency on the part of those Anglicans who have adopted the modern Roman sequence of colours, to keep up their decorations until Candlemas, while they are using green. According to the Latin use the Christmas season ends with the octave of the Epiphany, and the decorations are removed at the same time. An admirable plan is that adopted at St. Agnes', Kennington, where larch-trees are placed in large square stands on the ground under the centre of every arch all down the nave. But there is another kind of decoration,

of which the cheap and gaudy paper banners and texts commonly used are the degenerate though lineal descendants. In former times the churches used to be hung at festivals with tapestries and other splendid stuffs. Thus the pillar beside which, four days after Christmas, 1170, St. Thomas of Canterbury fell, was at the time arrayed in its holy-day garb of curtains and drapery (see the late Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury," page 89). Any one who has visited a Continental town on the occasion, say, of a Corpus Christi procession, will appreciate the kind of festal hangings I would recommend—of course minus the tinsel and tawdriness inseparable from any display of Continental taste.

If we may not expect to see figure subjects in hand-woven tapestries, such as Messrs. Morris & Co. have lately been making for Exeter College Chapel, Oxford, we might hope to see some of their tapestry hangings like the "Bird and Vine," or the "Dove and Rose," or the large

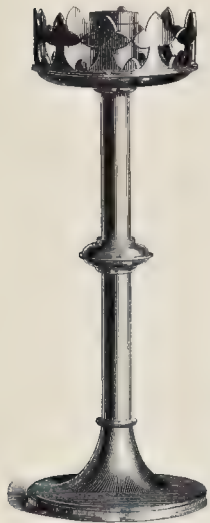
tulip patterns much more widely used.

Mr. T. Wardle, of Leek, manufactures printed velvets equally suitable for the purpose. Or, again, self-coloured stuffs such as dyed linens might be roughly and very effectively embroidered with heraldic achievements (a word which has become corrupted into hatchments) and such like devices. I do not mean the royal arms but those of the Diocese, or of the founder or other benefactors of the church and parish, living and departed, or the badge of the saint of the title of the church. And if our gratitude for the fruits of the earth must be concentrated in one day's observance, at any rate let it be ex-



No. 3.—Fifteenth-Century Lustre in Wrought Iron.

pressed less hysterically. Let there be no pumpkins imbedded in moss in the window sills or round the foot of the altar, but let the fruit and vegetables we bring as offerings be treated as such and make no pretence at being ornaments. Let them be laid in baskets enclosed within the rails of a side altar, or somewhere where they would be out of the reach of marauders and be left so until they are carried to the poor and sick in their homes or in the hospital.



No. 4.—Candlestick (example of bad design).

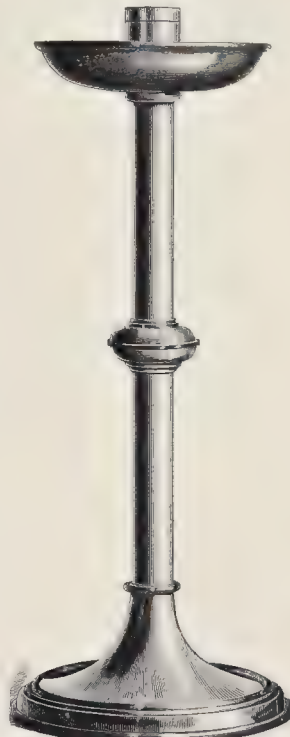
The next thing to be considered is the question of artificial lighting. There can be no question that for this purpose wax candles are best. The light they give is always soft and pleasant, and is not injurious. But since they are comparatively costly, and for practical purposes it would take too long to light candles throughout a building of any size, it is vain to hope that they will ever be much used except in small churches in towns, or where gas cannot be had in the country. The best substitute for candles are mineral oil lamps—not those terrible tin arrangements with bulbous chimneys that hang on a nail in the wall and are always reeking of paraffine, but hanging lamps suspended by chains from the roof. Fairly good lamps of brass or copper, such as would be suitable for church use, are not difficult to obtain now at shops which provide lamps for domestic use. But in the use of oil lamps there are much the same drawbacks as with candles. The lamps take a deal of trimming and are troublesome to light, and when, from motives of economy, they are turned down on being lit and left low, to be turned up when the church is full and it is time for service, every member of the congregation on entering is greeted with a most offensive smell.

For ordinary purposes coal gas is the most convenient and popular means of lighting. Nevertheless, it should be distinctly understood that gas in churches is at best a necessary evil, and therefore its fittings ought always to be as modest and plain as possible. For it is an outrage on good taste for that to be effusively ornamental, whose very existence needs an apology. Thus the showy brass standards for gas sometimes seen on either side of the sanctuary ought never to be set up. The chancel, at any rate, might always be lighted with candles.

It is well known that gas, as generally supplied, is full of impurities that taint the air we breathe, and are destructive, not only to pictures and stained glass, but even to stone-work. To minimise the latter evils, as Mr. Micklethwaite points out, the gas-burners should not be nearer to the walls and windows than is necessary for convenience. Such artifices as are sometimes employed of making the gas pipe, with jets at intervals all along, follow a string-course or other architectural feature, so that the line of lights forms a kind of illumination like one sees in the streets on a royal birthday or wedding day, are wrong in principle as regards beauty, and most harmful to

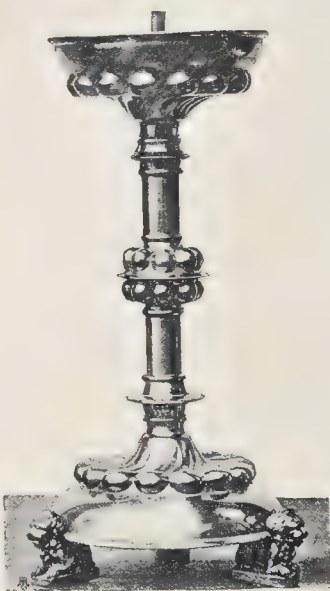
the fabric of the church itself. The flames blacken the walls, and if high up heat the timbers of the roof just at the point where, meeting the wall, they are lowest, to an extent that sometimes even causes fire. There remain then two alternatives, to arrange the gas burners as pendants from the roof or as standards. The latter, arising from the floor, are liable to get kicked or otherwise shaken, and thus an escape of gas is easily caused. Moreover, the optical effect of standards is to narrow a building. For safety, therefore, and for æsthetic reasons the method of lighting by pendants is to be preferred. These, if they hang in a line up the centre of the nave, will cut the church in half from east to west, so they should be arranged in two rows, one on either side. For burners the best device I have seen is that in St. Frideswide's (now the Cathedral), Oxford. The pipe hangs down straight from the roof, is securely held in position at a proper distance from the walls by projecting brackets, and terminates in a silvered cone, round the upper part of which the burners project in a radiating form. Brackets for this purpose should always be of wrought iron in preference to brass, for brass tarnishes quickly enough under any circumstances, more especially when in proximity to gas.

For designs for brackets it would repay the artist and the metal-worker to go and make sketches of some of the iron supports of the signs of country inns. In out-of-the-way villages it is not rare to find excellent work of the sort by native blacksmiths, among whom remnants of the old Gothic traditions, not yet wholly extinct, linger still. Some such brackets are useful also for cranes to lower or raise the font cover, if it be too large to lift off and on by hand. Gas-burners arranged in hanging lanterns of glass roundels framed in wrought iron would not be unpicturesque, but the light would be considerably dimmed by the glass. Comparative darkness, however, would be better than the hideous light of the globes which are such a disfigurement to the otherwise fine church of St. Martin at Brighton. It is possible that something of the nature of the Wenham light, placed in a series of openings in the roof (architecturally called lanterns), might be found to afford a good light. The most unsightly apparatus of the Wenham lights, as usually supplied, renders them unfit for use in a church where it would



No. 5.—Candlestick (example of bad design).

be exposed. However, we have entered upon a new era of electric lighting, and, though it is not at present clear how



No. 6.—Brass Candlestick. By Messrs. Barkentin and Krall.

far the experiments in that direction will prove successful, it does not require much foresight to predict that if any great development does take place, and the electric light should come to be widely used for domestic purposes and for secular public buildings, churches too will adopt it before long. Lighting by electricity has the great advantage over gas that it does not pollute the air, nor injure glass or paintings. Unfortunately it cannot be expected to be available in the country, where, however, the difficulties of going long distances in the dark are such that the old-fashioned

arrangement of the afternoon service is not likely to be generally abandoned in favour of evening services. Figure 3 is an example from Ernest Bosc's "Dictionnaire de l'Art" of a fifteenth-century lustre in wrought iron, which at first sight looks somewhat involved in construction, but on inspection will be found to resolve itself into little more than six radiating brackets, of the same design repeated, which are connected above and below at a certain distance from the centre by circular bands of metal pierced and crested. It is intended of course for candles, but could reasonably be adapted for gas or the electric light.

Though quite useless for affording light, a very beautiful decorative feature is the sanctuary lamp, or better still a set of seven in a row, to be seen in some churches hanging before the altar. They have a white, or more commonly a ruby glass, and consume vegetable oil with a floating wick, which, excepting the special kinds, has to be renewed daily. In the tastefully fitted church of St. Michael, Brighton, are some very handsome lamps of old Venetian design. It is easy enough to get single lamps of the sort in England for from about £3 or £4 to £7, at a dealer's in antiques, though much more difficult to get them in sets. But they are worth the effort and the expense to get, for nothing better than mean, pseudo-Gothic lamps are commonly made in this country nowadays. I do not know whether it is that the brass in the Venetian lamps is composed of differently proportioned metal, or whether it is really the effect of age upon them, but their graceful lobes catch and reflect the light with a charming mellow glow that no new lamp ever seems to have.

With regard to communion vessels the usual custom of the

Church of England is most impractical. The common form of chalice with a large bowl of such dimensions as to contain enough for upwards of two hundred persons to drink of, for all its Gothic detail will never look Gothic. "Circumstances alter cases," and it is obvious that a type of cup which is actually mediæval, for the celebrating priest alone to drink out of, is utterly unsuitable. The Gothic chalice with its small bowl, large foot and knopped stem is indeed the embodiment of grace. Alter its proportions, and it is no longer Gothic. This is an instance in which to follow ancient precedent becomes impossible, and to affect to do so is pedantry. The proper vessel to use under the circumstances would be something in the shape of a loving-cup with handles. Not only would it entail far less risk of accidents, but would be in every way more convenient for the purpose, and, moreover, not of bastard form. Silver or gold should be used for the bowl, to insure the wine against eating into the cup. The baser metals are not proof against its action. The mediæval paten, a flat dish, which was at no time used to contain more than the priest's own host, is quite unsuitable for the piles of bread that in the Church of England are laid upon it. A ciborium, that is a covered cup something in the shape of the vessel known as a hanap, is the safest and most serviceable. If loving-cups could be provided in the place of the present so-called chalices, and the latter turned into ciboriums, for which purpose their large bowls render them admirably suited, the clergy would find the change of great benefit. There would be no necessity for covers to be added to the cups, where reservation is not practised.

The first point to be noted about the fittings of an altar is that there is no justification for a multiplicity of candles. With the express view of ascertaining the actual facts I have examined a great number of engravings and illuminations of ancient altars and have never succeeded in finding a single altar represented with more than two candles upon it. The late Mr. M. H. Bloxham bears testimony to the same effect. In his valuable work on the "Principles of Ecclesiastical Architecture," volume ii., page 82, he says, "The placing of more than two lights on an altar seems never to have been practised in the churches of this country. The Episcopal Injunctions in the thirteenth and two following centuries are confined to two, and I have not met with any ancient illumination in which more than two are represented."



No. 7.—Hanging Lamp (Venetian).

Dr. Wickham Legg speaks of the strong Anglican tradition that two candlesticks, and only two, are to be set on the altar. These two lights, as he justly observes, are majestic and simple, and conformable with mediæval soberness. There is no advantage, he says, in the "childish exhibition of a multitude of little candles." A number of candlesticks require ledges to hold them, the ledges themselves being of comparatively modern introduction, and calculated to suggest the appearance of a bazaar stall rather than to inspire devotion. In the Catholic Church, it is true, branch candlesticks and many more than two lights are used at Benediction and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, but in a communion that knows neither, it is both vain and servile to imitate the ceremonies peculiar to an alien and post-Reformation rite. If, therefore, for any reason it is required to have more than two lights at the altar, the additional candles

should not be placed upon the table or upon a ledge behind, where they would then form part of the ritual "ornaments"—I use the word in its technical sense—but, as was the ancient custom, on the top of the rod that bears the wings, those curtains that stand out vertically from the wall or reredos, and forming a sort of shield to the altar on either side, hardly fail to add wonderfully to the solemnity of its appearance.

It may be a surprise to many to be told that, so far as I can gather, even a crucifix on the altar seems to have been rather the exception than the rule. Indeed, it was scarcely needed. The people had the great rood always before them, and the priest at the altar had the crucifixion painted at the initial of the *Te igitur* at the commencement of the canon of the Mass. Occasionally reliquaries were placed upon the altar, but flowers never. The vases so commonly seen nowadays are a mere



No. 8.—Modern Candlestick of good pattern.

No. 9.—Fac-simile of an Old Candlestick.

No. 10.—Old Candlestick.

No. 11.—Old Candlestick.

innovation, and have been introduced into English churches without a shadow of authority.

If people cannot do without flowers, at least let them be real, not artificial ones. Nevertheless it is best to have none. It is deeply to be deplored that the members of the so-called Oxford movement did not study ancient precedent, instead of adopting without question customs that they had observed current on the Continent, customs of doubtful antiquity and still more doubtful taste. Figures 1 and 2 show the typical arrangements of the mediæval altar, one of the fourteenth, the other of the fifteenth century, both from old examples. Anything more simple and dignified or more unlike the modern erections, can hardly be imagined. As a warning I think it well to give two specimens (Nos. 4 and 5) of brass candlesticks of the ordinary commercial stamp, poor in design, and so thin and unsubstantial in

make that a touch is enough almost to overturn them. They contrast strikingly with the candlesticks here depicted:—No. 9, a fac-simile of an old Belgian candlestick; Nos. 10 and 11, old candlesticks, of which No. 11 has unfortunately lost its feet, which by comparison with other examples I conclude to have been in the form of seated lions. The firm brave lines of these candlesticks, their solidity and exquisite proportions cannot be sufficiently admired. No. 8, in the possession of Messrs. Burns and Oates, is modern work, of good design, manufactured by Messrs. Thomason & Co. of Birmingham. The most satisfactory modern metal-work I have seen is that of Messrs. Barkentin and Krall, 289, Regent Street (No. 6), who are to be commended for reproducing so many of those designs, that are alone really worthy of reproduction, from genuine old models.

AYMER VALLANCE.

TWO SICILIAN CITIES.*

IN regard to historical associations, there is no place in Europe which has been the scene of so many interesting and important dramas as the island of Sicily. So many of its cities—now, alas! only ruins, watched over by a few modern houses—are connected with the most ancient of the Hellenic and Roman traditions. There were decided the destinies of Athens, Carthage, and of Rome; there, within its narrow limits, the Saracen and Norman struggled for years; whilst later on the German, French, and Spanish nations fought for mastery in this island of the southern sea.

Even now, no city of Greece, except Athens, can show such superb remains of Hellenic Art as those of Syracuse,

Girgenti, and Silenus, not forgetting the lonely and magnificent Temple of Egesta. In the first-named city Archimedes lived and died, and Dionysius, Hannibal, and Marcellus appeared upon the world's stage as statesmen and as generals, whilst throughout the island the arts and sciences flourished in a manner hardly to be surpassed by its motherland of Greece.

Within the last few years Sicily has been brought, as many another country, within easy reach of the traveller. The prosaic march of the tourist has made itself apparent even in this island, and though travelling is far from comfortable, it is not by any means difficult. If the lonely villages in the interior



Ruin of the Temple of Juno Lacinia, Girgenti.

are visited, civilised comfort must be dispensed with; and the traveller may as well be prepared to hand over his valuables when requested to do so, though that Sicilian pest, the brigand, is becoming, like her monuments, a thing of the past.

Of all places in Sicily closely connected with bygone ages none appeal to the mind so forcibly as Girgenti and Syracuse. The mighty ruins of Selinunte, the deserted Temple of Egesta, and the grand theatre of Taormina, naturally force themselves into notice: but the effect produced by all and each of these is different to the feelings which are aroused on first visiting Girgenti, or its sister city, Syracuse. It is therefore to Girgenti, the "splendour-loving" Agragas of the Greeks, "the most beautiful city of mortals," according to Pindar, that we will first wend our way from the little railway station

in the valley, up the steep and dusty road towards the pleasant *Hôtel des Temples*.

The modern town is ill built, dirty, and unattractive, though the cathedral is worth inspection, if only for the sake of the fine marble sarcophagus in the left aisle; but possibly the ordinary tourist will be more struck with the remarkable acoustic peculiarity of the church—a whisper from the altar being heard perfectly distinctly at the western entrance, about two hundred and fifty feet away. The road to the ruins, some two miles distance, passes at the foot of the *Rupe Athenea*, or *Rock of Athene*, on which is said to have stood a temple of Athene, though not a vestige has been discovered, and it is indeed very doubtful if such an edifice ever existed. On the eastern edge of the rock are the remains of a small Greek temple, since converted into a Norman church. From

* The illustrations are from photographs by the author.

here a fine view is obtained of the broken magnificence of temples and other monuments. Close by, in the valley itself, is the Fonte dei Greci, the mouth of an antique conduit, which, some five miles in length, even now supplies the town with the freshest and clearest of drinking-water. A disused road, once the old approach from the river, leads southwards towards the precipices which formed the natural boundaries of the city, and for some distance it is possible, if one exercises sufficient care, to walk along the top of these ancient walls, consisting of huge masses of rock: the traces of the old gates are also visible. At the south-eastern corner of the old city are situated the remains of the Temple of Juno Lacinia (p. 86). It stands on the very verge of the precipice, and

presents a most imposing and picturesque appearance. The temple was erected at the best period of the Doric style, about 480 B.C., and is peripteros-hexastylos, with thirty-four columns, each with twenty flutes, and whose height is five diameters. Of these columns twenty-five are still standing, whilst nine half ones have been re-erected. Those of the south-east have been disintegrated by exposure to the si-rocco, but those on the northern side, on which side the entablature also exists, are fairly perfect; here can also be seen certain marks—believed to be traces of the fire which destroyed all the temples in 406—when Himilco plundered Italy, and dispatched its Art-treasures to Carthage. The material used in its construction, as indeed in all the temples



Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, looking towards the Modern Town of Girgenti.

at Girgenti, is sandstone, which, by the lapse of time, has become a rich golden amber tint. This sandstone was probably once covered with a fine marble stucco, which would become hard and as smooth as marble itself, receiving admirably the red, green, and blue decorations appertaining to the Doric style.

After quitting the Temple of Juno a dusty road follows the direction of the ancient wall to the Temple of Concord. In various parts of the interior, facing the old wall, are numerous sepulchral niches, the solid rock having been hewn out for this purpose; their origin is ascribed to the Phœnicians or Carthaginians. The splendid Temple of Concord, in a

line with that of Juno, is one of the most perfect Doric temples in existence. It owes much of its preservation to the fact that during the Middle Ages it was converted into a church, S. Gregorio della Rape (of the Turnips), and the arched openings in the cella belong to that period. In construction the temple is similar to that of Juno Lacinia, though it is a few feet longer and the columns are half-a foot greater in diameter. In the corners of the cella are staircases which ascend to the summit, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtainable. Close beneath rises the Tomb of Theron; farther on, the ruins of the little Temple of Æsculapius, which is supposed to have contained the Apollo

of Myron; then the eye roams across the roughly cultivated land towards the mouth of the Biagio, where once stood the ancient port; in front are the so-called fragments of the Temple of Hercules; then the stupendous remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, by the side of which lies one of the colossal Atlantes; farther on rise two or three columns, which tell us where once stood a temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux; then groves of dwarfed palm, and knotted and gnarled olive-trees, on green and flowery hill-slopes, lead the eyes upward to the modern town of Girgenti, which, resting securely behind its many bastions, looks down upon these ruined temples on the southern cliff (p. 87). Here at one time must have been ranged a long unbroken line of the finest Grecian monuments, which even now in their lonely and silent beauty are still the admiration and wonder of all travellers. From

the top of the Temple of Concord I first caught a glimpse of burning Etna, and although the mountain was more than ninety miles away, the summit and its cloud of creamy smoke, spreading out for miles in the clear blue summer sky, were easily discernible.

A short walk, hedged in by a golden sandstone bank on one hand, and green dwarf cactus on the other, brings one quickly to the ruins of the so-called Temple of Hercules, from which the bronze statue of that god was attempted to be stolen by Verres, as related by Cicero. Here, according to Pliny, was the great painting by Zeuxis, representing the infant Hercules strangling the serpents in the presence of Alcmena and Amphytrion, which was so highly esteemed by the artist that he would accept no price for it, but generously presented it to the inhabitants of splendour-loving Agragas.



The Greek Theatre, the Modern Town of Syracuse in the Distance.

Of the temple but one solitary column rises to the sky; in fact, scarcely two stones are standing in their original situation, and the whole is but a confused heap of massive blocks of stone. The temple was 241 feet in length, including the steps, and consequently much longer than the temples of Juno and Concord, though, like these, it was hexastyle-peripteral. The few shattered remains indicate a period older than the two temples mentioned, as the rapidly diminishing shaft and the wide-spreading capital and other archaic features point to an earlier date.

By the side of this temple a narrow path descends to the Porta Aurea—the gate towards the harbour—by which the Romans entered in 210, and within easy reach is a monument known as the Tomb of Theron. It is indifferent in design, possibly of the later Greek or Roman period, and it in no way corresponds with the choicer classic

buildings of the ancient city. On the left side of the sunken roads leading from the Porta Aurea, and almost opposite to the Temple of Hercules, are the magnificent ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, the only edifice about the name of which there can be no doubt, as this vast structure has been so minutely described by Diodorus and extolled by Polybius as the largest temple in Italy. The temple was finished all but the roof, as related by Diodorus, the conflicts in which the inhabitants were continually engaged preventing them from completing this edifice. On one side certain portions of the external wall have fallen outwards, the result probably of an earthquake, and they are lying in almost the same position as when they stood erect. The gigantic columns, a few ruins of which still remain, also bear out the statement of Diodorus that a man could be concealed in one of their flutes, as the columns are mostly 15 feet in diameter, and the flutes measure

20 inches in width; in fact it is possible to lie down in each flute, and a rule being placed across the top, from edge to edge, it will barely touch the body lying within.

One of the colossal Atlantes, which with some nineteen others supported the roof, has been reconstructed. It is over 25 feet in length, and lies now in pieces surrounded by yellow blossoming sage, blue pimpernel, and flowering convulvi, whilst ever and anon the emerald lizards bask lazily in the brilliant sunshine on the mighty chest of this prostrate giant. The traveller cannot fail to be struck, considering the im-

mense size of the edifice, with its scanty remains. Like many other ancient monuments it has suffered much from the lapse of time, and ceaseless changes of nature, but more from the hands of man. In 1400 a considerable portion of the temple was in existence, and just as the Farnesi quarried the Coliseum, so did the descendants of King Roger utilise the stone of this ancient temple for more modern buildings, whilst later on the Sicilian Government carted it away to construct the new mole at the port of Empedocle. Near the north-western angle of Jupiter Olympus rise the four Doric columns and



The Latomia de Cappuccini, Syracuse.

portions of the entablature of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, restored by Signor Cavallari, and which now forms a picturesque break amid the wealth of olive-trees. It is in such a state of decay that it is difficult to decide upon any plan, and the name itself rests on no authority. The few broken columns and stones are crumbling imperceptibly into dust. Fragments of the entablature are covered with stucco, and, in spite of this lengthy exposure to the scirocco and other influences, bear distinct traces of colouring. In the valley, not far distant from the ruins just mentioned, was the Piscina, spoken of by Diodorus as having been excavated by the

1890.

Carthaginian prisoners after the battle of Himera. Of this and other uninteresting but scanty remains it is not necessary to speak.

Such are the temples of "splendour-loving Acragas" at the present day. They are amongst the most beautiful and magnificent of Grecian monuments, and none are set off with more charming and romantic scenery. The ancient city once contained nearly five hundred thousand souls, and was celebrated for its wealth, extravagance, and luxury. Ruin and poverty have now succeeded to imperial splendour, its temples are in ruins, its groves deserted, and the mean

△ △

and modern town with its twenty thousand inhabitants is a place one remembers but does not regret.

There are few cities in Europe, there is none in Sicily, so replete with classical interest as the once magnificent city of Syracuse, against whose walls was shattered the prowess of the brilliant and mighty Athenian empire. Sadly fallen, indeed, are the fortunes of the Syracuse of to-day. The resistless progress of devastation caused by the action of man and of time is probably nowhere more effectively witnessed than at Syracuse. The five suburbs which were included within the ancient walls have shrunk to the modern town which covers the site of the old Ortygia, the spot where the Corinthian adventurers settled in 734 B.C., and from whence rose "the greatest and fairest of all Greek cities." Of these four towns, containing superb public and private buildings, nothing, com-

paratively speaking, but a few large stones remain. Since the time when the city was pillaged and fired by the Saracens in 878 the ruins have wasted and mouldered away, the crumbling dust being swept by the scirocco into the sea, and the site upon which so many world-important actions have taken place is now converted into corn-fields rudely tilled, whilst here and there a farmstead dots the lonely and desolate expanse.

The leading features of the suburbs of Syracuse still remain the same, and any student of Thucydides can easily trace for himself all the varying movements of the great Athenian siege. The magnificently sheltered harbour is still, as on that memorable day when Nikias and his generals in the Athenian triremes hurled themselves with desperation against the vessels of the Spartan Gylippus, who, having blockaded the entrance to the harbour with chains, held the Athenian navy



The Fosse, Fort Euryalus.

as in a vice. The two land armies watched the engagement from the banks, and stimulated the combatants with loud shouts, described by Thucydides as resembling the surging of a dramatic chorus. How the Athenian power was overwhelmed, and how, after a few days of misery, Nikias and his blood-stained and broken battalions surrendered, and Demosthenes capitulated; and how the seven thousand prisoners were taken to the stone quarries to die a dog's death of disease, hunger, and thirst, are facts too well known to need recounting. Oddly enough, when I first entered the harbour of Syracuse it was occupied by a more powerful, though less picturesque fleet than those of ancient Athens or of Syracuse, viz., the Italian fleet of ponderous black ironclads, with a horde of waspish, spiteful torpedo boats flitting across the blue waters of the expansive harbour, which twenty-three centuries before

had been beaten into bloody surf by splashing oars, and the clashing of mighty triremes.

The modern town contains little of interest, except the cathedral, which was once a Doric temple and was probably dedicated to Minerva. The ancient columns are now imbedded in the walls of the modern church. The font, a fine Greek vase, bears a dedication to the god Zosimo. The temple, with this modern church inside, is still used for public worship. The little museum contains some antique sculptures, coins, and vases, notably a fine sarcophagus of Valerius dating from the fifth century A.D.

The famous fountain of Arethusa, where Nelson watered his fleet on his way to the Nile, exists only in name. The spring is there, surrounded by a hideous pit and iron railing, but the water is no longer fresh; in fact, it is really nothing

but salt or sea water, the result of an earthquake some years ago. The slight remains of the so-called Temple of Diana are of no special beauty, though of some interest on account of the mutilated inscription, which would seem to indicate that the temple was really dedicated to Apollo.

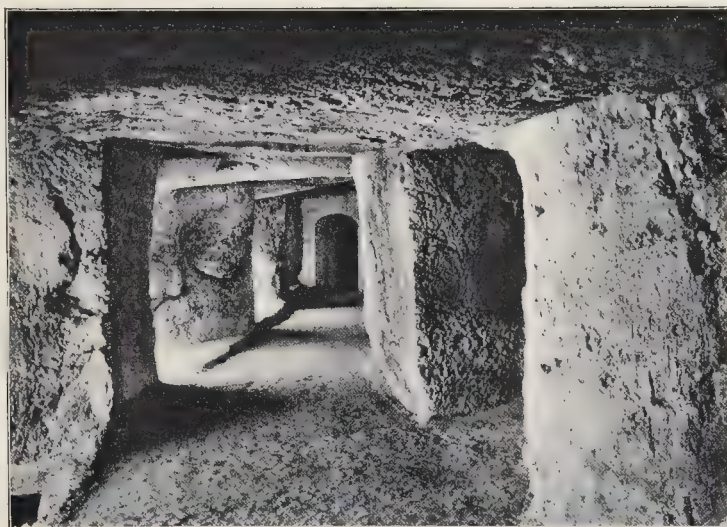
The imposing Greek theatre of Syracuse (p. 88) is so well known as to need no description here. It is still, and will ever remain, one of the greatest monuments of Hellenic Art. As was usually the case, the theatre commanded a magnificent prospect, and at the present day the modern town looks best from this spot. The view is superb from the top of the theatre, the ruins of the stage, etc., lie below, in the distance the old Ortygia, on the left the sea, and on the right the promontory of the Plemmyrium and the great harbour. The landscape at sundown is enchanting in the extreme. The amphitheatre and altar of Hiero II., in the immediate vicinity, are as well known as the theatre itself, and the same applies doubtless to the Latomia del Paradiso.

This huge quarry, which yielded the stone of which the city was built, and which has served the purpose of prison and of burial place, is now overgrown with the most luxuriant vegetation; the bright yellow of the Indian fig and the deep crimson of the pomegranate mingling everywhere with the orange and the vine.

The most interesting feature is of course the so-called Ear of Dionysius, a grotto some two hundred and twenty feet deep and eighty feet high, possessing most astounding acoustic peculiarities. The tearing of a piece of paper, the rustling of a leaf, the lowest whisper reverberates throughout the vast tunnel and the echo is perfectly distinct, being of course considerably multiplied. It is related that Dionysius used this gloomy cavern for the purpose of listening to the conversation of the unfortunate creatures confined in this sombre and gloomy prison. Now, it is given over to makers of saltpetre and rope-twisters. The other great Latomia de Cappuccini (p. 89), the prison and grave of the seven thousand Athenian prisoners, is on the confines of the Achradina. It is of enormous size, with perpendicular sides more than a hundred feet deep, and it certainly forms the securest of prisons. No photograph or drawing can possibly convey any idea of the grandeur, the wildness, and indeed, the solemnity of this ancient quarry.

Below, the richest vegetation now flourishes; lemon and orange trees, olives, palms, pomegranates, oleander, and countless flowers, of all hues and brilliancy enliven the scene, whilst clinging to the once cruel walls are ivy and innumerable flowering creepers. Here over seven thousand men of the then most learned and enlightened race, broken-hearted, crushed and bleeding, starving and athirst, were allowed to rot and die like vermin.

From the back of the Greek theatre a road leads to the desolate plateau, the Epipolæ, a wreck-strewn plain covered with masses of crumbling stone. The plateau terminates in Fort Euryalus, which stands at the most western extremity of the ancient city, and it is possibly the best existing example of Greek military architecture. In the centre of the fosse (p. 90) are the piles of solid masonry on which rested the draw-bridge. Immediately on the right is the grand staircase of admirably cut steps, by which the road above was reached; farther on are magazines and stores, with obliterated inscriptions.



The Underground Passages, Fort Euryalus.

On the left are numerous subterranean outlets connected with gloomy passages which were used by cavalry and infantry; in fact the whole of the rock on which stood the fort is tunnelled throughout; here and there are trapdoors communicating with the galleries above, in other parts courts or stables for horses, places for catapults,

and huge magazines. The fort, which has been, and is still being carefully excavated, is of surpassing interest. Just below this fortress, on the northern side, though it is a rough and uncomfortable walk, are some excellent remains of the wall of Dionysius. This stupendous monument to slavery and perseverance once surrounded the city, and it is said that three and a-half miles of this wall were erected in twenty days, over sixty thousand men being employed in carrying, cutting, and placing the huge stones.

The visitor to Syracuse will find much more to see and investigate than space permits me now to dwell upon. Guides are not at all necessary, but should the traveller require one he cannot do better than secure the services of trusty old Salvatore Politi, an excellent antiquarian and an amusing companion, who is now building a pension near the Latomia de Cappuccini, a spot from which modern Syracuse looks like a strip of dazzling white between two seas of blue.

WHITWORTH WALLIS.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALTOGETHER the display of 1889-90 is as remarkable as any of its forerunners at Burlington House, although once more the great Italian schools of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries are conspicuous—as they were, indeed, last year—by their entire absence. Not before has so complete a series of works illustrating the Spanish school of the seventeenth century been seen together in England. This includes pictures by Velasquez, his chief imitator Jean Bautista del Mazo, Murillo, and Zurbaran. A storm of contradictory and combative criticism rages round the group of canvases attributed to Velasquez, many of which certain critics of negative temperament have unduly called into question. The great curiosity of this section is the large 'Venus and Cupid' by Velasquez, sent by Mr. R. A. Morritt from Rokeby, a work which up to the end of the seventeenth century remained in the royal collection at Madrid. It is a miracle of firmness in the rendering of the rounded contours of the nude Spanish girl who does duty as Venus, and of the robust limbs of the Cupid who holds up a mirror in which this most modern of divinities admires her unidealised features. The painter has, however, failed to impart to the work the sensuous glow which gives life and charm to the similar creations of the Venetians; it is not even a novel interpretation or transposition of a well-worn theme, but rather a superb studio-piece in which the sole aim has been to reproduce with a truth as striking as may be the human figures, the draperies, and the properties brought together as the elements of a picture. The 'Maria Anna of Austria,' ascribed also to Philip IV.'s court painter, is manifestly only a repetition or copy; and the Queen's full-length of the young 'Don Balthasar Carlos,' from Buckingham Palace, comes from the studio of the master, but is not entirely from his hand. It is otherwise with Sir Richard Wallace's exquisite portrait of the same prince in babyhood, and with the two masterly sketches—exhibited by the Duke of Westminster and Sir R. Wallace respectively—in which the same Don Balthasar is shown as a little boy practising equitation in the royal riding-school. The magnificent full-length of Admiral Pulido Pareja, lent by the Duke of Bedford, is especially remarkable for the concentrated power and ferocity revealed by the stern features, and for the brilliancy of colour in the adornments which relieve the sombre costume. Another and an entirely different portrait of the same successful commander exists in the collection of the Earl of Radnor at Longford. The Duke of Devonshire contributes a 'Portrait of a Lady,' which is apparently a preliminary study for Sir R. Wallace's famous 'Femme à l'Eventail,' which was at the Academy two years ago. Murillo's most popular *sfumato* manner is supremely well represented by his graceful but insincere 'Good Shepherd,' which, with a fine 'Virgin and Child' by the same master, comes from Lord Rothschild's collection. The firm, hard execution, and the ascetic temperament of that true Spaniard, Zurbaran, have never in England been more clearly illustrated than in the three single figures of saints and the two life-size full-lengths of Church-fathers, contributed by the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Heytesbury respectively.

Vandyck is not crushed even by the neighbourhood of Velasquez on the one hand and Rembrandt on the other. His 'Portrait of an Artist'—really that of a dilettante or dabbler in science—from Stafford House, is a specimen of his second Flemish manner of the highest excellence and the rarest charm; while not far behind comes the bust-portrait of the 'Earl of Arundel,' from the same fine collection. It will be remembered that his descendant, the Duke of Norfolk, possesses another and a later portrait of the same famous collector of works of art, represented with one of his grandsons. Lord Ashburton's magnificent portrait of 'John, Count of Nassau Dillenbourg,' is wrongly ascribed to Vandyck, with whose technique and mode of conception it in no way agrees. It is by a contemporary Fleming of high artistic rank, who may possibly be Gaspar de Crayer.

Many of the Rembrandts exhibited at Burlington House are open to considerable doubt, and belong rather to the *entourage* of the master than to himself. The finest and most authentic of these are two portraits, both of the master, by himself; one showing him in early manhood (Heywood Lonsdale, Esq.), the other being a magnificent study of his features in old age (Lord Ashburton). After these rank the small likeness of the calligraphist Coppel, and the companion portraits from Bath House of a lady and gentleman, both bearing the date 1641.

The fourth gallery is entirely hung with full-length historical portraits from the collections of the Earl of Suffolk and the Marquis Townshend. The latter shows presentments of 'Horace, Lord Vere,' by Michiel Jansze Mierevelt; of 'Lady Vere,' by Cornelius Janson; and of a whole succession of Lord Vere's most noted captains—his lieutenants in the Netherlands—painted by anonymous Dutch artists of inferior rank, who probably issued from the much-frequented studio of Mierevelt at Delft. Lord Suffolk's pictures are chiefly from the hand of the careful and minute Daniel Mytens, one of Vandyck's immediate predecessors in England as limner of the court and the aristocracy of the time. These are conceived in somewhat perfunctory and mechanical fashion, but painted with extraordinary finish and elaboration.

The second gallery, sacred to the Dutch and Flemish schools, contains two first-rate examples of the art of Nicholas Maes—most pathetic and original among Rembrandt's followers; a magnificent 'Scene on the Ice' by Cuyp, belonging to the Earl of Yarborough; a remarkable Teniers, 'The Seven Acts of Mercy,' a whole series of first-rate specimens of that unsurpassed chiaroscuro, Adrian van Ostade; the celebrated 'Carouse' by Jan Steen, of which Lord Ashburton is the happy possessor; and cattle-pieces by Adrian van de Velde, Paul Potter, and Karel du Jardin. A 'Sea-Piece,' by Jan van de Capelle, is especially remarkable for the pearly greyness of its tone and its happy simulation of heavy, breaking rain-clouds. An exquisitely finished and powerfully characterized little 'Portrait of a Lady,' by the Fleming Gonzales Coques, shows the sober, serious side of the Art of the Netherlands. A large 'Still Life' by Paul de Vos, the brother-in-law of Frans Snyders, might easily be mistaken for the

work of the more celebrated master, whose harsh decision of style it very successfully imitates.

The English schools of portraiture and landscape hold their own bravely, notwithstanding the dangerous contrasts to which they are here exposed. Sir Joshua Reynolds shines with undimmed lustre, though less, perhaps, with the large 'Braddyll Family' than with the 'George, First Marquis of Townshend,' the 'Sir Wm. Chambers, R.A.,' and, above all, with the exquisite 'Puck,' made so familiar by reproduction, and the injured but still beautiful original of 'Love nursing Hope.' This is not a first-rate Gainsborough year; yet his exquisite fascination and easy mastery of execution are clearly shown in the unfinished full-length, 'The Housemaid; Mrs. Graham,' which might, if brought to completion, have rivalled the famous portrait of the same lady at Edinburgh; in the 'Lady Rodney;' and in several landscapes, of which three fresh and beautiful sketches, painted under Dutch influence, are the most remarkable.

The amateurs of the more popular style of Romney will admire his 'Mrs. Stables and two of her Daughters;' but his finer qualities of rhythmic harmony of design and unaffected charm are nowhere this year so clearly shown as in the companion full-lengths of 'Mrs. Curwen' and 'John Christian Curwen,' the motive of the latter closely recalling Gainsborough's 'Colonel St. Leger' at Hampton Court. Turner appears in a rôle, if not absolutely new, yet unfamiliar, in the

life-size three-quarter-length portrait of 'Robert Williams,' lent by the Royal Thames Yacht Club; the only similar work with which we are acquainted being the half-length of the master, by himself, at the National Gallery. Constable has yet another and a magnificent 'Dedham Lock,' known also as 'The Leaping Horse,' besides fine sketches on a large scale of 'The Chain Pier, Brighton,' and 'Stour Valley.' Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by three well-known works, 'The Highland Whiskey-Still,' 'Jocko,' and 'Intruding Puppies;' and the walls are also adorned with specimens of the works of Richard Wilson, James Ward, Sir A. W. Callcott, Linnell, Mulready, Creswick, and some others. A fine specimen of Sir David Wilkie in his least familiar style is the elaborately wrought landscape, 'Sheep-Washing,' painted with a finish rivaling that of the most careful among the Dutchmen.

A separate article would be required to describe the special collection which exemplifies the power—nay, the genius—of the great English artist, Alfred Stevens, as a sculptor, painter, designer, and, above all, as a draughtsman. The models of the Wellington Monument, and of the 'Proposed Monument to Commemorate the Exhibition of 1851,' are on too small a scale to give a complete exhibition of his powers; but the long series of drawings from the nude in red chalk shows an astonishing assimilation, without slavish imitation, of the styles of Raphael and Michelangelo. Very remarkable, too, are some copies in oils after masterpieces of Titian in Venice and Florence.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE winter exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery would have been little less effectual if the small part borne in it by Art, at all properly so called—a *quantité négligeable*—had been in effect neglected, and Sport had been left to make its appeal to popularity by the common record, in line and colour, of the incidents of the field. Those incidents are undeniably vulgar in their ordinary form. Such as they are, they have always appealed to the national taste, but obviously the public so interested is not necessarily concerned with Art. Therefore, the introduction of a stray Albrecht Dürer, or Rubens, or Velasquez, has interrupted a definite purpose. Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley and Sir Edwin Landseer, in his least painterlike phases, are sufficient and more than sufficient for illustra-

tion to the national pastimes. One only wonders why there should be nothing to speak of from Leech, or from Hablôt K. Browne, and whether the promoters of the exhibition took Art so seriously that they discouraged the contribution of work not clothed in the dignity of oils or of finished water-colour. Exceptions, of course, are made for Landseer's and a few other sketches, but it is obvious that several circumstances, including the interest and co-operation of Royalty, have combined to make that popular painter the centre of the show. The period paramount is Early Victorian, and that implies much in inelegance of method, in complacent common individualism—in a word, in insularity, and in an indescribable dowdiness of subject, costume, and setting.

ART GOSSIP.

AT a general assembly of Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy, held on January 21st, Mr. Ernest Albert Waterlow was elected an Associate. We shall give some account of Mr. Waterlow and his work in April. The *proxime accessit* in the voting was Mr. Stanhope Forbes.

We reproduce a pen-and-ink sketch by Mr. William Goscombe John, of the group in sculpture representing 'Parting,' with which he won the gold medal and travelling studentship at the last competition of the Royal Academy Schools. Mr. John is an old pupil of the Cardiff School of Art, and it

1890.

is owing to the munificence of the citizens of that town that he has been enabled to profit by the advantages of foreign travel and study. The gold medal and travelling studentship for an historical painting—the subject being 'An Episode of the Deluge'—was awarded to Herbert James Draper. For architecture no gold medal was given. The Turner gold medal fell to Miss Ursula Wood, and the Creswick prize to Miss E. M. Nichol.

At a general meeting of the Drawing Society, Sir Jas. D. Linton presiding, it was announced that 114 persons had

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attended the lectures. The society's school examination is the same as that of the Girls' Public Day School Company, so that the 1,081 papers examined by the Drawing Society, added to the 5,135 examined for that company, make a total of 6,216 worked on the system which the society advocates.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary anent the labelling of the pictures in the National Gallery:—"We might reasonably have expected that the discovered names would have been restored to the main labels on the pictures, and placed by the side of the painters' comparatively unknown surnames, and the inscription made to read thus: 'Gellée, known as Claude Lorraine,' 'Dughet, known as Gaspar Poussin,'



'Parting.' By William Goscombe John. (Gold Medal "Travelling Studentship." Royal Academy Schools, 1889.)

'Cagliari, known as Paul Veronese,' 'Vecellis, known as Titian,' and so with all the rest. But not even to this extent has the public convenience been studied, for the popular names in question are now ignominiously relegated, on very small labels, to such unobtrusive positions in the framework below the main labels, as at first to entirely escape notice."

The Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, "founded for the purpose of affording the Australian public the opportunity of becoming acquainted with contemporary British Art, and for the furtherance, promotion, and culture of the Fine Arts in the Australian Colonies," has dispatched a large collection of pictures to Australia. The works, which were on view at the galleries of the Royal Institute prior to departure, include

examples by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Faed, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. E. A. Waterlow, and others.

Provision was made in the British Museum estimate for 1899-90, for the installation of electric light in the public galleries, in addition to the existing limited installation which has served the Reading Room, Entrance Hall, etc. This has been completed, with the result that the Museum is open to the public till 10 P.M.

The Earl of Carlisle has sold to the Duc d'Aumale his collection of three hundred and fourteen French drawings, portraits drawn in black and red chalks of personages associated with the courts of Henri II., François II., and Henri III. They include, among others, some portraits of Mary Queen of Scots and François II.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow is making a special appeal for subscriptions to raise £200,000 for the establishment of a museum and Art gallery in Glasgow.

A recent dispute among French artists has resulted in the secession of some of the members of the Société des Artistes Français. The chief cause of the quarrel lay in the distribution of medals and awards at the recent International Exhibition, although the custom of granting "exempts" was the rock on which the society split. It was proposed that exempts should be given to artists, whether French or Foreign, who had received medals, "exempt" meaning that such a one would have the right to send two pictures to the Salon which would be exempt from any examination by the jury. M. Bouguereau urged that the exempts were already far too numerous, and proposed that the great number of foreigners medalled at the Exhibition that had just closed should not be added to the list. This suggestion was vehemently attacked by M. Meissonier, and in the end he with several well-known artists, including Messieurs Puvion de Chavannes, Roll, and Dagnan Bouveret, resigned. They have since started a new society, which will be known as the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and whose first exhibition will be held in the Palais des Beaux-Arts in the Champ de Mars. It is understood they will give neither medals nor rewards. The members will consist of—(1) Foundation members; (2) Sociétaires who will join on invitation; (3) Associates, artists whose works have been exhibited, and are judged worthy of admission by an assembly of members.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Mr. Thomas Oldham Barlow, R.A. This distinguished engraver was born at Oldham in the year 1824. He was apprenticed to Messrs. Stephenson and Royston, the well-known engravers of Manchester, and attended the School of Design in that city. In 1846, when his term expired and he had acquired considerable skill in Art, he determined to try his fortune in London. One of his earliest engravings, and the one which may be said to have made his reputation, was his reproduction in "stipple and line manner" of John Phillip's 'Courtship.' His *début* at the Academy was in 1851, with a drawing of 'A Highland Bridge, Kingussie, Inverness-shire.' Among his best-known engravings are 'The Spanish Gipsy Mother,' 'Prayer in Spain,' 'The House of Commons in 1860,' 'The Prison Window,' 'La Gloria,' and 'A Breakfast in the Highlands'—all after John Phillip. He also engraved

many of Millais', including 'The Huguenot,' 'The First Sermon,' 'The Second Sermon,' 'Awake,' 'Asleep,' 'Effie Deans,' 'A Jersey Lily' (Mrs. Langtry), 'Mr. Gladstone,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'Mr. J. Bright,' 'Alfred Tennyson,' and also 'The Wreck of the *Minotaur*' and 'The Vintage at Macon,'

after Turner. Mr. T. M. Richardson, a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, has also died at the age of seventy-seven; and the deaths are recorded of the French painter, Jacques Edmond Leman, and the Belgian painter, P. O. Joseph Coomans.

REVIEWS.

"PEN-DRAWING AND PEN-DRAUGHTSMEN," by Joseph Pennell (London: Macmillan & Co.). This sumptuous and bulky volume, which is bound in dainty vellum, is sold for five guineas and is limited to five hundred copies, is presumably intended for the use of *students*. We should not draw attention at the outset to this incongruity but that the author himself goes out of his way to sneer at Jacquemart for making his works "rare by limited editions, illustrated with etchings, and therefore only for collectors and amateurs." In Jacquemart's case, seeing that every plate was the result of months of personal labour, and required separate and costly printing, there was abundant cause for that procedure; in Mr. Pennell's there is none, for admittedly he obtained in almost every instance the loan of his illustrations, and they are for the most part printed in the type. It is this lack of generosity which will mar much of the pleasure with which "Pen-drawing" will be perused by those who profess to know something of the subject. The expressed opinion of not one, but a score of these, is that whilst there is much to be learnt from the work, it has to be swallowed with such continuous doses of humiliation for the English school and laudation of Messrs. Abbey, Parsons, and a few others, that there is little of that feeling of resultant pleasure which such a work should otherwise produce. This is emphasized by omissions which cannot always arise from oversight. Why should Tenniel be dismissed in four lines when other contributors to *Punch* are given pages? Has Mr. Pennell never seen Doyle's Pips's Diary, that he should omit this caricaturist of the front rank? If Caran d'Ache (who, after all, is not the originator of his style of comicalities) is to be made so much of, might not a word be given to F. J. Sullivan, the author of 'The British Workingman?' It may be answered that the latter's drawing is not always correct. No more is that of the much-lauded Schlittgen (*vide* "Trouville," page 3). To those outside the profession, the chief value in the book will be the information respecting draughtsmen of the foreign schools, Spanish and Italian especially, whose work is practically unknown here. Those inside the profession who can afford the work may certainly recoup themselves by the valuable hints they will get not only from Mr. Pennell's opinions upon individual draughtsmen, but upon his exposition of the practice of the art and its reproduction. Mr. Pennell is not over-sanguine about the future of pen-drawing, especially in England. What it at present suffers from is a lack of monetary support: it is full of vitality in America, because processes are many and cheap, and the magazines having an enormous circulation can pay highly for good work. If Mr. Pennell can get his countrymen to amend their tariff duties, this might be possible here. It is not, so long as England can be flooded by American magazines entering without any duty, and admission to America can only be obtained by paying an almost prohibitive tax.

The illness of Mr. Marshall has delayed the issue of the seventh volume of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" (Blackie and Sons), and as a consequence much of its contents have had to be compiled by other hands. For the same reason the play of *Hamlet*, which Mr. Marshall wishes to deal with himself, is again postponed. Those contained in the present part are five, *Timon of Athens*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *The Winter's Tale*. The introduction to each of these, which treats of its literary and stage history, is carried up to date, including such recent casts as that of Miss Mary Anderson in *The Winter's Tale*. Upon these and the notes, much of the interest and value of the volume depends, for they appeal not only to students, but to the ordinary readers of the dramatist. The illustrations are by some of our most notable young artists, namely—Margeson, Dadd, Gordon Browne and Maynard Browne, but they are executed in too thin a medium to be thoroughly effective.

"THE LAW OF ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT," by Reginald Winslow, M.A., LL.B. (Clowes & Son), is a work the appearance of which will be welcomed by all whose business has to do with works of Art, and who at any time may have occasion to consider the intricate provisions of the statutes on these subjects, and the decisions to which they have given rise. The author deals fully with the complicated provisions of the Fine Art Copyright Act, 1882, and points out clearly and succinctly the absurd and startling results (frequently overlooked by artists) which ensue upon the sale without a written agreement of a work not executed on commission. A perusal of this work might have spared a worthy Academician from the annoyance to which he has recently been subjected by the reproduction of one of his pictures as an advertisement for soap. Not the least important part of the work is the collection of Precedents of Agreements, which should prove useful both to artists and Art publishers, and is, so far as we know, the first of its kind. The Appendix of Statutes is also of value, especially in the case of engravings, the law as to which has to be ascertained from no less than five Acts of Parliament, ranging in dates from 1735 to 1851, and many of them in part repealed and amended, so that without a legal guide it is almost impossible to discover what parts of the statutes are in force, to say nothing of interpreting them.

"THE BARBARY CORSAIRS" is the subject of an interesting volume by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole in the Story of the Nations Series (Fisher Unwin). The text is assisted by some useful illustrations, of which not the least interesting is the view of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, joined by a narrow strip of land to Spain, and washed at the south by a huge ocean, the Sea of Sahara which, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole

says, engineers are dreaming of again flooding with salt water and so forming an inland African sea.

"SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD," whose history, translated from the Italian of Mr. Temple-Leader and Signor Marcotti, by Mrs. Leader Scott (Fisher Unwin), is here given, was born of good family within a short distance of Colchester. In an age which delights to read of adventurous deeds, it is some wonder that the story of this captain who lived by fighting, and fought half for the love of it and half for booty, has not been told before. He roamed through Lombardy of the fourteenth century, firing, killing, and pillaging, as ready to give his life in battle as to take the lives of others. These companies of adventurers, headed by their captains, cared nothing for principle nor for whose sake they happened to be fighting. Plunder being the end of their warfare, they took it as a matter of course that the comrade by whose side they fought one day should be the foe of the next engagement. It was the country that suffered, for the hordes of warriors knew how futile it was to attack a fortress of any strength. At that time "when artillery had scarcely become to be known, a castle or walled town presented almost an impregnable obstacle, because the besiegers had usually exhausted the resources of the country before the besieged had consumed the provisions stored in the city; hence in wars of that time there was always great devastation of the country, while the occupation of the cities by the enemy was rare." Hawkwood was a commander of talent and resource, as the following anecdote shows:—"The enemy once broke the embankments of the Adige, so as to submerge for several miles the plain in which his army had pitched their camp. It was night-time and the men were resting. Awakened by the noise of the waters, there seemed every danger of a panic, but Hawkwood, who kept cool, immediately made the cavalry mount on horseback, with the foot soldiers behind them, and knowing the ground, he succeeded in leading them to a point where the water was not deeper than the horses' bellies. In this fashion they advanced several miles till they reached, at length, the banks of the Adige below the rupture, where it was possible to cross." Mrs. Leader Scott's translation is learned, but it might have been more direct. Sentences like "knowing the ground . . . he lost not a few of his men, but saved the rest," are hardly to be commended.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti's serious and scholarly account of the "LIFE AND WORK OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI" (Cassell & Co.) is not a biography in the strict sense of the word; it is simply a careful account of what his brother did, and what he painted and wrote year by year. The first section is headed by the year 1843 and the last by the year 1882, and under each is grouped the history of Rossetti's life for the period. A book modelled on this plan, while it gains in accuracy necessarily lacks variety. The canvas is too sombre, and, to tell the truth, after the first hundred pages we almost confessed to finding the book dull. But as a groundwork for a future biographer who will not be afraid of being entertaining, it will be invaluable. Mr. Rossetti, we think, is too modest and diffident in the preface he has written. He states there that he has not attempted to write a biographical account of his brother, because a brother is not the proper person to

undertake work of that sort, that his praise will only pass muster as a brother's praise, and that dispraise, even if pushed to the point of captiousness, still keeps the taint of consanguinity. However that may be, we have here, once and for ever, the outward life of Rossetti, what he painted, what he wrote, and how much he was paid. We are stored with facts about pictures and prices, but Rossetti the man remains a shadow and nothing more. The book also contains a prose paraphrase of "The House of Life."

We have nothing but commendation for Miss Jane E. Harrison's English edition of M. Pierre Paris' "MANUAL OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE" (London, H. Grevel & Co.). There is no finality in Ancient Art, and especially in the Art of Sculpture, where the accepted theories of authorities may any day be upset by a successful excavation, or a new clue to the decipherment of hieroglyphics. Since this translation was published with its chapter on the Parthenon, as the masterpiece of Pheidias, a German *savant* has declared that the Parthenon was not commenced till long after Pheidias was dead. M. Paris has wisely made his summary critical more than historical, dealing with questions of taste rather than of fact. The book contains no less than 187 illustrations of masterpieces in the various schools, the sections being devoted to the sculpture of Egypt, the Asiatic East, Greece, and Italy. The value of the handbook is enhanced by an exact and copious bibliography.

"READY REFERENCE" (Griffith, Farran & Co.) is a compilation of 812 closely printed pages purporting to give everything that everybody wants to know. It is to be hoped that those who have yet to learn how to write letters will not form their style on the sample effusions given at p. 370. In "MODES OF PAINTING" (Winsor and Newton) Mr. Taylor has described eighteen methods of work, from pencil drawing (which the author says is now out of fashion) to oil painting. The "CLASSICAL PICTURE GALLERY" (London: H. Grevel & Co.) is a monthly publication giving twelve reproductions of old masters. The idea is well carried out, and it should prove popular. Another serial, of which we have received the first two parts, is "COSTUMES OF THE MODERN STAGE" (Nimmo), an English edition of a French publication. Each number contains four coloured plates.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.—The author of "Mehalah" tells in virile fashion (Blackie) and good Icelandic English, wherein such phrases as "the nights are vastly long" occur, the story of "Grettir the Strong of Iceland," who died some time before the Norman Conquest. Mr. G. A. Henty is responsible for the other two books Messrs. Blackie have sent us, which are explained by their titles, "With Lee in Virginia" and "One of the 28th, a Tale of Waterloo." They may be described as wholesomely thrilling.

We have also received (Field & Tuer) a volume of sketches by Richard Wake, who did some work for the *Graphic* at the time of the war in Egypt, but who did not live to see them published. He was struck by a bullet in the very act of making a sketch, dying on the following day at the age of twenty-three. The sketches are vigorous and show considerable promise.







The Field Gate.

ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

MR. ERNEST A. WATERLOW, the Royal Academy's latest Associate, is, as the years of man go, nearly forty; as an Academy artist, he is nearly eighteen. He exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy in 1872, and it is from that date that we propose to consider his work. In early days he studied at Carey's School of Art at Bloomsbury, a school of some celebrity, which, having lived an equable life of preparative usefulness, died—as men, papers, and schools will die—in the yellow leaf. Thence he wandered abroad, limiting his pilgrimage, however, to Germany and Switzerland, where he supposes that his love of landscape was born within him. His purposes were still unformed during these days of youthful travel, though the influences from within and without were working to their inevitable tendencies. He occupied himself with sketching the pure details which he found in the scenes before him, and after his own manner, his individuality being apparent rather in the common possession of youth than in complacent mannerisms. It may

also be noted here that the preferences of most of his landscapes have since been shown in just the half-way house between the humilities of German and the wildnesses of Swiss

scenery, which might possibly point to a curiously-abiding influence of the elements mixed in him during these travels. He returned from abroad in 1872, the year, as already stated, in which his first picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the same in which he entered the Academy Schools.

The picture, 'Evening in Dove-dale,' a Devonshire scene, was skied (of course); but young ambition was satisfied, and Fame, though yet among the ceilings, was at least visible.

The painter had now made his choice, and, recognising with wisdom that it is not good for man to be alone, he began to search for outer influences to support his own personality. These he found in two artists, both worthy of his choice—George Mason and Frederick Walker. The benefit which both have been to him, he does not think easily to overrate; and it was perhaps as well that from Mason he should learn some of the Italian influences which he has voluntarily denied to himself, for since his serious work began he has not permitted his thoughts to wander from the attractions

of British landscape. As a biographical coincidence it may also now be noted that after the death of Frederick Walker, Mr. Waterlow took that artist's house and studio

c c



E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A.

in St. Petersburg Place, and there has since resided. He remained at the Academy Schools only for a year, and in 1873 won the Turner Gold Medal for his landscape 'A Land-storm.' This was a picture which might have been looked

for from his parts and from his years. The hurricane drives forward the one human figure, bends the sturdy trees, and compels the mists and cloud through the mountain cliffs and up its side. The drawing of the trees in the middle



The Orphan.

distance may be especially remarked as extremely good, and as one of the chief excellences of this picture, which, like so few designs in the world, topped the limit of its designer's ambitions, and won him the reward for which it had been worked. From this time, figure took a more

prominent place in Mr. Waterlow's landscape, and he has found a more abiding satisfaction for himself by the infusion of the human drama into his documents from nature. In some of his later work, indeed, the first intention of his picture has claimed nearly a complete subordination of the

mere surfaces of nature to the literary interest of the subject. This was peculiarly the case in the picture 'Wolf! Wolf!' an etching of which forms the frontispiece of the present number, and which, first exhibited in the Royal Academy, has since found a home in another continent. The picture presents an idyllic realisation of the fable. Under a tree, bent by the forces of past winds and many winters, sit the shepherd and shepherdess. A pastoral flirtation is going on to the accompaniment of music, while a child, careless of the world and of all flirtations, leans over the pool. To the left a cluster of trees, lifting fantastic shapes and strange curves, obscure the hills, which stretch in varying lines through the open spaces, "a little cloud at tether" resting on the hill at the extreme left. So far the interests, human and natural, are fairly divided. In the middle distance, however, a note, something more tragic, is struck. To the four quarters the sheep are flying, gaining time by the sacrifice of one

of their number, over which the blacker limbs of the wolf are stretched. Meanwhile the luckless youth, whose untruthful pranks have persuaded the elder shepherds into security, in vain uplifts his voice in warning; and the artist has succeeded in infusing into the face of the young man with the pipes an expression of discontent at the cries that break the continuity of pastoral love-making. The scenery itself is Irish in character, and although the wolf has never yet visited that island, only Mr. Ruskin, and he again only in a special mood, would feel the composition, which is worked out very ingeniously, for that reason anything removed from truth. Mr. Waterlow has indeed spent a portion of his artistic life in Ireland, chiefly on the West Coast of Galway, an experience to which we owe 'St. MacDara's Day,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, and reproduced with this article.

In this picture the character of Irish scenery and of the Irish people has been studied with obvious and interested



Essex Oyster-Fishers.

care. Ten miles away from the coast, which in the picture stretches a long low line of irregular hills, lies slantwise the islet where year by year the festival of St. MacDara, of all patron saints most oddly named, is observed by prayer, by revel, and by faction fighting. Thither on a midsummer day come troops of peasants fulfilling a patronal obligation. Thither many times before the feast itself came Mr. Waterlow to prepare his studies in the open air. The boats, as they pass round the island, lower their sails to its sacredness, for upon it, tradition declares, the holy man MacDara abode, and built the church—of which the remains are still there—by the starlight of a single night. The picture exhibits in the foreground a pile of rude stones, which bear memories and marks of a religion green before the birth of Christianity. Dominating the stones stands a cross, which, with its rounded arms and central medallion, is one of so extensive a tribe in Ireland, and in those Scots islands whereon the Irish missionaries built their abbeys in the days

of Columkill, the magic-worker. The cross marks one of the "stations" visited by the pilgrims for prayer, and by the side of it two prominent figures are still lingering, while a crowd with varying speed are wending to a further halting stage. The sea is smooth, as it had need to be, for in the rough weather the boats can find no rest for their keel, and the feast is then kept in parallel fashion on the mainland. Mr. Waterlow was in the island for two successive festivals, on one occasion accompanied by a fellow-artist, and in the warm afternoon the two artists amused themselves by the organization of races among the peasantry. This pleasure, however, is only practicable to a certain degree, for so intimately is battle bound up with the observances of religion that the additional effects of competition were found to put a yet keener edge upon the faction fights which are inevitable. As to the island itself, it is rocky, waterless, and uninhabitable; a rank luxuriance of thistle in the summer, and an occasional daffodil, coming before the swallow dares, in spring, comprises all its vegetation,

except the salt-leaf, which the women of past generations gathered there in the belief that to pluck it would prove solace to their friends in captivity.

The picture which Mr. Waterlow exhibited in last year's Academy, reproduced here, is also of that moderate Irish scenery which has so laid hold of his fancy. Its subject, 'Storm-blown,' at once recalls the prize canvas of the Turner Medal. But a maturity in years is at once apparent. There is not the same anxiety to say, "Here is the wind, look you"—but the trees are inclined somewhat, the grasses bend sufficiently, the water shivers with ripples, and the heavy cloud toils up the hill—and

each acknowledges that the wind is there. The scene was sketched at Renoyle, in Connemara. In the background run the hills in lines, to the formation of which Mr. Waterlow is very sensitive. The clouds are big with rain, and from the hill's foot runs, with a leftward inclination, a line of weather-worn trees, almost into the foreground. Actually in the foreground are stones, an overgrowth of grass relieved by an occasional flower, and a pool of water which has inundated the cart ruts. In the middle distance a flock of sheep are being driven forward by a girl laden with a basket and accompanied by a dog. The picture is among Mr. Water-



Storm-blown.

low's most successful realisations of broad and poetical landscape, while here again his drawing of the trees and their branches is both distinctive and distinguished.

Of Mr. Waterlow's life, apart from his pictures, there is but little else to chronicle. In 1880 he was elected to the Water-Colour Society as an Associate, and having been previously on the Dudley Committee, he also joined the Institute of Painters in Oil. His painting of Irish scenery was destined to a further success in the purchase, in 1887, by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, of his picture, 'Galway Gossips.' It is the most typical and simple of all his Irish landscapes—with its potato patches, its Irish cabins and the low line of

mountain in the background. But although we have noticed with some particularity the results of his Irish studies, it must not be supposed that his artistic career has been exclusively the outcome of this phase of his landscape devotion. He has painted much on the English coast, and worked at Newlyn before the body of artists, who have since almost given that name the dignity of a school, were yet associated there. It may be that these artists have in some manner influenced him in later days, for there is an unmistakable sympathy with their manner in the picture exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888, and reproduced here, 'Essex Oyster-Fishers.' As a fulfilment of his own

ideals, this canvas is to be reckoned among his chiefest victories. The "wan water" spreads along the middle distance, curling round the coast lines, and flowing in lazy pools into the direct foreground, where to the left lie embedded rough wooden appliances. Fishers stand up to their knees in the water, manipulating a boat, while a woman awaits them expectantly above their improvised pier. A laden figure moves towards the foreground, where are the two principal figures of the picture. The man simply—stands. He has the loose yeoman attitude, one hand on trousers, the other holding a bundle, his head stolidly turned, his face in stagnant rumination. A girl peers into the basket which she tilts with her left hand against the sturdy tufts of grass, while on her right arm she carries another and shallower basket filled with oysters. The dull greyness of a wide sky, half

heavy with darker clouds, and the dim line of town, combine finally with the speeding vessels and the other elements in the composition of a picture for which the fittest praise is that it is simple and spacious.

Another of the painter's better known works is 'The Orphan,' also reproduced with this paper. The shepherd stands in the foreground a little bent, his crook between arm and shoulder, his hands busy with bandages. The orphan, a lamb of tender age, bleats up to his face with ears thrown back in pain. In the middle distance stand the sheep, about which the birds are hovering. In the background lie the low hills from which the land, not very luxurious and singularly Scottish in character, spreads amply into the foreground.

Mr. Waterlow's life has been what his art has made it; and it is perhaps the sign of all others by which we would



St. MacDara's Day. From the Picture in the possession of Alfred Palmer, Esq.

choose to exemplify his claim to the artistic temperament that his theories on Art are as few as it is probably possible for a working artist to have. An artist must perforce have his ideal, and a sincere effort to achieve the ideal implies a theory; but it remains that the true temperament minimises theories. Of course Mr. Waterlow has his own practice, which to him seems the best of the many practices possible of selection. To name the chief, he cannot and will not complete his large pictures out of doors. Quite alive to the advantages of *plein air*—to win them he has built a glass-house for his work—he cannot save himself from confusion in attempting a large canvas, while the myriad details clamour around him as he works. His first intention becomes dulled, and composition hopeless. At the same time he completes elaborate studies from the face

of the earth, and, away from the full scene, he bids the separate results fuse into the unity which he awaits. These, of course, are theories on the actual practice of his art which must be encountered. He labours to be an interpreter of poetical landscape, making it usually subserve some human interest—pastoral, idyllic, or remotely tragic. Prominence of the personality, as in Turner's less intelligible sunsets, loud claims for the necessity of literature in painting, insistent contempt of any but the French as modern painters, the thousand theories that decide most individual criticism, are honestly passed over by him as matter irrelevant to his own ideals. He has moreover the advantage of knowing his own aims; and his art, having the somewhat rare notes of simplicity and modesty, has achieved the recognition and rewards of his contemporaries.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

IN the face and figure of his young model the painter has sought for that vivacity which is dear to contemporary

gravity of marble, in the deliberation of paint, in the impulse of water-colour and pastel, in all the methods of line and



The Mandolin Player. From the picture by G. de Martini.

Italian Art above, perhaps, any quality not purely technical. In the comparative irresponsibilities of terra-cotta, in the

design, the Italian artists seek as far as possible for *la vie surprise*, expression and drama taken unawares, and in their movement. A crying child is the subject of much conscientious vigilance amongst them, so is an old man laughing all his wrinkles into their sharpest accents. In the popular art of the country this love of the transitory takes grotesque forms, though even there an amount of third-rate effective talent is found, more than enough to equip artists of far more solemn pretensions elsewhere. Fugitive things, not in facial expression only, but in fashion, in frills, in tears, in pocket-handkerchiefs, decorate the monuments of suburban burial-places, at the same time that the foremost talent of the school is intent and alert to fix in immortal marble the flutter of a newsboy's morning paper. The look of a singing face is more lawful as well as more pleasant matter for this kind of watchfulness. And it is not only the attitude of the features but a certain rather subtle expression of the eyes that the painter of the 'Mandolin Player' has somewhat happily captured. And the type, if not conventionally beautiful, has well-rendered southern character in the broad construction of the face, the eyes set well apart, and the coarse hair. In looking at his figure, moreover, we feel convinced that the artist is not asking us to believe

that the little errant musician is giving forth very mellow notes or striking an impeccable bass.

AN OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

ON the borders of the county palatine of Cheshire, where it is divided from Staffordshire by the lofty ridge of Mow Cop, or Molcop as Michael Drayton has it, and at the foot of that eminence, stands one of the most interesting old houses in the kingdom—certainly one of the most genuine and complete relics we have left of the domestic architecture of mediæval times.

The North Staffordshire Railway does not boast of a lengthy mileage, but it traverses much that is worthy of note for its beauty, and much that is remarkable for its ugliness. The smoke-begrimed Potteries owe much of their uncomeliness to the hand of man, but they are an admirable foil to many beauties of nature which surround them.

Staffordshire contains many attractions in the shape of lordly mansions, but those which are most renowned and most visited, such as Alton Towers and Trentham, are not by any means those which elicit the greatest amount of admiration from the true lover of the picturesque. Such an one will assuredly derive more pleasure from a quiet ramble through the deserted surroundings and decaying tenements of dwellings centuries old, than from a hurried scurry by trimly cut pastures and through innumerable rooms under the personal conduct of an unsympathetic housekeeper, such as one is wont to encounter in the more modern of the show mansions.

"Old Moreton Hall," as it is more commonly called, the ancient home of the Moretons, offers to the seeker a full meal of romanticism and picturesqueness. Traversing as he does to reach it a pleasant country, replete with luxuriant foliage and brooks babbling in the sunshine, his imagination will hardly be tainted with a pale cast of thought, and the "blackened waters" of the

moated grange will hardly conjure up visions of Mariana. It may be hard to transform the buxom women and bucolic men who now tenant the place, and whose lives are spent in milking cows and making cheese, into courtly dames and dapper cavaliers; but the history of everything dates to so remote a period, and the old walls speak with so emphatic a voice of days long since departed, that the artist, as he passes from hour to hour delineating its features, may easily work himself into a mood to repeople the scene with those who for generations have in regular descent occupied the old pile, and with the same regularity have peopled the vaults of the church hard by.

tions have in regular descent occupied the old pile, and with the same regularity have peopled the vaults of the church hard by.

Let us glance at its history. In the Domesday Book we find mention of the Ville of Rode, then divided into the two manors of Moreton and Rode. William the Conqueror granted the Earldom of Chester to Hugh Lupus, and he distributed the lands amongst his followers. The manor of Moreton was held by knight service, and gave its name to the family who possessed it. According to Lysons, the heiress of Moreton, in the reign of Henry III., married Gram de Lostock. His son took the name of Moreton, and was grandfather of Gram de Moreton, who was living A.D.

1354, whose descendants continued possessed of this place in strict male descent until the death of Sir William Moreton, Knight, Recorder of London, who died childless in 1763. He bequeathed the estate to his nephew, who took the name of Moreton, and was father of the late owner, the Rev. William Moreton, who died a few years since, leaving his two daughters co-heiresses. One of the Moretons married the daughter of Sir Andrew Brereton, by whom he had, with other issue, a son William, born a year or two after the accession of Henry VIII. He probably began the erection of this



Entrance Gateway and Bridge. From a Photograph by R. Keene.

manor-house on the site of an earlier building, his son, John Moreton, who died about the end of Elizabeth's reign, completing it.

It appears from the Recognisance Rolls and other sources that the chiefs of the two houses of Moreton and Rode, neighbours, if not relations, were not always on the most friendly terms, but were frequently bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace. One of their quarrels arose from the desire of personal precedence at the neighbouring church of Astbury. This difference was settled in a very sensible way by an "awarde made in the 5th year of our Soverain Lord King Henry VIII.," the arbitrator being Sir William Brereton; "the said William Brereton calling to him xii. of the most auncyent men inhabiting within the parish of Astebery." And this was the decision: "That whyther of the said gentylmen may dispende in landes, by title of inheritance, 10 marks or above more than the other, that he shall have the pre-

Old Moreton Hall is reached from Congleton by a pleasant drive through Astbury, where the fine old church will well repay a visit—the distance is between four and five miles; or from Mow Cop station, only a mile and a-half away by the road. There is a still nearer and pleasanter walk over the fields. The smoky Pottery district is left behind, the grey mists of morning have dispersed, as we set forth in search of our subject:—

"The sun bursts forth—the distant hills
Shine out, and splendid is the day—
A sombre radiance crowns each tree,
A fading glory solemnly
Haags on each leaf in its decay."

It is autumn, but the corn is not all housed, and some of the trees are still rejoicing in their summer verdure. Nature displays her full scale of colour in the warm sunshine, nowhere better, perhaps, than in the humble beauty of the hedgerows. On our way we get peeps of the old hall through the trees.

The manor-house with its garden occupies about an acre of ground, of rectangular form, and is entirely surrounded by a moat. It stands near the road leading from Congleton to Newcastle, on the south-east border of Cheshire. The buildings on the south, or principal front, are of three storeys, and the long gallery, or ball-room, running along the whole length, is much narrower than the storey below. To it the roof slopes up like those of the aisles of a church to the clerestory. The ancient bridge and gateway (see illustration, page 103) are in the centre of the frontage; an old stone horse-block stands within the gateway, where also are doors communicating with small rooms on either side, one of them probably the porter's lodge. After passing the end of an ancient barn—for all the outbuildings are outside the moat—and through a small gate, Old Moreton Hall is seen in all its antique beauty—a vision of the times of old. We are forcibly reminded of Chaucer's description of such a place:—

"The chambers and parlors of a sorte,
With bay windows, goodly as may be thought,
As for daunsing and other wise disport;
The galleries right well ywrought."

Our second illustration will perhaps convey better than words the impression of the picturesqueness and variety which is produced by the front of the old building which occupies the northern side of the quadrangle we have just entered. It is in very truth

"Full of fair windows and delightful bowers."

But our representation of it fails altogether to convey the feeling which it inspires of lightness and strength. This



Courtyard. From a Photograph by R. Keene.

eminence in sitting in the church, and in goeing in procession, with all other lyke causes in that behalf." It is not, however, recorded which of the disputants opened his purse-strings the farthest, and so gained the highest seat in the House of God.

History does not give us any more stirring events than such as these in connection with Little Moreton, so we may suppose its lords passed their time in hawking and hunting among the neighbouring hills and adjacent forests, and in the quieter pleasures of dispensing hospitality at home. It is worthy of record that one of the William Moretons of this place gave shelter here to a Presbyterian divine, one Thomas Brook, who after the Restoration was dispossessed of his living at Congleton for nonconformity, and in the private chapel at Moreton Hall he preached out the remainder of his days. He died in 1664, aged seventy-two.*

* I am indebted to Mr. James Croston, F.S.A., for most of these particulars, and would recommend, to those who would know more of the history of Old Moreton, his work entitled "Historic Sites of Lancashire and Cheshire."



Old Moreton Hall.

is the result of a combination of large window spaces, sepa-

over the window at the west end, in plasterwork, is a female figure representing Fortune, blindfolded, and pointing to her wheel above, on the rim of which is inscribed, "*Qui modo scandit corrueit statim.*" Tablets on either side of the figure bear the following:—

"THE WHEEL
OF FORTUNE
"WHOSE RULE IS
IGNORANCE;"

Rude scrollwork fills up the lower portion. At the other end of the room, in a similar position, is another female figure, intended for Fate, holding a pair of compasses in one hand, and in the other a spear pierced through a globe above her head. Two tablets bear the following inscriptions:—

"THE SPEARE
OF DESTINYE
"WHOSE RVLE
IS KNOWLEDGE."



The Ball-room. From a Photograph by R. Keene.

rated by dark and richly-moulded oak panels filled in with creamy-coloured plaster. The architect has indeed scored a success in what was evidently his principal aim and object, as he has also in breaking up his skyline with gables of varying height and size.

The two bays seen to the right of our illustration, although they do not show as such, are each formed of five sides of an octagon, differing in size and surmounted by gablets. The upper windows overhang the lower with decorated covings, and the lead-work of the casements form divers geometrical patterns of elegant design.

The doorway leading into the banqueting-hall is, perhaps, the most elaborate piece of workmanship in the building—a mass of exquisite carving. All the pile is of oak and plaster, none of it later than the time of Elizabeth. There are no restorations, so-called, to annoy the artistic eye, but all is toned down and mellowed with age. And yet dilapidation is here, soon to be followed by decay, if some loving hand does not see to it; for in our rambles about the old rooms we noticed that some of the beautiful lattices were broken away, leaving free ingress to the wind and rain.

Let us look inside, first entering the oggee-headed oaken portal on the south side of the courtyard, and ascending the rude staircase leading to the ball-room, as it is called, on the third or uppermost storey. This room, of which we give an illustration, is of great length in proportion to its width, being 71 feet by 12 feet; the open timberwork roof, rising to 17 feet, is very elegant, and is ornamented with oak and plaster quatrefoils. Oak timbers have been placed across to act as tie-beams at some comparatively recent date, to prevent the thrust from pushing out the sides, which are considerably out of the perpendicular. In the triangular space

The builder must have had a passion for light, for the ends



Fireplace, showing the Moreton Arms, in Room adjoining the Ball-room.

and the whole length of each side of the room is a continuous

line of windows,* the lead-work and small panes of which show a wonderful variety of intricate patterns. These long lines of windows are interrupted only by the door by which we enter on the north side, and by the small room adjoining on the south side, which projects over the entrance gateway. This room, like the long gallery, is panelled with good old English oak, and has a highly-ornamented fireplace (see illustration) bearing the heraldic shield of the Moretons quartering those of Macclesfield, and surmounted by the Moreton crest, a greyhound's head, couped and collared, with a twisted wreath. On either side are large figures of Justice and Wisdom.

The other panelled chambers below have been called the state rooms, but their glory has departed. In one of them we noticed two immense oak corbels, beautifully carved.

We now cross the courtyard, and entering by the porch, find ourselves in the banqueting-hall, a spacious apartment with a capacious fireplace, showing signs of present occupation, though, with the exception of the old oak table running down the centre, the furniture and other accessories are inharmious and out of place. A spiral staircase, with steps of solid oak, ascends from one angle; at the opposite one, passing the foot of the principal staircase, we enter the parlour, oak panelled, as all the principal rooms are, and with a deeply-panelled oak ceiling. Above the fireplace are the royal arms. This room is lighted by one of the great bay windows we noticed in the courtyard on our first entrance, the other belongs to the banqueting-hall. These windows still show some of the stained glass heraldic shields of the Moretons, Brereton, etc.

Over these rooms are the principal bedrooms, now occupied by the farmer-tenants, lighted by the upper portion of the beautiful polygonal windows, which we read "are rendered additionally interesting by the names and inscriptions traced upon the panes by former occupants and guests. On one of them is written 'Jonath'n Woodnothe' and 'Mary Woodnothe,' with the date 1627, and beneath is the following couplet :—

'Man can noe more know weomen's mind by kaire,
Than by her shadow hede ye what clothes shee weare.'

Jonathan Woodnoth was the heir of Shavington, and married Mary, elder daughter of William Moreton, of Moreton."†

* The window at the east end is now blocked up; this part of the building, having sunk, is propped by strong buttresses.

† The above quotation is from Croston's recent work, and it is given, with some

We are in the quadrangle once more, and are again admiring the unique bay windows, the latest portion of the whole building, whereon we read the following, cut in bold relief on the solid oak :—

"GOD IS AL IN AL THING
THIS WINDOVS WHIRE
MADE BY WILLIAM MORETON
IN THE YEARE OF OURE LORD MDLIX

RYCHARDE DALE CARPENTER MADE
THIES WINDOVS BY THE GRAC OF GOD."

Well done, Rycharde Dale! Thy hand and thy brains found something to do, and thou didst it with all thy might! The lovely doorway adjoining is doubtless also the work of thy skilful hand, from the dragons in the spandrels and the



View from the South-west. From a Photograph by R. Keene.

exquisite zigzag ornamentation to the spiral pillars forming the door-posts; a clever "carpenter" truly wert thou, and Time has dealt lovingly with thy name and work by adding a new grace and beauty in the rich colouring he has spread over this creation of thine. Thy earnestness and devoutness are here truly testified, and who can doubt that thou wert a sincere follower of One who was Himself the son of a carpenter? We feel grateful to this man who wrought so successfully three and a half centuries ago, and to his patron, William Moreton, for the great treat we have had, and for the pictures we have carried away in our photographic

variations, in an account of Old Moreton Hall by E. Walford, written in 1865. Croston also mentions other inscriptions. These have all disappeared, however, for on my visit to Little Moreton in September, 1889, I got admission to the bedrooms, and, on inquiring of the present tenant of the house where I could find these inscriptions, was told that she had never seen them, though she had lived there twenty years.

camera. Thanks to platinotype, this thing of beauty may now become a joy for ever!

The east side of the courtyard contains a number of small rooms of no great interest; but at the end nearest the entrance is the doorway of the chapel, above which is a charming little oriel window. The chapel is a sad scene of desolation, dirt and damp—the gloomiest part of the building. There are a number of texts in old characters on the plaster of the chancel walls, which we did not attempt to decipher, though they are fast disappearing. The chancel window, looking eastward over the moat, is of five lights and pointed. The chapel proper is about twelve feet by nine, and is divided from the ante-chapel by an oak screen. The entire length is about thirty feet, the ceiling of the ante-chapel being extremely low. It is much to be deplored that more care has not been shown for this, the oldest, and once the most sacred, part of the building.

The western side of the quadrangle is partly occupied by the projecting building of the kitchens, buttery, etc., and a low wall; and it does not appear that any other buildings

ever stood on this side. Over the kitchen door is a small projecting gable, of picturesque appearance, containing a bell.

The manor-house stands within a few feet of the moat, at its south-eastern angle. At the north-western extremity of the garden is an artificial mound of considerable size, and a much larger one outside the moat at the south-west angle. It is not known for what purpose they were raised.

How long this relic of the past may remain in its present state we do not know. The roof is covered in with thin slabs of stone, and appears in decent condition, but the broken windows of the long gallery and some others, if not seen to, will soon cause much mischief to the fabric. Let us hope these dilapidations may not be disregarded, for we say with Hamerton—

"A place like this
Preserved with pious care, but not 'restored'
By rude, presumptuous hands, nor modernized
To suit convenience, seems a precious thing;
And I would thank its owner for the hours
That I have spent there: and I leave it now,
Hoping that his successors may preserve
Its roof with equal tenderness. It gave
Good shelter to their fathers many a year."

RICHARD KEENE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE propose in this article to mention the remaining original members of the Academy, with the exception of West, who will be treated of in a separate article, and of Zoffany and Hoare, who perhaps can hardly be called original members, as they were not nominated by George III. till the end of 1769.

FRANCESCO
BARTOLOZZI, R.A.,

born in 1727, was a native of Florence. His father was a goldsmith and worker in filigree, and as a boy he learnt to use the implements he found in his father's workshop, showing a precocious facility with the graver, which led to his father placing him under Hugford, an historical painter born in Flanders of English parents. For three years his education was that of a painter; he became an excellent draughtsman, both after nature and the antique, and he made original designs and executed them in colour. Although in later years the mass of work thrust upon him as an engraver interfered with his practice with the palette, he never quite relinquished it, and when he was elected one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy, it was on the score of his accomplishments as a painter and an original designer, quite as much as an en-

graver. At Hugford's he became intimate with Giovanni Battista Cipriani, a young man, or rather boy, of his own age. Their student days over, each went his own way, Bartolozzi to serve a six years' apprenticeship under Joseph Wagner,

an engraver settled in Venice, and Cipriani to study in Rome, where he met with Sir William Chambers, who brought him to England in 1755.

Bartolozzi rapidly acquired a great reputation as an engraver, and was, in 1764, induced to come to this country by Dalton, librarian to George III. Here he found his old fellow-student already established, and took lodgings with him in Warwick Street, Golden Square. He continued to reside in London and to practise his art assiduously until 1812, when he took his departure, after



Angel Heads. From an Engraving by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., after Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

a sojourn of thirty-eight years. The last years of his life, that is, until the year 1815, were spent in Lisbon. He was considered the greatest engraver of his time, and his reputation is only marred by the occasional production of hasty and inferior works, into which he was driven by his thriftless habits and his constant necessities; for though his industry was enormous, and he made a large income, he appears to have been a careless, jovial man, who did not hesitate to spend as

quickly as he earned. The reproductions of 'Angel Heads' and 'Pomona' are from proofs kindly lent by Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, author of "Bartolozzi and his Works."

GIOVANNI BATTISTA CIPRIANI, R.A.,

was also a native of Florence, and born in 1727. His pictures are little known, but his designs were widely spread by the graver of his friend and fellow-townsmen, and the diploma of the Royal Academy, of which we have previously given an example, ranks amongst the best specimens of their joint efforts. The designs for the gold and silver medals presented to the prize-winners in the Academy Schools were also by Cipriani; and on October 13th, 1769, the Council resolved to present him with a silver cup "as an acknowledgement for the assistance the Academy hath received from his great abilities in his profession." He continued to live in England, and died at Hammersmith in 1785. Fuseli has paid a very handsome tribute to his worth, both for his talents as an artist, the probity of his character, and the goodness of his heart.

C. AGOSTINO CARLINI, R.A.,

who succeeded Moser, in 1783, as Keeper of the Royal Academy, was a native of Genoa and a sculptor, who is said to have excelled in draperies, as Italian sculpture has done in its decay. The texture of silks, velvets, and laces are rendered with extraordinary skill by the carvers of Italy, who are, at the same time, entirely ignorant of the true functions of sculpture and the qualities in which its excellence resides. Carlini executed an equestrian statue of George III. and a statue of Dr. Ward. His death occurred in 1790.

FRANCIS COTES, R.A.,

was born in London in 1725 and was a pupil of George Knapp. His career as a portrait painter was a very successful one, from the point of view which considers the postal district to which a man has his letters addressed, and the sort of house he lives in, as conclusive of his merits. Cotes was able to build and, what is a greater achievement, to continue residing in, a house in Cavendish Square, subsequently occupied in turns by Romney and Sir Martin A. Shee, where, on July 20th, 1770, when still in the prime of life, that is in his forty-fifth year, and with a very extensive and lucrative practice, he

died. His death created the first vacancy in the ranks of the Academicians. It has been said that the works of Cotes bear a strong resemblance to those of Reynolds and Gainsborough; but this is a very dubious verdict, and the argument put forward to support the assertion is quite comically illogical, namely, that Peter Toms worked for all the three; which would go to prove, not that Cotes was like Reynolds and Gainsborough, but that all three of them were like Peter Toms. It may happen to any of us to notice on some summer morning in a garden, that the gravel walk, the marble pedestal, and the sculptured urn, are scored with the same glistening trail, which marks the midnight peregrinations of our enemy *Helix aspersa*, but does that make them like each other? Cotes was a pleasing and meritorious artist, especially as a

draughtsman in crayons. His pictures have a generic likeness to those of Reynolds and Gainsborough, but it goes no farther, and to attempt to raise him to the Olympian height, the cloud level, occupied by the two great fathers of English portraiture, is to turn on a light more searching than he can bear.

It has happened in our experience to find ourselves in some country house, whose walls are decorated with portraits of ancestors, and to have our attention called to some grand or great-grandmother, whose effigies look down upon us from a picture, solidly painted in a good style, somewhat clumsy perhaps in execution but with a certain massive dignity, and when we have been told that

it is by an unknown artist we have said to ourselves it is by Francis Cotes. So wags the world; we give the great name to things which have no claim to it, the lesser name we forget, and obscurer merit is defrauded of its meed.

GEORGE DANCE, R.A.,

Amongst the original members of the Royal Academy were two sons of George Dance, who was architect to the Corporation of London, and who designed the Mansion House and the churches of St. Botolph, Aldgate, St. Luke, and St. Leonard, Shoreditch.

George Dance, junior, the elder of the two brothers, was born in 1749. Following his father's profession, at the age of twenty-eight he succeeded him in the office of City surveyor, and it was no doubt his official position rather than anything



Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A. From a Drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

he could have achieved at that early age which caused his nomination in the same year into the ranks of the newly instituted Academy. He justified the choice, however, by works subsequently executed. Newgate Prison, probably the best of these, is a good example of expression in architecture; its grim portals look like the entrances to the realm of abandoned hope, and its massive walls, darkened by time and unpierced by openings, are like barriers which admit of no return. The Giltspur Street Compter, St. Luke's Hospital, the British Institution in Pall Mall, not a very successful performance, and the theatre at Bath were also designed by him; but his most ambitious effort, and also his greatest failure, was the façade of Guildhall, a building utterly devoid of civic dignity or of apparent appropriateness. But it is not in connection with architecture that we best love to recall the name of George Dance. Amongst the treasures of the Royal Academy Library, is a beautiful series of profile portraits by him. They were engraved by Wm. Daniell, and we shall, by the permission of the President and Council, often in the course of these articles avail ourselves of them for illustration; but no reproduction can convey any idea of the excellence of the originals, of their firm and graceful pencilling, or their life-like expression, which to a certain extent reminds one of Holbein.

In the early days of the Academy it was customary to fine those members who did not exhibit, and George Dance appears as a defaulter on more than one occasion. An entry in the council minutes of September 2nd, 1769, states:—"Mr. George Dance attended and paid the treasurer the penalty of five pounds, which he had incurred by having omitted to exhibit in the Royal Exhibition, 1769;" and on November 6th, 1772, there is another entry to the effect that "George Dance, Esq., and John Richards, Esq., attended and made such excuses for their having omitted to send performances to the last exhibition as was (*sic*) deemed sufficient by the council," while at the same meeting, Zucchi, the Associate, was fined £2 10s. for not having exhibited. But George Dance made himself useful in other ways than exhibiting, as he was appointed with William Tyler in 1795 to examine into the finances of the Academy, on the resignation by

Chambers of the treasurership, and very uncomplimentary to Chambers their report was. As a consequence of this report it was resolved to appoint auditors, and the first two chosen on December 10th, 1796, were the authors of the report. They were several times re-elected, and on February 2nd, 1799, the Council voted each of them a silver cup of the value of twenty-five guineas, "for the very great services they had rendered in investigating and settling the accounts of the Royal Academy up to the present year." Ten years later Dance was voted another silver cup of the value of £50, "for the ability and fidelity with which he long discharged the office of auditor." He was elected Professor of Architecture in 1798 and resigned in 1805, never apparently having delivered any lectures. He died in 1825 and is buried in St. Paul's.

NATHANIEL DANCE, R.A.,

third son of George Dance, senior, born in 1734, devoted himself to painting. He studied under Hayman, and after Thomas Gainsborough, was the most distinguished pupil of a man of whom it may be said, that if not witty himself he was the cause of wit in others. Dance afterwards studied in Italy, and on his return acquired considerable celebrity both as a painter of portraits and history. History in those days was the term used to designate a form of Art which had no particular foundation in nature, or in impressions which nature produced on people's imaginations; it was the result of attentive



G. B. Cipriani, R.A. From a Drawing by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

study of the works of Guercino and the Caracci, of Luca Giordano and Carlo Maratti.

Nathaniel Dance painted excellent portraits and might have gone on triumphantly in the more difficult pursuit of history, had not his career been cut short by circumstances over which he only had a partial control. Nature had gifted him with a handsome person and a fine leg; qualities which attracted the observant and appreciative eye of a certain Mrs. Dummer, who came from Yorkshire. Mrs. Dummer was no doubt a very charming woman, and Dance probably thought it was no disparagement to her that she possessed an independent income of £18,000 a year, so he married her. On the 1st November, 1790, he resigned his seat at the Royal Academy, forsaking the practice both of portrait and

history painting, assumed the name of Holland in addition to that of Dance, was elected a member of Parliament, and was presented with a baronetcy by his grateful country in 1800. He died at Winchester in 1811. He is said occasionally to have painted landscapes, in the intervals of the more serious duty of governing the country, but we can call to mind no example which has left any definite impression.

MARY MOSER, R.A., & ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, R.A.

If in the race for wealth and honours selfish men have in

former times kept the monopoly to themselves, it is the case no longer; in many directions we may say, "les carrières sont libres." In Art they have always been so; but it happens that the only two ladies ever elected into the ranks of the Royal Academy were at its outset. Their names are on the first roll call—Mary Moser, afterwards Mrs. Lloyd, daughter of the first keeper of the Academy, a name utterly unknown to fame, except as a flower painter; and Angelica Kauffmann, or correctly Marie Anne Angelique Kauffmann, a far more interesting personality, whose history is full of graceful



Pomona. From an Engraving by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., after G. B. Cipriani, R.A.

suggestiveness, and contains a touch of deep pathos, which has been made the groundwork of a romance.

We will, before relating the incidents of her life, and for fear of creating an anti-climax of interest, proceed to investigate her claims as an artist. It must be remembered that she acquired her Art in Italy, in an age of utter artistic decrepitude, when the national genius had sunk to the lowest depths, when the energy and enthusiasm which had once animated the painter had been replaced by a mindless formalism—a blind worship of old examples. Angelica, from her

earliest student days, had been taught by every one around her, that there was but one path in Art—that reverently to follow the footsteps of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Correggio, though even at an immense distance, was the noblest career left to the painter; nothing else was possible to any one who had self-respect; and she acted on the teaching. She was a woman, and therefore—our readers will pardon such a hazardous generalization—an optimist; she believed in the possibility of regenerating Art, and womanlike, she also would be satisfied with nothing but the highest motives

and the loftiest aims; there was to be no truckling to expediency, no half-hearted compromises with indifference and a public taste which had gone to the bad. High Art, Art of the highest, or nothing, was her motto. And with all that, she failed in the manner she had selected. Meagreness is no quality of any great Art, least of all of the Art of the Italian Renaissance; that was ample, voluminous, large in its forms, unstinted in its curvature, presenting huge bosses of form against vast vistas of receding space; whereas the poor, stunted, half-starved lines of Angelica, almost as flat as the backgrounds which she fondly hoped they relieved from, her evident artificiality of attitude and costume, suggest, alas for her reputation, no inspiration but pedantry, and no love but at second hand, a love not of the subject but of the idea of the subject. Her colouring, moreover, had a certain rufousness and tendency to vinous tones which is often very unpleasant. This may seem a harsh verdict, but of what use is fame, and how is a man bettered by it when he is dead? In the dim regions hidden from the sight of mortals and impervious to their fancy, where the freed spirits are roaming, it may suffice to them, and perhaps give them greater satisfaction to know that we reverence their memories and bow in silent admiration of their virtues; and to gentle Angelica, the "Miss Angel" of Reynolds' note-books, it is greater glory to have kept a place in history, and to be mentioned with tenderness and respect, although no one now cares for her pictures.

At the date of the foundation of the Royal Academy and of her nomination by the King to the rank of R.A., Angelica was living in London with her father Jean Joseph Kauffmann, a Swiss portrait painter; she was only six-and-twenty, and is described as very beautiful. She was born at Coire, in the Grisons, in 1742, and had landed in this country three years previously in the company of Lady Wentworth, with a sort of aureole or nimbus of glory about her, which she derived from a very laudatory notice by Abbé Winckelmann, who, with Mengs, Algarotti and Roger des Piles, were the shining lights of criticism in that benighted age. We may judge how great must have been its darkness by the darkness of its lights.

Lady Wentworth's fair young protégée became the rage; her beauty, her accomplishments, the charm of her manner, her sweet voice and her musical talents, delighted every one. Society was at her feet, and commissions poured in upon her. Reynolds and Fuseli are said to have been rivals for her heart. It was decreed, however, that neither of them was to marry her, that her affections, her trustfulness, her desire for sympathy, all that was womanly in her nature, were to be cruelly imposed and trampled upon,

that she was to be duped into the semblance of a marriage with a rascally adventurer of low degree, who had deserted a wife still living in Germany, and who was crippled, and could have had no possible motive for marrying her but cupidity. This fellow's name is supposed to have been Brandt, but he had assumed so many aliases the fact was difficult to establish. When he crossed the path of hapless Angelica Kauffmann, he had some money in his pocket, was dressed in fine clothes, and passed himself off as Count Frederic de Horn, of noble Swedish family. Such a person really existed, and it is said that Brandt had once served him as *valet de chambre*. Brandt was a fine-looking man, and had somehow picked up a certain polish of manner, with a swaggering air, which imposed upon the simple, unsuspecting Angelica, who conceived a passion for him, and was finally persuaded into a secret marriage with him. He soon, however, began to extort money from her; her suspicions were aroused, and her father, in whose house she had remained, heard of it. Enquiries were

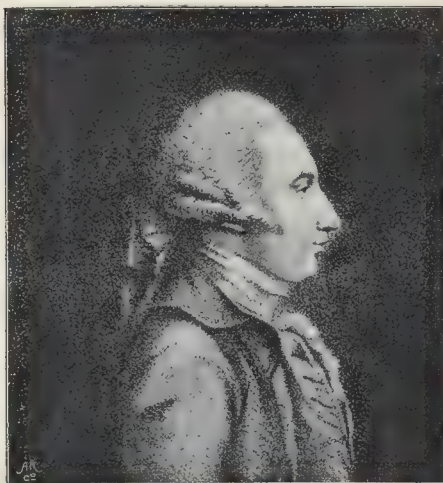
made, and as there appeared to have been informalities about the marriage, her friends set to work to get it dissolved. It was ascertained that Brandt had a wife living, and the marriage became null; Angelica, out of pure generosity, paying the rascal a sum of money to be off and show himself no more.

For some years a cloud hung over Angelica, but she outlived it, and was quite restored to public favour. After seventeen years spent in England, she married, in 1781, a Venetian painter, Antonio Zucchi, one of the first elected Associates of the Academy, and in the same year removed to Rome, where she continued to practise her Art most industriously.

There is, in the Library of the Royal Academy, a MS.

by Angelica, which describes the pictures executed by her in Italy. It is a wonderful monument of industry, and she must also have possessed great facility. Patronage never ceased; she painted for kings, princes, and cardinals, and quite realised the conception of a great artist's life. She died in Rome, on November 5th, 1805, and was buried in the Church of St. Andrea delle Frati, with great pomp.

In a letter to Joseph Bonomi, from a correspondent of his at Rome, Dr. M. A. Borsi, which letter Bonomi sent on to West, to be read at a General Assembly of Academicians, a full account is given of her death and funeral. The ceremony was conducted by Canova, the church being "decorated as is customary for nobles." "The corpse was accompanied to the church by two very numerous brotherhoods, fifty capuchins and fifty priests. The bier was carried by some of the brotherhood, but the four corners of the pall by four young ladies, properly dressed for the occasion; the four tassels were held by the first four gentlemen of the Academy (St. Luke); these were followed by the rest of the Academicians and Virtuosi,



Francis Cotes, R.A. From a Drawing by P. Falconet.

who carried in triumph two of her pictures." The deceased artist is spoken of in this letter as "the great woman, the always illustrious, holy, and most pious Madame Angelica Kauffmann."

JOHN RICHARDS, R.A.,

who was elected Secretary on December 10th, 1788, in succession to Newton, and held the office for twenty-two years, till his death in 1810, was a scene painter, and for many years was employed at Covent Garden Theatre. He also painted landscapes in oil, representing old baronial halls and ruins of abbeys, etc., for which there was a great demand in his day.

DOMINIC SERRES, R.A.,

born in 1722, was a native of Gascony. Like another celebrated painter of marine subjects, Clarkson Stanfield, he acquired his knowledge and his predilection for the subject by serving before the mast. He came, or rather he was brought, to this country in 1752 with the crew of a Spanish vessel captured by a British frigate. When released from confinement in the Marshalsea, he applied himself to marine-painting under the tuition of a certain Mr. Brooking, eminent in that line. He won a name for himself, and in 1772 was appointed marine-painter to the King. In 1792 he succeeded Wilson as Librarian, but died in the following year, and was buried in Marylebone churchyard.

Being a sailor he had naturally a competent knowledge of shipping and craft of all descriptions, and some of his drawings in pen and ink heightened with washes, which are preserved in the print-room of the British Museum, are executed with spirit and show great knowledge of effect. In his oil-paintings he followed the traditions of Van de Velde, who had effectually set the type in that department, but with less precision and with none of the Dutchman's exquisite mastery over his materials. The pictures of Dominic Serres are pleasing in colour but rather thin, and wanting in depth and atmosphere.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.,

a name well known to lovers of British Art, was born in 1714. His father was a clergyman in Montgomeryshire and came of a good family. The elder brother of the painter possessed a small estate at Colomondie, near Llanberis, which he was

1890.

obliging enough to vacate and to bequeath to Richard Wilson just in the nick of time, when the latter was in sore straits and dependent only upon his salary as librarian for his sustenance. Art truly is a lottery, some there are who draw great prizes; genius of a high order usually commands success, but mediocrity cunningly directed may achieve it also, and on the other hand genius of a conspicuous kind may fail. Merit has been known to starve while folly carouses. We know the stock virtues—industry, perseverance, enthusiasm, and a certain tinge of self-consciousness; these, with some genius, are supposed to constitute the model type of the successful man; but experience teaches us that we have to reckon with other faculties not so easily defined, with a certain impalpable tone, for instance, which pervades a man, with the quality of his

utterances, whether they be well-timed or the reverse, with everything in fact which proceeds from him, with the whole atmosphere of influences which surrounds him. Great men have languished in neglect, as for example Ruysdael, the greatest of Dutch landscape painters, Constable, Müller, and even Turner, as regards his greatest works. All these had to bear the "quips and scorns, which patient merit of the unworthy takes," and Richard Wilson falls into the same unhappy category. To assign him his proper place amongst British landscape painters is a somewhat hazardous venture. He was under Italian influence, as old Crome was under Dutch, and as Gainsborough was under Flemish. If we compare these three typical early landscape painters of the school by the standard of nature we must begin by putting Gainsborough

out of court. He was greater than either of them, but the qualities of his landscapes were purely technical; there is no single excellence which we can point to by which he advanced the art in the sense of bringing it nearer to nature; his skies, mountains, trees, and meadows were merely plausible prettexts for the display of his own emotions; his landscape was in a high degree subjective. Whereas Wilson and Crome, though conventional in their forms and the treatment of foreground, were based upon nature, or, at least, on one fact of nature; everything they represented is seen through the medium of atmosphere, an atmosphere which is perhaps too uniformly hazy and palpable, a little difficult to breathe, but which is a nearer approach to objective truth than anything in Gainsborough.

G G



Angelica Kauffmann, R.A. From an Engraving of a Painting by herself.

Wilson spent six years of his life in Italy, studying chiefly in the district about Rome. Ruskin considers that "its amorphous structure of tufa and volcanic débris covered with a diseased and overgrown flora," was fatal to him; by such scenery, he says, "whose spirit I conceive to be especially opposed to the natural tone of the English mind, his originality was entirely overpowered." This may or may not be. In Wilson's day the natural tone of the English mind had not yet asserted itself, it had not yet found its first exponent in Turner. Wilson brought back from Italy a taste for what Fuseli somewhere calls the "serenity" of Claude, and also an affectation of classicism, which led him to introduce figures in very incongruous positions, as the Apollo in the midst of naturalistic clouds in the 'Niobe.' This was pointed out by Reynolds in his fourteenth discourse, and the impeachment must be acknowledged to hold good. But he was a fine landscape painter for all that, and in the presence of the hard and stern realism of the present day it is permissible to regret the



Richard Wilson, R.A.

absence of the poetical atmosphere which suffuses the landscapes of Richard Wilson.

His life was altogether unhappy; when he returned from Italy he took a house on the north side of Covent Garden, then a fashionable quarter, but he changed his abode often, and each change indicates a stage on a descending scale of prosperity. His character lacked some of the elements of success, not on the side of genius but on that of other less conspicuous

but equally necessary qualities; he was morose and irritable and would not speak men fair, and that may have had something to do with it. Whatever it may have been, he was sometimes unable to buy canvas and colours, and his end would no doubt have been miserable but for the wind-fall we have alluded to, the death of his brother and his succession to the estate of Colomondie, whither he retired as to a haven of rest after the storms of life, and where he died peacefully in 1782 in his sixty-ninth year.

JOSEPH WILTON, R.A.,

who succeeded Carlini in the Keepership, appears to have undertaken the duties of the office as an occupation in his old age, when the practice of sculpture had become too arduous. Born in 1722, he received his first artistic education at Paris. Returning to England he became in 1758 joint manager with Cipriani of the Duke of Richmond's gallery, in Spring Gardens, and it was not till some years after that he finally adopted the profession of a sculptor. He executed many public monuments, of which that to General Wolfe in Westminster Abbey is a good example, and amassed a considerable fortune. His house was for years a rendezvous for distinguished men of all ranks and callings, and he seems to have been much beloved and esteemed. An

obituary notice of him says, "he was a very respectable man, and if not a leading genius in the Arts he possessed considerable knowledge of them, and had a very correct taste." He held the office of Keeper till his death in 1803, aged eighty-one.

Of the remaining foundation members of the Royal Academy little need be recorded but the names.

JOHN BAKER, R.A., born 1736, painted coach panels, and subsequently flower pieces. He died in 1771.

GEORGE BARRET, R.A., born at Dublin in 1732, excelled in landscape, and painted many water colours. He died in 1784.

CHARLES CATTON, R.A., born at Norwich in 1738, was a coach-panel painter; but his exhibited works were chiefly landscapes. He died in 1798.

MASON CHAMBERLIN, R.A., painted portraits, and among them that of Dr. William Hunter, which is in the Diploma Gallery, and which was reproduced in our last article. He died in 1787.

JOHN GWYNN, R.A., was an architect, and the author of a work entitled "London and Westminster Improved." He died in 1786.

NATHANIEL HONE, R.A., born at Dublin about 1730, painted portraits; his name has already been mentioned in connection with a terrible fracas which occurred between him and Angelica Kaufmann. He died in 1784.

JEREMIAH MEYER, R.A., born in Tubingen, in 1739, was an eminent miniature painter. It was on his proposition that the Pension Fund of the Academy was first established in 1775. He died in 1789.

PETER TOMS, R.A., is somewhat unknown to fame; he had merit enough to be elected one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and we also read of him, that in the course of his chequered career he was appointed Portcullis Pursuivant in the Heralds' College, a title which is suggestive of the downward tendency he exhibited through life. His work is chiefly known to us by what he did for Reynolds and others. If in a full-length by Sir Joshua you detect a passage hardly painted with a rigid, unelastic brush, that is Peter Toms; by that sign you know him. After the death of Cotes, the last of his employers, poor Toms took to drinking, and put an end to himself in 1776.

WILLIAM TYLER, R.A., though nominated as an architect, was usually represented at the exhibitions by busts and low reliefs. He appears to have been the chief actor in the revolt against Reynolds, which ended in the latter's temporary resignation as already described, and his manners evidently in the President's opinion left much to be desired. He appears, however, to have had a good head for figures, as he was appointed, with George Dance, in 1795, to examine into the accounts on the resignation of the Treasurership by Chambers and was subsequently nominated a Trustee, and in 1796 elected an Auditor, both of which offices were the outcome of his and Dance's report. He died in 1801.

RICHARD YEO, R.A., was chief engraver to his Majesty's Mint; his principal exhibited works were medallions. He died in 1774.

FRANCESCO ZUCCARELLI, R.A., born near Florence in 1702, was a painter chiefly of landscapes, in which he introduced small figures with considerable taste. He came to England in 1752 but returned to Italy in 1773, and died there in 1789.

THE LYONS MUSEUM.

THE question of the relation of art to modern life offers no problem requiring more delicate and intelligent treatment than that of the promotion and management of Provincial Museums. It may be taken for granted that the initial difficulty is overcome—their necessity is admitted on all hands. But it is, perhaps, not so generally recognised that the provincial museum has two functions to fulfil, the one recreative and the other instructive. Yet, if these ends are not clearly understood and acted upon, the museum which ignores them will inevitably be doomed to failure.

Regarded from the point of view of a teaching institution, the artistic industry or industries of the locality will naturally suggest the arts which should find the fullest and most complete presentation. The aim here will be to collect examples of this special art of all periods and of all countries, and these should be arranged in historical sequence. The workman and designer will thus be able to study those masterpieces which will serve at once as models and incentives to excellence; and in tracing the signs and indications

denoting periods of decay or renaissance in the art, the critical faculty of the student will be awakened. Then, although the manufacturing industry of the city may be directed to one particular form of production, there will always be a public outside the industry itself for whom the museum will be a source of rational enjoyment. Indeed, it may even become a valuable aid to general culture, if judiciously ordered and arranged.

There must, of course, be no attempt to rival the Metropolitan museums in the universality of their exposition. No pains or expense should be spared to enrich the particular department bearing on the local industry, while the other sections need only be represented by some few well-chosen examples. In cases where the original objects are difficult of attainment, the series can be enlarged by reproductions, or casts from choice

pieces in other museums. There remains the gallery of painting and sculpture, which, doubtless, every provincial museum would be ambitious of possessing, but respecting which no rules can be laid down. Where local patriotism is strong and intelligent, the first consideration will be to obtain an adequate representation of the local school of painting, and a gallery formed on these lines would certainly be the most interesting. In the majority of cases, however, the character of the collection will depend on accidental circumstances, as, for example, the munificence of private individuals; and here the chief danger arises from the indiscriminate acceptance of gifts and



Fig. 1.—The Angel of the Annunciation.



Fig. 2.—The Virgin Mary.

bequests. After all, if the museum of Industrial Art is maintained at a high standard, any little eccentricities of selection may be pardoned in the Fine Art department, since the working students will devote their attention to the former division of the museum.

It cannot be asserted that the managing committees of all provincial museums have hitherto set themselves the task of

realising an ideal such as that briefly indicated above. In some quarters the attempt is certainly made, and nowhere with more success than at Lyons. That the seat of the chief artistic industry of France should possess a museum satisfying the scientific demands of to-day, is only what might be expected by those acquainted with the past history of the city, and cognisant of the energy, the public spirit and the cultivated taste of the heads of the great Lyons houses of business. Four centuries ago, Lyons was famous for her silk brocades, and she still maintains the foremost place in the market of the world. But her reputation extended to other departments besides the products of her looms; among the arts flourishing at the time of the French Renaissance none displays greater purity of design or more delicate manipulation than the ornamentation in the Lyons wood-carving. Carrying our glance still farther back, we find that in Roman times, Lyons was the centre of a civilisation in which the arts had attained a very high degree of excellence. And doubtless these artistic traditions have had a considerable influence on her later industries; still, they would not have been maintained at their present elevation had not her leading citizens kept up a genuine and intelligent interest in Art. They are great collectors, and they show a rare discrimination in acquiring those examples which display the distinctive qualities of the respective arts in their full perfection. Having practical experience that only by familiarity with the best Art can the perceptive faculty be trained and quickened, they have sought to place this advantage within reach of the artist and the weaver who reproduces his design at the loom. Hence the high character of the Lyons museums. It should also be added that liberal, and even lavish as is the expenditure on acquisitions, the museums are supported entirely by the city; the Lyons Municipality very wisely neither asks not desires grants from the Government. And further, that most baleful practice, the loan of objects from the Metro-

politan museums—an act which strikes at the root of all serious study of Art—is never demanded.

Lyons possesses two museums; one, relating to the staple industry of the city, contains only examples of silk fabrics and the mechanical appliances used in the manufacture. The aim here is to present an historical picture of the art from the earliest times to the present day, and in this respect it is perhaps the richest and most comprehensive collection that has ever been brought together. As, however, we propose devoting a separate article to this museum, we shall pass it

by on the present occasion. The second museum—*Les Musées de la ville de Lyon*—comprises the galleries of painting and sculpture, the epigraphical and numismatical collections, and those of the industrial arts. These are contained in a large edifice forming one side of the Place des Terreaux. The building itself was formerly the Abbaye des Dames Bénédictines de Saint-Pierre, one of the most ancient religious foundations of Lyons, dating, indeed, from the end of the fifth century. Little of the ancient structure remains, the present one being built in the latter half of the seventeenth century from the designs of François de Royers de la Valfenière. It is in the taste of the period, the façade having a certain stolid dignity, which, without being absolutely repelling, is decidedly not exhilarating. However, the



Fig. 3.—Cabinet in Carved Walnut-wood. Sixteenth Century.

abbey included a number of spacious apartments capable of being turned to account for exhibition purposes, although now many of them are inconveniently crowded. From a sentimental point of view, there is doubtless much to be said in favour of housing collections of ancient Art in a venerable historical building: the sense of harmonious association is satisfied, the casket is a stately receptacle for the jewels; still, when it is remembered that the primary purpose of an industrial museum is to place the objects within reach of the student, so that he may grasp all their refinements of technical execution, it is

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essential they should stand in free and unobstructed illumination.

The pictures are numerous, and many of them of high rank; one alone—Pietro Perugino's 'Ascension of Our Lord,' painted at his best period, and of imposing dimensions—is sufficient to confer renown on any gallery. Not the least interesting portion of the collection is the series of examples of the Lyonesse painters.

Sculpture in the Lyons Museum occupies a less imposing position than painting. There are a few interesting examples of antique Art, others of the Italian Renaissance, and some modern works, the latter of a kind not calculated to evoke enthusiasm. Two figures in the Italian series claim special attention for their beauty of conception, and also as examples of an art of which there remains but little; these are the statues in wood of the Virgin and the Angel of the Annunciation (see illustration); the faces, hands, and drapery being painted. They were formerly in the church of St. Catarina, at Pisa, the style indicating the early fourteenth century sculpture of the school of Giovanni of Pisa. South Kensington Museum possesses a sample of somewhat analogous work in the statue

of the Angel Gabriel, also in wood, and probably from a group of the Annunciation. The limit of a single article forbids more than a general statement of the character of the painting and sculpture in the Museum, and even this must be omitted in the case of other really important collections, as the epigraphical, mosaics, coins, etc., since it is to the departments of Industrial Art that attention is invited on the present occasion.

1890.

The general idea of this portion of the Museum is to give a comprehensive view of the various arts, so that all are represented in what may be termed typical examples. Sometimes they even reach the rank of masterpieces that would take a high position in any of the great metropolitan museums; still, the evident intention is not so much to acquire sensa-

tional pieces as to show sterling representative work. Thus in the room of glazed pottery, the student finds groups of most of the important wares that enable him to obtain a clear understanding of their principal characteristics. For instance, a careful examination of the case of Spanish-Moorish dishes and vases would give him the clue to the prevailing method of ornamentation in the various periods, ranging from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries. He may trace the change in the quality of the lustre, from the purity of the opalescent tints of the earlier to the coppery hues of the latest period; and although he will not find examples of the Art of the Alhambra or Palermo vases, a description or engraving of these will enable him to form a just idea of the originals, since he will have been made familiar with objects, if not precisely of the same date, yet of an art not far removed

from them. Or, to put the case from another point of view, if any one living at Lyons and having a taste for this special department of ceramic art, avails himself of the opportunities within his reach, he would find himself perfectly at home in the presence of, say, such a collection as that at South Kensington. His previous studies will have enabled him thoroughly to appreciate and comprehend the rarer and more



Fig. 4.—Street Door in Carved Walnut-wood. Sixteenth Century.

H H

varied manifestations of the ware to which he would find himself introduced. Unfortunately, there are dozens of large towns in England where persons of similar tastes have absolutely no facilities for cultivating them; to such the riches of a metropolitan museum are a sort of bewildered wonder, rather than a gratification. Hispano-Moresque wares and Italian majolica find the most copious representation at Lyons; the brilliant colour and fanciful design of the Rhodian and Damascus pottery lend their passages of Southern sunshine to the collection, and the full splendour of Oriental ceramic art flashes forth from the resonant lustre of the thirteenth-century



Fig. 5.—Carved Wood Panel. Sixteenth Century.

Persian tiles, where the noble forms of the stately Arab characters, composing the Koranic inscriptions, stand forth on the delicately woven tracery of Persian ornamentation. There are specimens of the various French wares, not perhaps so complete in all the sections of the national Art as might be expected. The same may be said of the porcelain and faience of China, which, from the perfection of its technical methods, the rare qualities of colour attained by the Chinese artists, and the archaeological importance of the pieces associated with ritual and ceremonial observance, must always claim for Chinese pottery a unique position in a collection which professes to be representative. Altogether, in its pre-

sent state, it is very pleasant to visit a ceramic gallery formed and arranged with such a thorough understanding of its requirements.

Where there is such an evident intention to promote the interest of culture, we may venture to suggest an addition to a ceramic gallery which would be serviceable to students; namely, the exhibition of fifty or sixty water-colour representations of the principal pieces in European collections. They might be shown by the means of one of the South Kensington circular stands, placed in the middle of the gallery.

The rooms set apart for wood-carving naturally form one of the special attractions of the museum, because nowhere did the art display greater excellence than at Lyons during the sixteenth century. The specimens here collected are redolent of all that combine to form the charm of the Art of the French Renaissance. They possess that rare refinement of execution and beauty of design arising from the study of antique Art. The influence of the Italian Renaissance is, of course, perceptible, but in its application to wood-carving there is a juster appreciation of the capabilities of the material than the average of that produced in Tuscany or North Italy. Where the pieces are intact, they have all the qualities we demand in a masterpiece of architecture; pure ornamentation, accomplished sculpture, and that sense of proportion which is the rarest of all acquirements. Nowhere is the due subordination of individual parts more strictly enforced. The choicer passages of decoration—usually containing motives derived from classical mythology—are sparingly applied; but this restraint serves only to enhance their effect. Those whose knowledge of French Art is derived from visits to the Salon of recent years, and are familiar with the startling effects, the “impressions” and “actualities” of that exhibition, may hesitate to admit that the centenary of the Revolution marked an advance in all directions. They may even be inclined to assert that the sixteenth-century Renaissance, with its consummately skilful manipulation, its flavour of antique learning, and its exquisite reserve, more faithfully mirror true French Art. In religiously preserving these treasures of the past, the Lyons Museum is performing a patriotic act, since their influence will serve to hasten the new Renaissance which may dawn in the next century. The principal objects in wood-carving are articles of household furniture, street doors, and internal and external architectural decoration, besides a number of separate panels. Our illustrations comprise a cabinet (Fig. 3), the centre of its door-panels bearing figures of Jupiter, Juno, Mercury, and Venus; and a street door (Fig. 4), the single figure-subject here being a fight of marine monsters; this door belonged to the house No. 20, Rue Neuve; also a separate panel (Fig. 5), of more florid ornamentation.

Another distinctly French Art is that of enamels, as produced at Limoges. The series commences with numerous examples of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth century *champlevé* enamels, all of high quality; to these succeed translucent enamels and some Italian specimens; and terminates with the works of the Limoges masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These latter are in great force, as may be seen from the illustration (Fig. 6) of one side of a large plate in grisaille, heightened with gold, and signed P. R. (Pierre Reymond), dating about 1570. The subjects are taken from the history of Moses, Exodus xviii. The reverse is ornamented with masks, cartouches, and arabesques of exceptionally fine design.

Following the enamels, as the visitor passes in review the contents of the museum, he will linger by the glass cases of jewellery, so pregnant with historical associations. The stately life of the Roman empire stands revealed in the series of ornaments which formed the *écrin* of a lady of the second century. From the profusion of necklaces, bracelets, rings, etc., of artistic design, and resplendent with sapphires and other precious stones, the owner was evidently a personage of distinction. The seat of the empire had been removed to Constantinople, where another lady adorned herself with the ear-rings in which the Christian emblem of the dove formed the chief motive of decoration. To those who care to question them, these little golden ornaments tell a tale of Byzantine Art as plainly and as vividly as the sculptured slabs or gleaming mosaics of St. Sophia itself. The fibula of the Merovingian epoch takes us to an age when Art had passed from decadence to sheer barbarism. Then come reliquaries, croziers, incense-burners, and other articles of ritual, curiously chased, inlaid with nielli and enamels, or flashing with gems. These recall the pomp and ceremony of gorgeous religious functions, when the Church had almost monopolised the services of Art.

From the ecclesiastical jewellery the transition is easy to illuminated pages of missals, psalters, and other devotional books. Here again we encounter another delightful phase of French Art, which could be tender and graceful in its representations of scenes of scriptural or saintly life, fertile in invention in its ornamentation, and sometimes displaying dramatic power of a high order, as in the wan and wasted form of the crucified Saviour between the weeping Mary and the sorrow-stricken St. John. Another branch of religious Art, of which the museum has many specimens, is found in the series of ivory plaques which have served for book covers, panels of caskets, or which form parts of triptychs. They range from the work of the Byzantine carvers of the eighth century to that of the French artists of

the fifteenth century. Both schools are well represented, though the interest of the former is archaeological rather than artistic; while the delicate art of the latter shows that refinement of execution in the slender, gracefully-draped figures which can only be produced by the hand of the accomplished artist.

The collection of arms and armour is not large, but it includes a finely decorated tilting suit of Milanese workmanship and some well-chosen swords, halberts, and daggers; the capital example, however, is a set of horse armour which takes a place among the masterpieces of the world in this department of Art. It is believed to have belonged to Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes, governor of Milan under Francis I., and is

assigned to Milanese artists of the period. The style can best be described by stating that it is analogous with that of the shield presented by Francis I. to Henry VIII., belonging to the treasures of Windsor Castle, and to the armour of Henry II. at the Louvre. In all these pieces the chief feature of the ornamentation is the representation of groups of fighting, struggling horsemen, probably suggested by Leonardo da Vinci's composition of the 'Battle of the Standard,' the type of



Fig. 6.—Plate painted in Enamel by Pierre Reymond. Sixteenth Century.

form being that of the robust, muscular athletes of Raphael's latest period. The attribution to Benvenuto Cellini in any instance is doubtful; if, however, he had a hand in them it was before he had fallen into the overcharged anatomical display of his Perseus. In vigorous design and mastery of chiseling the Lyons armour is on a par with its compeers at Paris and Windsor; unfortunately, only the traces of the gold damascening are perceptible.

Reverting to antiquity, there is one section, that of bronzes, which the connoisseur of that most masculine form of Art will regard with much satisfaction. He will find not a few isolated specimens, but a display so varied and comprehensive as to constitute a respectable department in itself. This partly results from extensive finds of antique bronzes in the locality

of the city; these are, of course, Roman, but the collection has been enriched by numerous acquisitions of Greek derivation or the Art which shows a direct Greek influence of the best period. The present drawback to the due appreciation of the bronzes is the crowded state of the cases. Were there sufficient space, the collection might be divided into works of fine and industrial Art, the latter comprising utensils, whose number and artistic quality recall those in the Naples Museum, though, of course, not pretending to rivalry with that unique display. Nevertheless, bronzes of the calibre of the portable brazier ornamented with masks, the hexagonal vase having its ornamentation of winged genii gathering grapes, and on the top surface the busts of six protecting divinities of the days of the week, the whole encrusted in silver, would rank high even at Naples. Our illustration (Fig. 7) is taken from a very subordinate article, the handle of a bronze bowl or cauldron, but it carries a wealth of design which elevates it to the rank of a work of Fine Art. The handle is stated to have been found in Sicily, but it is impossible to assert that it is a native production, possibly it came from Corinth or Athens.

The masterly chasing of the animal forms and conventional ornamentations indicate the Art of the best period; it is only to be regretted that the bowl also was not preserved, or at least such parts as have not absolutely perished from the oxidation of the copper. Of the actual Fine Art in bronze, the head of Juno bearing on the diadem the inscription, L · LITV · GIVS SEX · F ·

LAENA Q · COL · ANEN · (Lucius Litugius Laena, son of Sextus, of the tribe of Aniensis, quæstor of the colony) is the most celebrated specimen. It presumably belonged to a statue the size of life; only a master of one of the best schools could have modelled a head of such majestic beauty, its nobility of style amply justifies its reputation. Some other busts of the same or a little later period, a statue of Jupiter, with many smaller statues and statuettes, would make a splendid display, if instead of jostling one another as they do at present, they are appropriately placed on marble pedestals, and backed by panelling of vari-coloured marbles. This may savour of princely magnificence and lavish expenditure, but these decorative marbles are not really so very costly. They certainly afford the most sumptuous setting for works of Art, and it may be said the safest, remembering certain instances of museum decoration, where the scheme of colouration has utterly wrecked and destroyed the effect of the objects themselves. There is another reason why the decoration should be choice and handsome: it is true that the museum

is for all, but it is especially for those whose daily wage supplies their daily bread. Other classes may possess works of Art, or have access to collections, or they may see them when they travel for pleasure or on business. From these opportunities the factory hand is debarred. He should be made to feel that the museum is *his* collection. But he knows that the merchant and manufacturer do not keep their Art treasures in rooms destitute of furniture, and with the bare walls coloured with that repellent distemper, which strikes a chill to the very marrow. The artisan will be less inclined to be discontented with his lot, or to covet the earnings of others, if once a week or so he can associate with his fellows—his fellows of all classes—amidst surroundings equally choice and artistic, equally grateful to the eye and satisfying to the most refined taste as those commanded by the wealthiest magnate of the city.

Several sections of the museum illustrating other branches of Fine and Industrial Art still remain unnoticed, and some of these—as the case of antique glass and the series of Tanagra and Asia Minor terra-cottas—have very strong claims to the

attention of the student occupying himself with recent discoveries in antique Art. Enough, however, has been said to show that the standard of excellence aimed at is a high one, and that there has been neither lack of energy or liberality of expenditure on the part of the Committee of Administration in their endeavours to achieve success. Much also is due to the zeal and ability of



Fig. 7.—Handle of an Antique Bronze Greek Bowl.

the Conservators, M. Paul Dissard and M. J. B. Giraud, both distinguished archæologists, the former having the care of the departments of epigraphy, numismatics, and antiquity, the latter of those of mediæval and renaissance Art. Two important details of administration must not be omitted from our record:—a catalogue containing illustrations of many of the principal objects is on sale, and may be purchased for a franc, and the system of printed explanatory labels, after the manner of South Kensington Museum, has been adopted.

What interest the citizens of Lyons and their families take in works of Art, and how far they avail themselves of the opportunities here afforded for their study, can best be estimated by visiting the museum on a Sunday afternoon. It would perhaps, however, be only fair to warn the inquirer, that he must be prepared to make the round of the galleries at a slow pace, and not to object to frequent compulsory pauses. But freer circulation is possible on week days, and any one studying the question of provincial museums will find a visit to Lyons to be time well spent.

HENRY WALLIS.



No. 1. Mount Fuji.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN JAPAN.

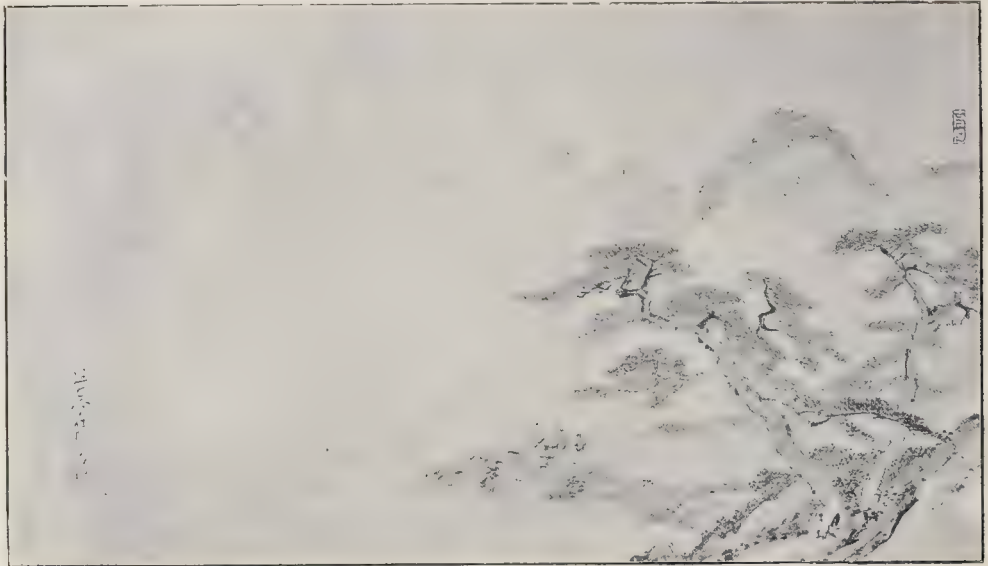
DE BEAUVOIR, in the last of the volumes descriptive of his voyage round the world, places only one country, Java, before Japan for the beauty of its scenery, and with the qualification that the Japanese landscape, although inferior in grandeur to that of the queen of the Eastern Archipelago, is a thousand times more pretty and fascinating. Perhaps he might have made a further concession had he left the beaten track in his travels through the land of the Rising Sun. It is true, however, that Japan offers nothing upon the same scale of magnitude as the Himalayas, nor has she the luxuriance of tropical vegetation to be seen in Java, or mighty waterfalls like those of Niagara, but in the variety and perfection of serene attractiveness, nature has endowed her more prodigally than any other part of the world; and her children have adorned her with magnificent temples and mausolea, picturesque villages, unconventional cities, great moated castles that take us back to mediæval Europe, endless avenues of majestic cryptomerias, veritable fairylands of plum and cherry blossom, and a thousand other tributes that prove her people to be both proud and worthy of their fatherland. If good Americans go to Paris when they die, the righteous among landscape painters should find his eternal reward in Japan.

It is impossible that a race with so keen an eye for the charm of line and colour should fail to reproduce with the brush at least a portion of the beauty that surrounds them, but it is strange how much they have left unattempted. That they see and appreciate all that renders their country an earthly paradise in our eyes may be demonstrated in a multitude of ways, but unfortunately it is but partially manifested in their art, and the reason for this defect is not altogether obvious. We have been told that the Japanese painter draws the human

figure ill because the Buddhist creed teaches him that the body of man is foul and contemptible, and we might be led to apply a similar explanation to other disabilities of representation, but the theory is altogether a figment of the Western mind. Buddhism, pessimistic as it is in relation to worldly concerns, does not regard the human frame as more unworthy than that of a monkey, a sparrow, or a fish, and yet the Oriental artist delineates all of these to perfection. Nor has the faith, since the days of Sâkyamuni, hindered its votaries from tricking out their "loathsome" forms in the most gorgeous raiment, and spending as many hours over their toilet as the most self-respecting of Christians. It is not in the religion of the temples, Buddhist or Shintô, that we are to look for the cause, but in the more than religious veneration that the Japanese cherishes for his artistic traditions. The painter caricatures the figure of his fellow man and woman for the same reason that he misrepresents the limbs of a horse, and suppresses the sunlight in his landscape, because the great masters who created his art did not perfect their principles, and his exalted respect for their undoubted though somewhat contracted genius has led him to accept their faults and merits alike as articles of faith. Just as there are some beliefs that persuade their devotees to forego as snares of the evil one the enjoyment of nearly all that is beautiful and desirable, so do the unwritten laws of the Sinico-Japanese painter taboo for him one-half of the charms of nature. He may draw a crane as it is, to the very barbs of its feathers, but he may not set a natural cloud in his sky; he may paint a black garment in the most uncompromising inkiness, but he must not admit that the most opaque object can cast a shadow. He is permitted to show the reflection of the moon

upon the waters of the lake, but not the image of a tree or mountain. He may own to perspective in his distances, but must

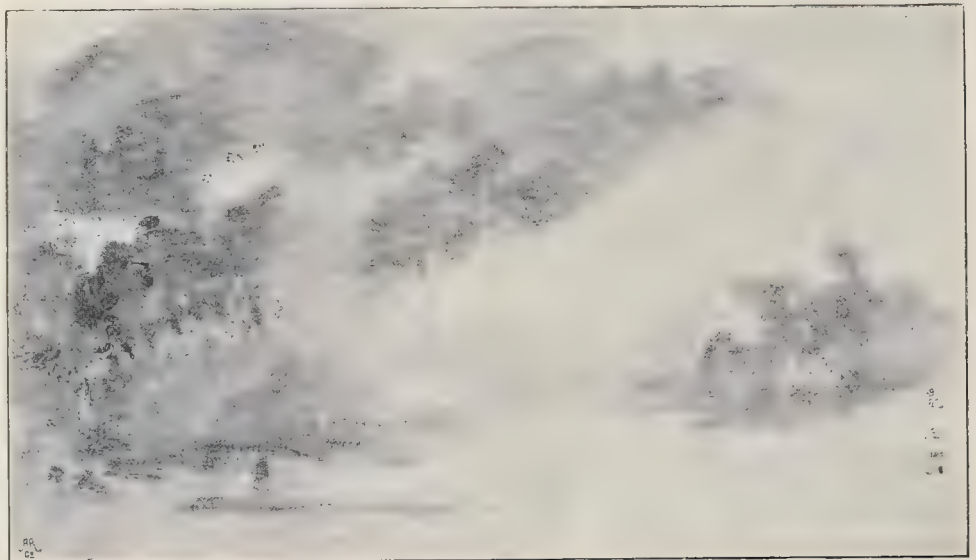
forswear it in the foreground, and so in a score of ways is he driven into inconsistencies that war against both Art and reason.



No. 2.—*Moonlight Effect.* By Hara Zaishō.

When we inquire how far his ability to do full justice to his subject is restricted by his Art canons, and examine the work

he effects under the conditions, we find reason to wonder, not at his failure, but at his success. Let us try to imagine a



No. 3.—*A Rainfall Effect.* By Riōkō.

Constable or a Turner in similar plight. But the Japanese landscape painter, in spite of all his self-imposed limitations,

has given us pictures upon which the most critical eye may rest with pleasure, if not with entire approval, and this he

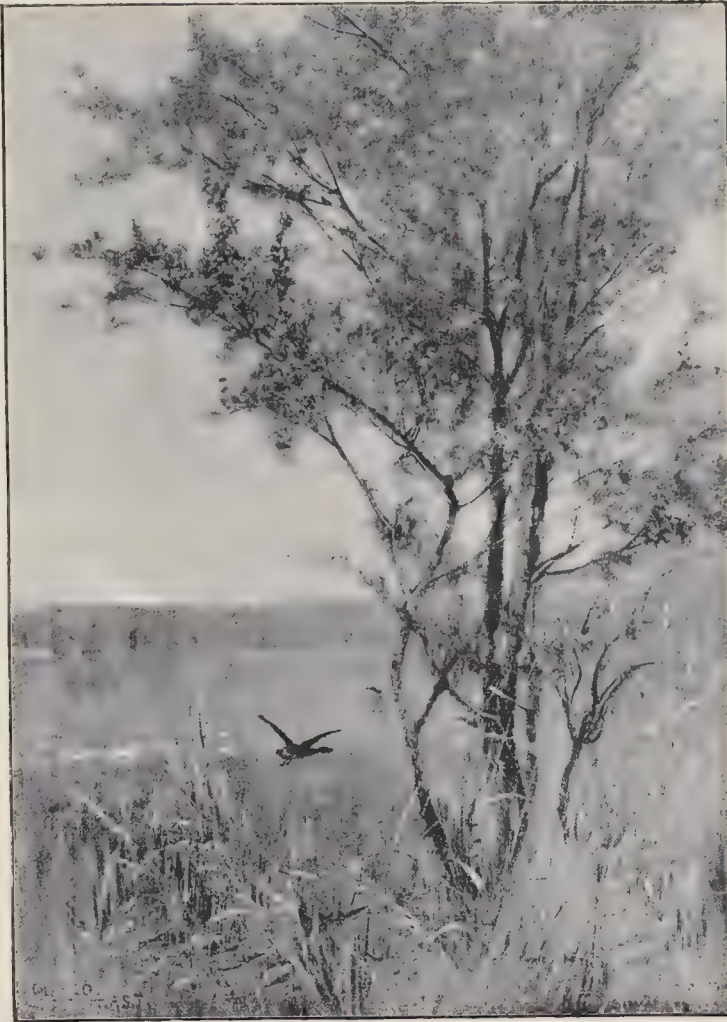
does partly by force of genius, partly by evasion. His most happy performances are sketchy reminiscences either in simple black and white or lightly washed with colour, with such a distribution of lighter and darker tones as may offer a deceptive suggestion of light and shadow. His power of seizing in outline the most striking features of the scene, and of indicating the general characters of surface and vegetation; his technical skill in conveying effects of distance by a kind of aerial perspective; and above all his calligraphic touch, strong and confident even in error, and his wonderful instinct in colour harmonies, almost compensate for his faults of omission and commission. But when he goes a step farther and elaborates his sketch into a finished picture, the illusion disappears and the work becomes a purely decorative exercise that can no longer be considered seriously from the naturalistic point of view. Such are most of the large Chinese landscapes of the middle and later Kano school, admirably fitted as they are in their artistically

gorgeous play of green, vermilion and gold, for the embellishment of a screen or panel, but they do not even pretend to represent transcripts from nature.

The reproductions accompanying this article exemplify, so far as may be shown in plain black and white, the chief peculiarities of treatment of landscape by artists of the truly Japanese or Sinico-Japanese academies. The modern art of the popular school need not be considered here, as its cha-

racteristics, in so far as they differ from those of the orthodox practice, are of European origin. No. 1, a view of Mount Fuji, is in the style of the Chinese school, and illustrates one of the methods most in favour. It is sketched in ink with a free brush, and consists of a few suggestive strokes which are made to convey a strong impression of atmosphere and distance, but the sky is blank, all the natural effects of light

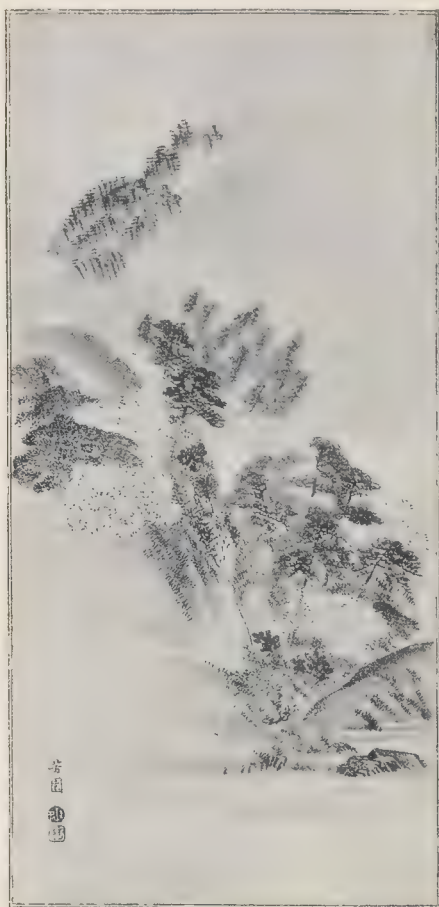
and shade are ignored, and although the landscape is suffused with light, it is impossible to divine the source of illumination. The addition in any part of the sky of a lunar symbol in the shape of a pale circle thrown into relief by an areola of shadow would, without further change, convert the day picture into a nocturne. Did the artist, on the other hand, wish to emphasise the fact that he is representing a day scene, he would introduce a vermilion sun, which however, like the moon, incurs no responsibilities as a distributor of light. No. 2 represents a moonlight view. The light differs little in quantity and quality from that in the last



No. 4.—*The Lake of Biwa.* By Alfred East, R.I.

sketch, but yet there is something in the character of the still hazy atmosphere suggesting that the calm of the moonlight night has been chosen by the little foreground group of Chinese sages for their symposium. The landscape, unlike that depicted in No. 1, is purely ideal, but its details have probably been suggested by earlier works of the Chinese school. In Nos. 3 and 8 we have two good examples of the manner in which the painter endeavours to express

effects of rain; but the process has failed to reproduce the delicate strokes by which the artist has indicated the fall of



No. 5.—*Spring Landscape.* By Hôyen.

the shower. The strongly impressionistic result is very striking, and there is little except the absence of reflections in the pools of water on the ground to show the existence of any unreasonable theories of Art. The snow scene in No. 6, reproduced from a volume of chromoxylographs recently published in Tokio, again is a story well and truly told; but the most attractive and familiar guise of the frosty landscape in Japan, when the evergreens and flowering camellias and plums peep through their glittering burden of rime or snow, to welcome the cheery rays of the sun and transform frigid winter into a bright promise of spring, has yet to be recorded.

These are only a few out of a great variety of possible illustrations, but they may suffice to represent the main facts. The ability they reveal to tell a portion of the truth with genuine artistic feeling and the determination to suppress the rest, perhaps date from the introduction of Chinese and Korean Art into Japan in the early years of our era, but they

were stereotyped by the Chinese renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Shiubun, Sesshiu, and the Kanos adopted the pictorial style of the Sung and Yuên dynasties in all its strength and all its artificiality. With splendid talents and a technical skill that has never been surpassed, these great masters chose to imitate the mannerisms of an alien Art, in face of the sumptuous book of nature that lay open before them, and they did not even improve upon their models. The Chinese were perhaps the earliest landscape painters in the world—that is to say, the first artists who adopted landscape as the sole motive of a picture—and all that is valuable in their work was directly inspired by the scenery of their own country; but their Japanese pupils were contented to accept their conventions at second-hand, and their chief glory was in the manufacture of pseudo-Chinese scenes, composed from elements furnished by the masters of the Middle Kingdom.

The time has now come for a change of ideal. The land-



No. 6.—*Snow Scene.* By Hôyen.

scape drawing of the past may continue to serve a purpose in decorative Art, but the painter will soon cast aside for ever the

traditions which limit or pervert his observations, and let us hope that he will preserve and develop those which have educated the great qualities he possesses. The Japanese are no longer imprisoned within their shores by imperial edict, and they have already travelled enough to know that the outside world is something more than the mere accidental droppings let fall from the spear of the god Isanagi

when he created the fertile islands of Great Nippon. The conservatism of ages has given place to a receptivity that has perhaps some dangers of its own, but is daily working great results in many directions, and may in due time regenerate the higher art. For the present the painter has perhaps too many advisers. There are those who tell him that he is a tall fellow of his hands, and that for him is reserved the mission to reconstruct the effete Art of Europe; there are others who bid him obtain the blessings of a course of teaching at South Kensington, or in Rome, or in Paris, and be thankful; and scores of others are always ready to place

at his disposal goodly aphorisms for his guidance in all the details of his craft. But he may reply to them as did the Turkish Cadi to the English traveller who had manifested an aggressively strong interest in local concerns, "Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done. For the speaker is one and the listener is another." * When

all is said, he will undoubtedly work out his destiny according to his inner lights and experience, and although his course of experiment will necessarily involve the excretion of much bad Art, there is every reason to believe that the final result will be satisfactory. When he studies the works and the methods of the masters of Western nations, he will see that the greatest of these men became great, not by copying others,

but by reading the book of nature for themselves, and expressing its teachings each in the language of his own brush.

Up to the present time there have been few if any of the coming generation of landscape-painters amongst us from Japan, but some well-known Western artists have paid visits to the Far East, and have done much by example and precept to stimulate thought and inquiry in the world of Art there. To refer only to our own countrymen: the delightful reminiscences of Japan and the Japanese brought home to us long since by Mr. Frank Dillon, and more recently by Mr. Mortimer Menpes,

will always be remembered; and but yesterday a prominent member of the new school of English painters, Mr. Alfred East, has returned with the spoils of a long and serious expedition. These last are now open to the public at the rooms of The Fine Art Society, and will be seen by all who are interested in landscape Art and in the country from which the scenes are drawn. The qualities of Mr. East's style and technique have already received the appreciative



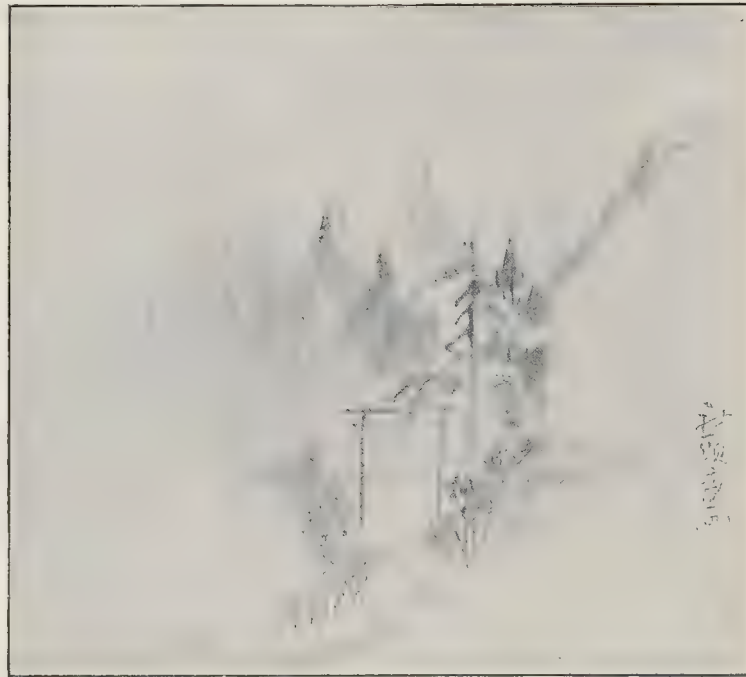
No. 7.—Summer-noon on the Lake of Hakone. By Alfred East, R.I.

* Sir Austin Layard's "Nineveh." Appendix.

verdict of those who are most competent to criticise them, but it is perhaps by the persons who are familiar with the scenes he has set before us that the refinement and truthfulness of his work will be best understood, and it is those amongst us for whom he has conjured up some of the most delightful recollections of the past who are most grateful for his labours. The two reproductions, Nos. 4 and 7, which he has kindly permitted to appear, will, of course, tell us nothing of the subtle harmony of colour in the originals, but by comparison with the preceding illustrations they will represent some of the differences between Oriental and Western canons. A review of the whole collection, however, will demonstrate by the remarkable variety of effects which

a truly naturalistic painter has been able to achieve, how much the Japanese artist loses when he closes his eyes to all the fleeting beauties of sky, the glint of sunshine, the strength of shadow, and the illusions of a true perspective. But while the English artist, gazing upon Japan with a loving eye, has studied for himself each scene under all its changing humours, has selected with poetic insight that which throws its characters into the strongest and most agreeable relief, it is easy to see that in his treatment of some of the brightest of his themes he has been strongly influenced by what is best in the works of his Oriental brother.

Amongst Mr. East's pictures are many from which the Japanese artist might deduce valuable lessons. Such, for ex-



No. 8.—A Rainfall Effect.

ample, are 'A Rainy Day at Hakone' (No. 19), 'The Last Ray of Evening Light on the Red Temple of Gion' (No. 50), 'An Angry Night on the Hakone Mountains' (No. 60), 'Evening Gloom, a Cryptomeria Forest near Hakone' (No. 75), 'A Street in Otsu; Night Effect of Paper Lamps' (No. 106), and above all the masterpiece of the collection, 'Dawn on the Sacred Mountains' (No. 69), a magnificent effect of colour and chiaroscuro, which is outside the range of Japanese Art so long as this is restricted by its ancient tenets. Many of these works are decidedly impressionistic in their treatment, but the impressionism is of the right kind, one which shows that the painter was able to hold himself free to study nature without the embarrassment of school conventions.

What is to be the future of Japanese landscape-painting?

The past allows us to risk a prophecy. If under the fetters of an immature, and often wrong-headed Art of foreign origin, an Art which appears to have perished entirely in the country that gave it birth, the Japanese have charmed us with a beautiful, though imperfect realisation of nature, there is little doubt that, freed from their isolation and the tyranny of barbaric conventions, they will prove capable of reaching as high a consummation in pictorial Art as that which they have already attained in many branches of decorative Art and the dream of the Japanese Commission of two years since, that the world would one day find it necessary for its artistic education to visit the galleries of Tokio as they now go to those of Rome, of Florence, and elsewhere, may yet be realised.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

ART IN GLASGOW.

THE air in Glasgow at present is full of rumours and discussions about Art and Art interests. The one question that just now exercises very strongly the minds of both artists and citizens is that of the proposed new Art Galleries and Museum. The present Corporation galleries afford a very shabby home, and one quite unworthy of so large a city as Glasgow, to the pictures belonging to the town, some of which are very valuable. Were handsomer and more spacious rooms erected, not only would they attract a much increased number of visitors, but their importance would lead to gifts being made to add to the permanent collection.

The proposition to erect new galleries is not a new one in Glasgow; it has cropped up at intervals, over and over again, during the past dozen years, and been supported with varying degrees of wisdom and persistence. The want of money to carry out the plan has been, without doubt, the main stumbling block. Glasgow calls itself the second city of the empire; it is so in point of population, but in public spirit and in taking broad views of what is truly for the public good, its citizens lag sadly behind the inhabitants of many much smaller and poorer places. Not one of our wealthy manufacturers or merchants has yet come forward to say, unreservedly, here are ten or twenty, or fifty thousand pounds, to help to start the scheme. Another difficulty is regarding the site; the east is jealous of the west, the north and the south contend for preference. All these difficulties have now to be looked fairly in the face. The fact of there being a surplus of £45,000 from the International Exhibition of Glasgow has brought the matter to a point. This surplus will be at the disposal of the Town Council for the purpose of erecting galleries, and will form the nucleus of a fund which might be augmented by subscriptions to something like £300,000. Lord Provost Muir has taken the matter up, but in the meantime there seems a little coldness in the response of the public. Local and municipal jealousies and differences are much more accountable for this than purely Art influences. The discussions about the proper site are warm. Lord Provost Muir advocates Kelvingrove Park, where the International Exhibition was held, a very beautiful situation, and one that would have the great advantage of costing the city nothing. But it is too far west, too far removed from not only the busy centres of the town, but from districts where a large population resides of the very kind that would take advantage of the galleries.

George Square, more in the heart of the city, has been suggested as a very convenient locality, but we think that, on the whole, the situation of the present Corporation galleries is one of the best that could be devised for the purpose. They are in Sauchiehall Street, a busy thoroughfare, destined to be ere long the chief shop and warehouse street in Glasgow, and connected by tram-lines with every quarter of the town. With a little trouble and expense a fine frontage might be obtained there, and a truly noble pile put up that would include within its walls picture galleries, museums, and the School of Art. The honour of Glasgow is concerned in the

matter. Let the thing be gone about in no niggardly spirit; surely the wealth of Glasgow cannot be better employed than in erecting a palace of Art that will be the means of giving joy and instruction, and of bringing the things that make for culture and refinement into the daily lives of our toiling thousands.

THE CORPORATION PICTURES.

The collection housed in the present city galleries owes its origin to Mr. Archibald M'Lellan, who, in 1854, died, bequeathing to the town a collection of pictures he had formed, chiefly of the Old Masters. The halls he had built for their reception were acquired by the city in 1856. Since then Mr. W. Ewing has bequeathed some eighty or ninety pictures; and in 1877 Mrs. Graham Gilbert, of Yorkhill, left to the city the valuable cabinet of pictures formed by her deceased husband, the artist, John Graham Gilbert, R.S.A. In all, the galleries contain some five hundred and fifty pictures. In 1882, Sir J. C. Robinson, her Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, went over the collection, and reported on it to the Town Council. He states that a considerable proportion of the pictures "are really valuable and authentic works of great masters. The aggregate constitutes the most interesting and valuable provincial public collection of such works in the kingdom; nor do I think I am in any way exaggerating when I say that, considering certain works which have found their resting-place at Glasgow, I think the Corporation gallery, when better known, will take rank as a collection of European importance." During the past year the visitors to the Corporation galleries numbered 66,471.

THE SCHOOL OF ART.

The Glasgow School of Art and Haldane Academy, of which the head-master at present is Mr. Francis H. Newbery, was established in 1846 as a Government School of Design. It derives the latter part of its title from the fact of its being a recipient of the bounty of the late John Haldane, an engraver in Glasgow, whose bequest is administered by trustees. The school ranks with those of Birmingham and Manchester as one of the most important in the kingdom. In the national competitions it gained in 1888 and 1889 one of the gold medals annually offered for design, the prize in 1889 carrying with it the added honour of the Princess of Wales scholarship of £25 awarded to the best female student of the kingdom. The work of the school is of the most advanced nature in life and design, the endeavour being made to meet the wants of diverse manufactures of the city in such industries as textiles, especially carpets and hangings, stained glass, metal-work, and modelling. The majority of the design students, particularly in the evening classes, are actually engaged in the exercise of their professions, and the particular character of the work at the school has its influence on their daily occupations. Several students from Glasgow have been successful in gaining admission to the schools of the Royal Academy, and others have taken the travelling

scholarship offered by the Haldane trustees. The object of the school, in order to develop fully and thoroughly Art training in Glasgow, is to become a college wherein the elementary students from the Art classes of the Board School may carry on their studies in all the highest branches. The instruction given is practical and useful; mere show and accomplishment have no place in the results aimed at. The present premises, situated in the Corporation Galleries and leased from the Corporation, are exceedingly inconvenient and crowded. When our new galleries come to be an accomplished fact it is to be hoped the School of Art will have a home in them worthy of the good work it has already done, and conducive from its fitness and spaciousness to the attainment of still higher things in the future.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Institute is open at present. One distinguishing feature of the exhibitions in the Institute Galleries is their cosmopolitan and all-embracing character; every man who can paint well is welcome there, whether he be Scottish, English, or foreign. Of course there are numerous very bad pictures on the walls,—even the most judicial hanging committee “nods” occasionally—but the general “note” of the exhibition is “variety.” The Institute during nearly thirty years of existence has done good work in Glasgow and the west of Scotland. It has fostered a taste for Art among the community,—never an easy, sometimes almost a hopeless task—and it has helped to train up and encourage a body of artists, who for general ability are far ahead of what any other provincial town can show. The Institute has life members who pay a subscription fee of £10 and are entitled to all its privileges, but life membership carries with it no privileges in the way of exhibiting pictures. The Institute is managed by a mixed council of laymen and artists, the laymen predominating, but the artists getting most ample powers in all matters artistic.

The Institute is hampered with a debt, and were this once cleared off and it had free scope, it could become a very great power for good in Art matters, as its constitution is well drawn up. Again the want of money, which should not be in a city like Glasgow! The spring exhibitions are as a rule well attended, and, which is scarcely a compliment to the pictures, most crowded when there is a band discoursing sweet sounds. Last autumn the Institute held an exhibition of works in pastel and black and white which competent

judges declared to be the best they had seen out of London. Yet, financially, the exhibition was a failure from lack of attendance. The great bulk of the people in Glasgow are not Art lovers. They did not understand pastels or etchings, and could get up no interest in either. The good work done by the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society with their annual exhibitions must also be thankfully acknowledged.

ARTISTS.

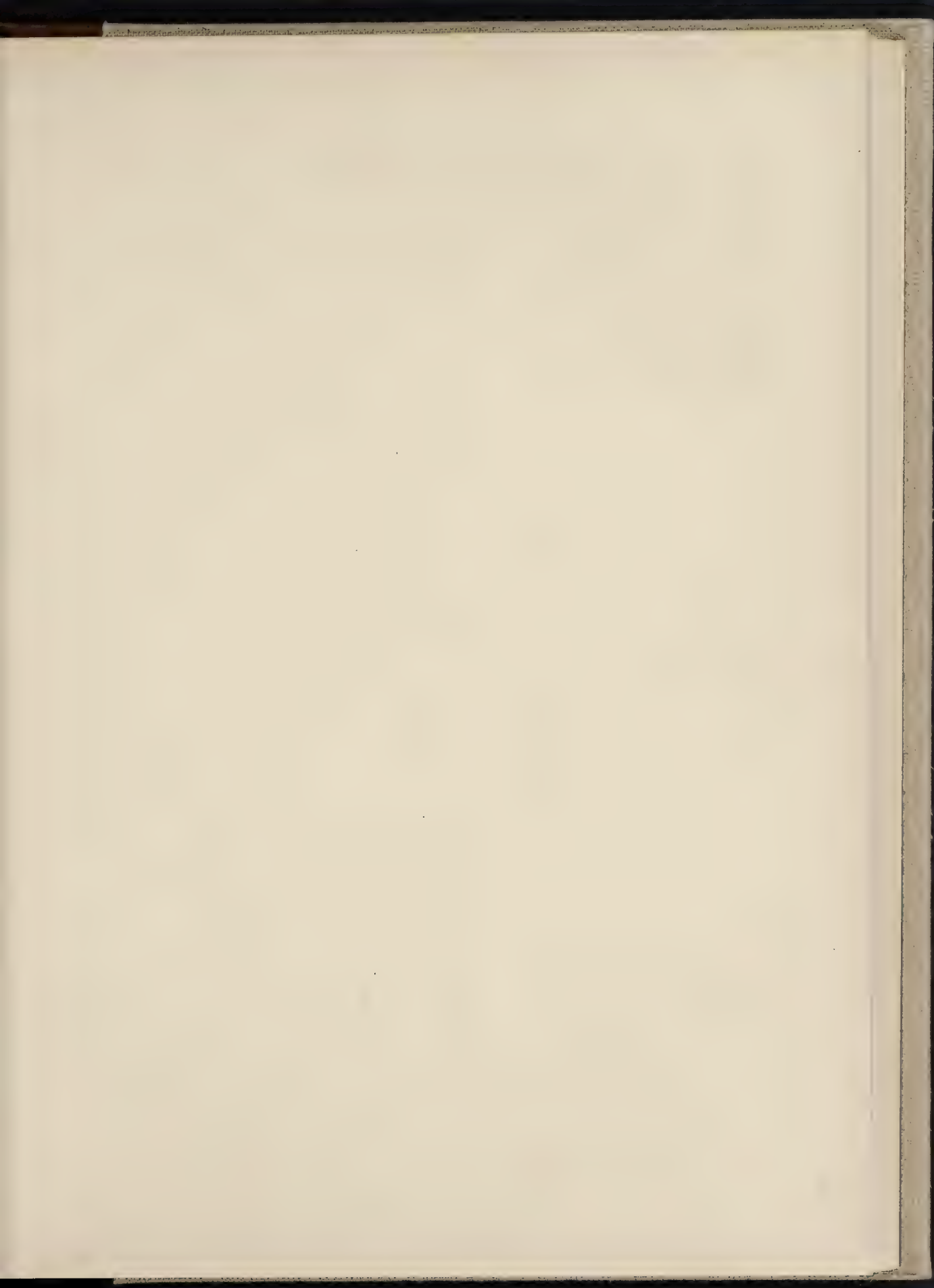
Glasgow stands pre-eminent, among towns out of London, for the number and ability of its resident artists. We think we can give points even to Edinburgh, with all the fostering care it has enjoyed from the Royal Scottish Academy. Our artists are of varied schools, and there is growing up in our midst a body of young men who, if they do not get too proud of their own doings and too much praised by friends who admire not wisely but too well, will take high positions in the world of Art. The influence of Rembrandt, Velasquez, the later Dutchmen, and some of the later Frenchmen, of Whistler and the Impressionists, is a power in Glasgow with many thoughtful men; on others the more direct effect of Constable and the true nature-loving school of landscapists is clearly visible. To all the caution may be addressed: be yourselves, be sincere, gather lessons where you can, but let the outcome be something more soul-piercing than an echo.

The majority of the people of Glasgow are not Art lovers; the circus is more to their liking than pictures. Still a better feeling is growing steadily in Glasgow. The last twenty-five years have seen a wonderful improvement in public taste. Dress is less gaudy in its colours; house furniture and decorations are everywhere more chaste and harmonious. There is a change, too, in our architecture; brick and red sandstone are being introduced as a pleasant variety in the monotony of grey street fronts. And, while it is true that the bulk of our people do not appreciate Art, we have in our midst a select circle whose taste and culture are far above what we meet with as a rule in other towns. It was in Glasgow that Corot and Israels, and Rousseau and Maris, and men of like quality, were valued and loved long before their names were even known in the most civilised parts of England. Art on the whole is in a healthy state in Glasgow, so let us be hopeful. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and it takes time for all higher influences to permeate the masses, whose surroundings, both moral and material, are for the most part unbeautiful, and whose existence under present conditions is a continual struggle for bare life.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE sixty-first exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy now open in Dublin is a good one, a fact due, to a certain extent, to the friendly rivalry of an excellent Art club and a prosperous Sketching Club; for the high standard of the exhibition of the first of these two associations, and the attractive nature of those of the second, have made it necessary for the Academicians to bestir themselves somewhat in the direction of improving the Abbey Street Collections. The Academicians and Associates have contributed better work than usual; the President having not only a fine life-size portrait of a well-known citizen, but also smaller portraits

and a large study from the nude, excellent as regards both colour and drawing, and Mr. Colles Watkins has a large landscape which, painted in the open air, is as truthful as it is beautiful. Mr. William Osborne and the Greys have sent much good work, and Mr. Walter Osborne, who has been sojourning in the neighbourhood of Rye, contributes several studies of the delightful Sussex seaboard. Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. Vincent Duffy, Mr. Williams, Mr. Kavanagh, and, in water colour, Mr. Bingham McGuinness, also take prominent places this year; while of outsiders the works of Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, Mr. Charles Russell, and Mrs. M. L. Waller are noticeable.





WINCHESTER COLLEGE, FROM THE MEAD/W.



The Towers of Winchester.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

WINCHESTER, during the Saxon and early Norman periods, was the royal residence of England. Here, before the building of the "Minster of the West," our kings were crowned, reigned, and were buried. Great was the glory thus reflected upon the city, but it has a still brighter lustre as having been the birthplace of English education. Even the Romans selected this *Venta Belgarum* for the site of their college of Flamens. There was an old priory school here, which the monk-king Ethelwolf and his son, Alfred the Great, attended; and here the latter gave command to St. Grimbold to instruct the children of his illiterate thanes. Here, then, was the embryo and "protoplasm" of our national education, the sowing of the seed of that magnificent tree whose "boughs go down to the sea and her branches to the river." But Winchester's claim to precedence in this respect would have been forgotten, had not Wykeham established in this city the first of our public schools. This college not only succeeded to some extent a Saxon seminary, but passed on the light to Eton, becoming in due time the "lovely mother of a lovelier daughter."

The visitor, proceeding through the Kingsgate down the road, passes the pretentious modern residence of the head-master, and in a few paces comes to the rude flint walls of the College, suddenly stepping back into the fourteenth century. The front is remarkably blank, having been built for defence in days when every man's house was literally his castle, and when the coats of mail still preserved here were not treasured up, but freely exhibited to miscreants who would have preferred not to see them. What a fragrance of antiquity hangs about these little one-storied quadrangles! If in Chamber Court, we enter one of the rooms on the west, now a "study" with many stalls, we see the fireplace, seven feet wide by two high, where still no coals or logs are used, but three faggots a yard long are thrown daily on the dogs. If we cross the court we can see one of the old basement dormitories, the only one, as the boys now sleep in the former fellows' rooms on the upper floor. Here we gain an idea of the past in the low pitch of the room, the eight small beds,

and the central washing-stand; though this was beyond the original simplicity, for the boys performed their small ablutions in the open air at a conduit against the west wall. Many pictures of the olden time now come before us. Here are the warden and the two "posers" arriving from New College for the annual election, and dismounting after their long ride, while the warden and head-master are waiting in their cocked hats to welcome them—with a sweet kiss and a tiresome Latin address.

The gigantic figure of Wykeham seems to emerge from a haze of mystery. How came it to pass that the son of a yeoman obtained a prominent position in the King's employment soon after he was of age? His mother Sibilla is said to have been well connected, but his father was called John Longe, probably from his stature, and the family was so obscure that there has been a controversy among the learned as to what was his real surname. Wykeham mentions Ralph Sutton as one of his earliest benefactors, but there can be no doubt that he owed his start in life to Sir John de Scures. The little village of Wickham (three miles from Fareham), whence he took his name, was sometimes called Wickham-Scures, from the family to whom it belonged, and Sir John was such an important personage as to be almost the viceroy of the southern counties. Perhaps the knight was struck with the brightness and intelligence of this child of his manor, as Wykeham was afterwards with Chichele, a boy he met on the road. For some reason with which we are not acquainted, he took an interest in him, and sent him to the Priory School at Winchester. There were laid the first foundations of Wykeham's success. He learned the court language, French, some Donatus' Latin, and, what was more to his taste, arithmetic and geometry. On his leaving school Sir John appointed him his secretary, and afterwards introduced him to Bishop Edington. It is said that prelate recommended him to Edward III. when at Winchester in 1347, but it is more probable that he introduced him to Sir John de Brocas, one of the royal household and connected with Windsor. Brocas, with Sir Thomas de Foxle and

Sir Oliver de Bordeaux, had a commission to repair Windsor Castle in 1351, and employed Wykeham upon the works. Ralph Sutton, Sir John de Scures, and Thomas de Foxle, Constable of Windsor Castle, were the three first persons for whose souls Wykeham ordered daily mass to be said in his two colleges. We need not follow his career further. Froissart tells us that he became practically ruler of England. Wycliffe spoke slightly of him as one of those ecclesiastics who were wise in building castles. The old wives at Winchester call large spiders "Wykehams," a jest which, as they know little of his history, may have descended from the days when he was envied as a great pluralist.

He expended his large revenues on noble and religious objects. Although not an erudite theologian, his views were spiritual; he had "a far look in his immortal eyes." We need not attribute much to the sacred number Seven which is found in the proportions of his architecture, but in founding his colleges he had in sight, as he says, first the glory of God and the promotion of divine service, and secondarily

would have been ruined by the costs, if Wykeham had not generously defrayed them. The site was encircled by houses of a religious character, the "Sustern Spytal," the Carmelite Monastery, the College of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and Wolvesey Castle. A safe position was of importance in those days, and the vicinity of the cathedral, monastery, watch-house and castle, attracted the establishments which here clustered together. The only objection was the lowness of the ground, but that was in those days regarded as an advantage, from the proximity of water. The site was so marshy that Wykeham built partly on piles, and threw out far-reaching buttresses.

A solemn entrance was made into the College at nine o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1393. The warden, fellows, and scholars marched in procession, headed by a cross-bearer, and chanting hymns of praise. By a careful provision of the founder, that all the fellows and scholars should be registered in a vellum book, the names of these seventy are known (many of them came from a preparatory establishment which Wykeham had placed in 1373 on the slope of St. Giles's Hill). The chapel was not consecrated till 1395. Two years later the cloisters were finished by the munificence of Fromond—the steward of the rich bishop was naturally not poor.

The buildings of Wykeham's date have bravely withstood the storms of time, escaping those of the Civil War through the affection of former pupils. The only noteworthy alterations are that a new tower stands in place of the original wooden campanile, and that the warden's house was built by Harmar in 1597, on the east and north-east of the outer quadrangle.

This outer court did not form a very poetical entrance to the abode of the Muses. The west side of it contained the warden's stables; the east the slaughter-houses; the north

the bakery, brewery, and workshops. On the south side, which divided it from the inner or "Chamber" court, resided on the upper floor the warden, two masters, and a fellow, who from that commanding position could see all the misdoings of the servants in the outer, and of the boys in the inner quadrangle. The latter square derived its name from the six "chambers" or dormitories of the boys which occupied the basements of the east and north sides. On the tower we see the figures of the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the Founder kneeling, and along the wall are a variety of small stone carvings, half-obliterated, whose grotesqueness when perfect must have amused the boys. Mr. Cockerell considered these and other farcical representations to be indicative of refined taste, and intended to enhance by contrast the beauty of the saints and angels!

On the western side of this court, at the entrance of the kitchen, stands a more famous specimen of comicality, the 'Trusty Servant.' He seems to have a new blue coat, and his costume is that of the eighteenth century, but the figure dates from the sixteenth, and is supposed to have been placed



The College from the Meads.

scholarship. Perhaps it would be well if this order of precedence were better observed in our own time. Wykeham considered the Virgin to be his especial patroness. When a boy he had daily said his prayers before her image on one of the cathedral pillars, and now he dedicated his two foundations to her, and put up her statue in four places in Winchester College.

This establishment was for a long time called, as was that at Oxford, "New" College. The originality of Wykeham's idea lay in the connection of the twin establishments at Winchester and Oxford, the preparatory and the finishing, by which the course of education was carried on continuously. The college at the university was built before the other was commenced.

The first step Wykeham took here was to buy about four acres and a half of land. It was situated in the soke, or liberty, a district outside the city walls, where the bishop had license to do pretty much what he pleased. He had scarcely completed the purchase when he was confronted by a little tailor, who claimed part of the plot, went to law, and

here by Johnson, who was head-master in 1560. He is credited with the origination of this conceit, but something similar was then frequently seen in French houses.

On the south side stood, in one block, as at New College, the principal and stateliest buildings. It has been remarked that Wykeham was above pretence in his architecture, and would not give the chapel and hall the same kind of windows, although it would have looked more symmetrical. The hall is magnificent from its height; the length is sixty-three feet. Time has toned the oaken tables, benches, panelling and roof, giving the whole a venerable aspect;—the effect must have been grander when it was hung with the tapestry given by Catherine's friend, Warham. How we wish that we could see the central hearth, with its smoke curling up to the roof! Here are still used—for bread and butter at breakfast and supper—the little flat squares of board which once formed the only plates, "vegetables round to keep in gravy," we are told, "meat one side, pudding the other." Underneath the hall was the original schoolroom, afterwards a dormitory, and now a study. Near the entrance to the hall is a winding staircase leading to the audit-room, a veritable nook of the old world. It is floored with Flemish tiles of the sixteenth century, and adorned with tapestry of Henry VII.'s date, or earlier. Here are the coats of mail, Wykeham's iron-bound "hutch" for keeping valuables, and the beehive mitre cases which were fastened to the saddle in the days when bishops travelled on horseback.

The chapel is ninety-three feet in length by fifty-seven in height. It was sadly "improved" two or three centuries since, but has lately been restored to its pristine beauty. When the pavement was undergoing repair, some twenty years ago, the sepulchral brasses, though carefully stored, were stolen; but fortunately a boy of the name of Freshfield had taken rubbings of them, so that they were exactly copied. The Jesse window is a fine imitation of the original. There are ancient pieces in it—two small figures in the tracery lights, the head of an angel and four fragments. The idea

was to represent the glorious line of the patriarch's descendants. Still the carpenter, mason, and Simon Membury, the clerk of the works, managed to have their quaint little figures inserted here, as if by way of contrast. Wykeham has been regarded as the father of the Perpendicular style, with its strong continuous mullions and light fan tracery—of the latter there are lovely specimens on this roof, which is in its original state. It would be out of place here to institute com-



High Street. From a Drawing by Percy Robertson.

parisons between this and the earlier Decorated architecture. We may observe, however, that the finely varied harmony of design in the two colleges at Oxford and Winchester shows not only the impression of one master-mind but the finish of one artistic draughtsman. Those who desire to read the record thus written in stone should study the notes of Mr. Cockerell, and the articles by Mr. Basil Champneys on "William of Wykeham," which appeared in the *Art Journal*, 1888, pp. 161, 257.

Over the sacristy adjoining the chapel is the curious vaulted muniment-room, adorned with carved heads and flowers. Here are preserved, among other MSS., three Anglo-Saxon charters, a modest pedigree tracing Henry VII. from Adam, a roll of Wykeham's expenses in 1394, and one of the six books the founder presented, "The Life of St. Thomas-à-Becket."

We now pass into the ancient cloisters, where the air is full of memories. Along the cold grey walls are tablets, many of them centuries old, recording the names of deceased fellows. Some of them seem to have reached a longevity worthy of pensioners. But the central bright green sward affects us more. Here are the little graves of those who attended these schools, played in these meadows with the rest, and were looking forward to a happy life. The bud was nipped in the spring! Why should we mourn for those who have been spared many disappointments and sorrows?



The Gateway into the Cricket Field.

In the midst of this emerald plot stands Fromond's chantry, itself a little gem. Brilliant indeed are the colours of that Edward IV.'s glass in the east window. Upon the groined roof are bosses showing the arms of Henry VI. and Cardinal Beaufort. Henry was much at Winchester when planning his Eton foundation. He attended service in the chapel, gave pocket-money to the boys, and plate to the College, all of which has disappeared. Edward IV. gave cheaper pleasure. He sent one of his servants to regale the boys with the sight of a lion, and next year the Duke of Clarence followed his example by sending two bears.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the red brick schoolroom built by Warden Nicholas in 1687, except that it is entirely out of harmony with the ancient buildings. In it stands the celebrated sign-board painting—of unknown origin—whose devices adorned the original schoolroom in the sixteenth century, but not before the middle of the fifteenth,

when the birch was first introduced. The scholar is hereby informed that he must either learn and be on the road to a bishopric, or leave and be condemned to the army, or be "scrubbed" with an instrument resembling a pitchfork, but really the *vimen quadrifidum*, or four-twigged rod, suitably cut from the apple-tree. Wykeham's idea was to found a non-monastic college for the education of parish clergymen. The fellows were to be in priest's orders, and no one was to be admitted as a scholar who had any physical defect that would prevent his being ordained. There was to be an examination for election, and preferences were to be given, first, to founder's kin; secondly, to those from the diocese or the college property; thirdly, to eleven counties, including Cambridgeshire and Somerset. The age of admission was to be from eight to twelve, and all were to be poor. Any boy becoming possessed of ten marks a year (£6 13s. 4d.) was to cease to be a scholar, except the founder's kin, who might have twenty marks and remain at school till twenty-five years of age. We find two scholars coming from Calais when it was in the diocese of Canterbury.

There were to be a warden, ten fellows, three chaplains, three clerks, sixteen choristers, a head-master, an usher, and seventy scholars. The warden was to have rations, £20 a year, twelve yards of cloth at Christmas, two horses, and three servants. The head-master is to administer punishment in moderation, and always to give notice of it to the warden. The boys' commons were to cost eight pence a week, and they were to be allowed cloth for one long gown and hood annually; it was not to be black, white, russet, or glaucous blue. There is a curious, perhaps unique, representation of a scholar, with gown and tonsure, on a brass (of 1434) in the church of Headbourne Worthy, near Winchester. At sixteen years of age every boy received the first tonsure, which interesting ceremony was performed in the porter's lodge. We may suppose the college to have been a somewhat melancholy home for the scholars, who were not allowed either holidays or amusements; at least riding, keeping dogs, ferrets or hawks, archery and throwing either javelins or anything else were prohibited; and wrestling, leaping, dancing, and hustling were not to be indulged in within the college walls. They were not to frequent taverns or empty slops upon each other. The sports of the time, bull-baiting and throwing at cocks, which I am afraid the little boys would have delighted in, were with propriety forbidden.

Originally there were only two meals a day, and when they were increased to three, there were on Friday and Saturday no breakfast and no meat at noon or night. On other days the fare was beef-tea for breakfast, boiled mutton or beef at twelve, and boiled mutton and broth at night. There was, of course, bread, and beer was plentiful—a pint with each meal, and more in the summer after dinner and supper, at what was called "beever" in those days. Not till 1711 was meat allowed on Fridays and Saturdays. During every meal one of the scholars was to read aloud from Scripture or the Lives of the Fathers. Spartan simplicity and discipline were here elevated by devotion. Every morning the boys were to sing a hymn before rising, every evening the masters and pupils were to march round the college chanting. The boys at first slept in six dormitories, and till the middle of the sixteenth century their beds consisted of some straw thrown on the floors, which were not boarded, but made of chalk concrete. Until 1708 they made their own beds, swept their rooms, and rose at five in winter. Three older and more

discreet than the rest were appointed to keep order in each dormitory, and hence arose the system of "præfects," "sixth form," or "monitors," which is now a characteristic of our public schools. It forms an excellent check upon the lower boys, somewhat on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief." The senior boys hear much that would be concealed from masters, and know both the tendencies of the delinquents and the ever-changing social circumstances of the school.

From the first foundation of the college several pupils attended it who were not on the foundation. They were sons of persons of rank, or relatives of the founder. There was another parasitic growth by the admission of ordinary pupils, "commoners;" and even as early as 1412 there were eighty boys not on the foundation. Smollett's account of Peregrine

Pickle's adventures, and other more reliable evidence, show that these boys had a rollicking time, and to provide better supervision and accommodation, Dr. Burton, about the year 1730, built the "Old Commoners." There had been, close to the college, but belonging to the Priory, an establishment for fifteen sisters to nurse the poor, and Dr. Burton obtained a lease of the messuage, erected a house afterwards occupied by the head-master, and transformed the "Sustern Spytal" and its chapel into schoolrooms and dormitories. There were from two to twelve beds in each room. Dr. Moberley, in 1838, demolished these old buildings and constructed the present head-master's house, new halls, and dormitories. These latter are now the classrooms, and the "commoners" are lodged, as at Eton and Harrow, in nine tutors' houses,



In the Warden's Garden.

containing about thirty-four pupils each, two or three in a room.

There have been several disturbances in the college, and two regular rebellions. That in 1793 was the most serious, perhaps, because the boys had a real grievance. Dr. Warton having announced his intention of punishing a large number for the offence of one præfect, the boys rushed into the head-master's house, and actually kept him, the second master and a fellow prisoners all night in the dining-room. The warden was shut out of the college, which was victualled and prepared for a siege, the boys saying they would burn it down sooner than submit. The authorities were afraid to adopt extreme measures, as the city mob favoured the insurgents. Eventually the commotion ended by thirty-five boys being expelled and the head-master resigning. The rebellion

1890.

of 1818 was not caused by any burning grievance, and was quelled by a *ruse*. Leave was given to the boys to return home for a fortnight, and when they rushed out of the college to take advantage of the permission, they were surrounded by soldiers and sent back ignominiously to the college. Twenty of the ringleaders were expelled. All the collegers and commoners had joined in this insurrection except one little boy, William Sewell. Persuasion and punishment were tried upon him in vain. Those who were as well acquainted with him as I was in after life, will understand that he was not likely to be moved from his purpose. His determination, added to his talent, made him a distinguished man; but his loving education, "not wisely but too well," caused some final difficulties.

Hero-worship is common at all schools. The barbaric age

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here still survives in which size and strength elevate their possessor into a chief or demigod. In the playground physical force is a practical power, while, on the other hand, little boys have been accustomed to be under the orders of parents or elder brothers, and submission seems natural to them. These feelings, added to the insufficiency of servants in public schools, originated the system of fagging. In former days Winchester had an evil reputation in this respect, which is surprising, for whereas at Eton hundreds of boys were able to fag, here only about twenty "præfects" enjoyed that privilege. But they made up by activity for what they wanted in numbers, and carried "ground ash" sticks to belabour the unfortunate juniors. The Rev. H. Adams says that sometimes a boy would receive forty or fifty cuts, breaking a dozen ground ashes, and reducing coat, waistcoat and shirt to ribbons. All this is now altered. No one is allowed to "tund" a boy without consulting another præfect. In the college the greater part of the fagging is now done by a man servant, and the choristers are appointed to wait at the præfects' table. In each of the tutors' houses there are five præfects, but there is only a little nominal breakfast fagging. The lower boys are, of course, liable to be sent on messages, but the only irksome employment is at cricket and football. Such fagging ought to be abolished here as it was half a century ago at Eton. But to be knocked about a little in early life lessens conceit and increases contentment afterwards.

There are at present four hundred and twenty boys in the school. The election to vacancies in the college is held immediately after the Translation of St. Thomas-à-Becket (July 1st), and being now open to the public, the competition is severe. The commoners have also an entrance examination, but that is easily passed; their expenses amount to about £150 a year each. Greek was not taught here till the middle of the sixteenth century, but Latin versification has long flourished. Many additional subjects have been introduced of late years. There are several exhibitions and scholarships, varying in value from £25 to £50 a year, and three gold medals, two of which are presented by the Queen, who also gives two silver ones for recitations.

With regard to amusements, a rifle corps was established here in 1860, and the late head-master, Dr. Ridding (Bishop of Southwell), who was remarkable for his muscular as well as mental powers, made the school a handsome present of a fives court. The river is small, and former generations only used it for fishing, but now the boys have become more ambitious, and carry on boating with so much spirit as to have "four-oars" and races over the one-mile course. At football they do not play either the Eton or Rugby game, but have one peculiarly their own. The great annual match is called "Sixes," between the college and the commoners. At cricket for many years Winchester disputed the supremacy with Eton and Harrow

at Lord's, but since 1855 the Harrow match has been abolished, and that with Eton played alternately at either college. The first match with Harrow (1825) was remarkable, inasmuch as Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, was captain of the eleven, while his brother Charles (Bishop of Bangor) and Manning (Cardinal) played on the Harrow side.

In the porter's lodge there is a little museum of old college "properties." Here is a black jack, an iron *funcion* candlestick, a "scob," or box for books in school, and a "toy," or oaken bureau with shelves above and drawers below—the name reminds us of the playthings of olden times. Here we see a specimen of the ancient rod, four twigs tied to a stout handle, and also of the "ground ash" which was and is the præfect's weapon, and has now taken the place of the birch in the head-master's hand. It is a pliant stick, slightly thicker than a cane.

The tree of knowledge has been here hung with golden fruit. Space will not allow me to enumerate all the distinguished Wykehamists nor even those noticed in Mr. Kirby's work. Among the many names carved on the cloister walls we find that of "Thos. Ken, 1646," afterwards bishop. He became a fellow and wrote a manual of prayers for the boys, and at the end of the edition of 1697 were printed, for the first time, the celebrated "Awake, my Soul" and "Glory to Thee," and a beautiful "midnight" hymn. In his preface he tells the pupil to sing the morning hymn before rising, and when ready to go out to consider "his soul still undressed," till he has said his prayers. He reminds him that in the old temple service a lamb was to be offered every morning, a type of youth and innocence. His portrait hangs in the warden's house. Among other celebrated Wykehamists we may mention Otway; poor Collins, who wrote the "Ode to the Passions," and Young, of the "Night Thoughts," many of whose lines are still current in our conversation. Then there were Lowth of the "Commentaries," Lemprière of the "Dictionary," Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and let us not forget that king of fools, Sidney Smith. The present Wykehamists are proud of the career of Major-General Herbert Stewart, who died of his wounds in the Soudan, and have erected a handsome gateway to his memory.

Milner says proudly that the keys of the Temple of Fame have been here deposited. People may take little interest in the history and arrangements of an ordinary boys' academy, but we are here speaking of a system which has lasted for half a millennium, and become the model for that in every other public school. The improvement effected by it in the higher mental culture and social education of England cannot be over-estimated, and will command the admiration of all those who concur with the great founder in his famous motto, "Manners makyth man."

A. G. I. ESTRANGE.

PAINTERS' STUDIOS.*

IN the earlier months of this year we spent an hour or two in the studios of Munich, and noticed how the painters of the various schools which are most in vogue there surround themselves whilst at work. We have paused for a

moment with Lenbach the portraitist, Peske the Hungarian, Diefenbach the prophet, Harburger the humorist, Papperitz the luxurious, Raupp of the fresh air, and Unger the etcher. We now ask our readers to come nearer home and visit some



G. F. Watts, R.A. From a Photograph by R. P. Robinson.

English artists whose names are household words, and first we will direct our steps to the red-bricked, royal suburb of Kensington.

Melbury Road, that pleasant, macadamised thoroughfare.

* Continued from page 43.

which curves and slopes from Kensington Road to where the gigantic façade of Olympia looms through the mist, is graced with about a dozen substantial houses. Of these five are owned by artists. About half-way down on the left-hand side stands No. 6, the home, when he is in London, of—

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

It is a house of show studios and work studios. To gain admittance to the former is not difficult, but to the latter few only have the privilege of entry. The way to the show studio is from the hall, through a room hung mainly with replicas of the painter's works, with a little turreted room above the level of the floor, and looking out on to the Melbury Road. The show studio itself is square, and as high as a suburban house, windowless, but gathering a temperate grey light from the glass roof. The walls are covered with pictures and portraits, which overflow to easels dotted about the room. Here is quite a national portrait gallery—Salisbury, Carlyle, William Morris, Gladstone, Joachim, together with such well-known works as 'Death crowning Innocence,' 'After the Deluge,' 'Paolo and Francesca,' 'Fata Morgana,' and a dozen others, all part of that great and growing collection which one day will be the heritage of the nation. Out at the back of the house, on one side of the large garden, lies a paved courtyard, guarded by an old ivy-grown wall. At either end of this courtyard two buildings face one another—an erection of brick and an erection of glass—the one a working studio, and the other a huge transparent house, built to hold the gigantic figure on horseback, a personification of Physical Energy commenced by Mr. Watts five years ago, and still some way from completion. The group is fixed on a trolley, the trolley rests on a pivot table, and from the pivot table rails lead the way to the courtyard. On fine days the gigantic horse is pushed out on these rails into the courtyard, and it was on one of those fine days, when the sky was blue and the ivy at its freshest, that Mr. Watts paused in his arduous labour, seated himself beneath his creation, and allowed Mr. Robinson to do as he listed.

It must not be thought that the illustration here given of—

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.,

is that painter's customary attitude. The photograph was probably taken after sending-in day, when an artist has earned the right to place a chair in the most comfortable corner of his studio, and devote an hour or two to the sister art. For a subject-painter like Mr. Dicksee, this becomes almost a necessity, particularly when he chooses such a subject as his Academy picture for this year, 'The Redemption of Tannhauser.' Mr. Dicksee's studio dominates the whole of his dwelling in Peel Street, Campden Hill. Situated on the first floor, it is bounded on either side by the outer walls, save where the staircase winds down to the front door. A workroom of a good size, with examples of old tapestry on the walls, a cast of a fragment of the Parthenon frieze at the further end, Oriental lamps hanging from the ceiling, dark wood cabinets, an organ, which is *not* the organ the rapt maiden played in 'Harmony,' and here, there, and everywhere those curious an artist picks up in his wanderings. The studio is somewhat less orderly and methodical than the studios of the German painters we have been noticing. There is about it a suggestion of bachelor comfort—letters open on the table, a little dust where it should not be, an absence of fresh-cut flowers, and that general *tout ensemble* betokening the reign of the housekeeper. There is small room for physical exercise in the studio; in fact, if the door were opened too hurriedly or too vigorously, a large picture, awaiting leisure for completion, would probably receive some hurt. The spot where Mr. Dicksee is seated is at the farther corner of the studio,

where the fire glows and crackles, an architectural arrangement suitable enough for one, but likely to provoke dissension where many are gathered together. From his comfortable corner the painter looks up the whole length of the studio, which is broken by his large Academy picture. Whether the interest of the public is best gained by the representation of an event they know, or whether it is better to flatter their intelligence by painting a scene somewhat *caviare* to the mass, is a question for which the answer is still to seek. Wagnerites and readers of Heine and Haweis know the story of Tannhauser and a few others. However that may be, across the whole breadth of the studio stretches the canvas, sufficiently advanced to be recognisable, whereon is told the story of the indomitable knight. Elizabeth, dead, and clad in the white robes of death, lies on a bier in the foreground. At the back stands the Bishop, tall and ascetic; to his right monks, cowed and holding the symbolical burning candles. In front of the bier Tannhauser, in pilgrim dress, has fallen with his head buried in the dead girl's draperies. To the right stretches the open country, peopled by priests crowding to the spot where Elizabeth lies. To the left of the Bishop the figure of Venus fades in a glow of suffused colour to nothingness. Tannhauser, called finally to choose between Venus and Elizabeth, has, by the help of her later prayers, chosen Elizabeth. So his redemption is complete, and the miracle of miracles is proclaimed by a priest holding forth the Pope's blossoming staff. This is the picture which occupies the greater part of Mr. Dicksee's studio.

MR. J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

To live in a house seven years is time sufficient to discover all its limitations—that particular damp place in the staircase wall, the pipe which bursts at the first advent of frost, the chimney which smokes in a certain wind, and the hundred and one other details which make up the interest of the householder's existence. Seven years has Mr. Hodgson lived in Circus Road, St. John's Wood, that resting-place of so many artists, where the air is mostly fresh, and the trees are not afraid to put forth green leaves, nor the flowers to blossom. This space of time he has lived at 41, Circus Road, not so very far from the palace Mr. Alma Tadema has reared, and within a Sunday morning's walk of that hill of artists' mansions—Fitzjohn's Avenue. Mr. Hodgson is now no longer at St. John's Wood. Partly through the *wanderungslust*, but chiefly in quest of better health, he has taken himself and all his belongings to a country place, an hour's ride from this City. The studio and the house at St. John's Wood have passed into alien hands, and so our illustration gathers interest as a remembrance of what once was and now is not. It is not altogether a pleasant thing to an artist, this changing of quarters. He has things that will hardly bear removal—things, perhaps, of no great intrinsic value, he has picked up and which have fallen, of their own accord as it were, into their appointed places, and which are loved because they have not changed. The new house is too small for them, or time has developed them into "fixtures;" at any rate they are either sold or left behind, and so the seven-years-old friends become memories. Look at the carved wooden screen looming from behind where Mr. Hodgson stands. Once this was in front of a barber's shop in sunny Tunis. The owner took it down one day to have the carving cleaned, and that day Mr. Hodgson happened to

pass the shop. The carving caught his eye, and he made a bid for it; but the barber was obdurate, and it took many a morning of bargaining and beating down before the painter got the better of the barber. It was built securely into that corner of the studio where we now see it, and since it has been there all these years, and the new house has no place for it, the barber's shop-front passes into the hands of the new-comer. The good dog in the picture has gone with

its master, and so have the rugs and the easel, and the chair, and the two bronze figures in the niches of the Tunis screen, figures of 'The Sailor on Duty' and 'The Sailor off Duty,' which stood in the sculpture-room of a long-past Royal Academy. As befits a painter who has divided his time between Art and literature, there is a study close by which may also be called part and parcel of the studio. Climb the wide oak staircase to the right of the Tunis screen and you



Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. From a Photograph by R. P. Robinson.

are in the study. Here the painter for seven years has sat and thought and read, and rolled cigarettes and written—beginning mostly when the light goes. A cup of tea gives the inspiration for the first few pages and brings dinner-time, after which, if the fit is still on, midnight falls to find him still writing. Now the studio is filled with somebody else's pictures, and the study table littered with somebody else's pens.

Here, finally, is—
1890.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.,

who has turned round in the very act of painting to give the photographer opportunity. The picture on the easel is easily recognisable as the 'Prometheus' of last year's Grosvenor:—

"Night shall come up with garniture of stars
To comfort thee with shadow."

Although at the time the photograph was taken the work was far from finished, the outlines are easily discernible—the

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precipitous rocks, the quiet sky, and hanging from his wrists down the ragged cliff the figure of Prometheus. Mr. Briton Riviere's studio is not quite so orderly as our illustration would lead one to suppose. Some little time ago, when a stranger asked permission to call and inspect the place, Mr. Briton Riviere wrote, "My studio is by no means a show

one, but only a workshop of a very rough description. At the present time it is, if possible, even less attractive than usual, as I am having horses in it, which add neither to its tidiness nor to its fragrance." This is a penalty animal painters must pay. It would be folly to decorate too lavishly with costly rugs, parquet flooring, and Persian



J. E. Hodgson, R.A. From a Photograph by R. P. Robinson.

pottery, a studio where horses, dogs, geese, and most other animals have the *entrée*. So Mr. Briton Riviere decorates only a portion of the studio with those things that please the eye and charm the senses, leaving that quarter where the animals pose in that state of which animals approve. There is a large door in the corner where the beasts enter, and close by a bed of straw. The studio is full of animal studies,

including skeletons of a leopard, a dog, and a cat, with a host of casts of limbs and things. The more vigorous kind of beasts, such as lions and leopards, which are not yet sufficiently tamed to studio exigencies, Mr. Riviere paints by what he terms "cumulative experience" gained from a lifelong study of their anatomy, and a diligent observance of their habits. For those final touches by which the master-

hand vivifies the anatomised study to life the painter goes direct to nature, and that is the reason why he has lived so long within easy distance of the Zoological Gardens. "Flaxley" is the purgatory of the beasts that gain their freedom by dying in the great caravansary in Regent's Park.

The majority of householders would be startled if a servant-maid entered the room at the matutinal meal and announced that "a lion had come." But not so Mr. Briton Riviere. He knows that the beast outside in a cart is only the caged lion that has died in the night, and his only regret in paint-



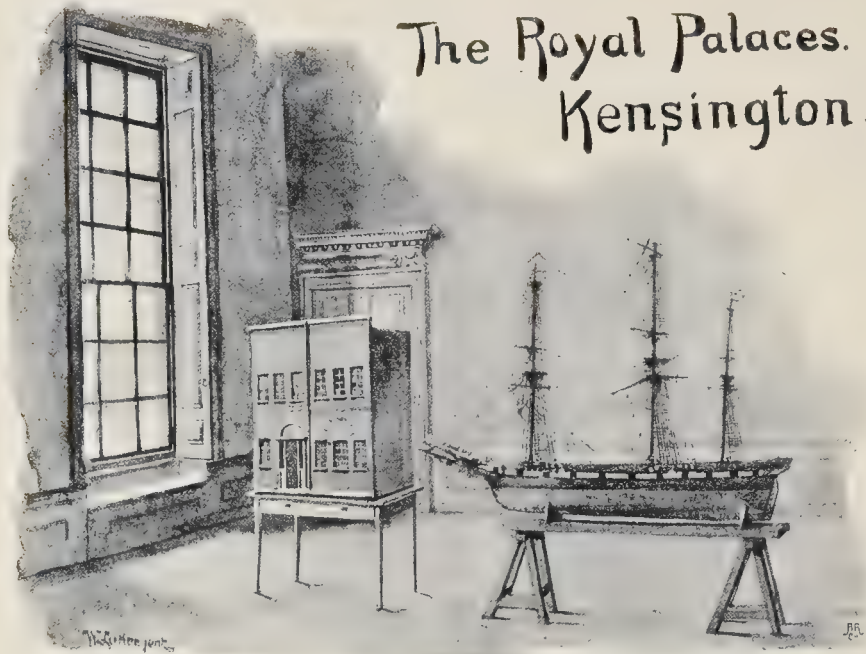
Briton Riviere, R.A. From a Photograph by R. P. Robinson.

ing the poor thing is that it is dead. For death is as inexorable with dead lions as with dead men and women—the vitality, the delicate curves, the little hills of flesh which movement compels, the muscles palpitating beneath

the bright hide, and all those things which make painting a joy, are gone, and nothing is left but carrion—limp, tendonless, inert.

C. LEWIS HIND.

The Royal Palaces. Kensington -



The Nursery, with the Queen's Toys.

VII.*



FEW years ago it was not the fashion to admire Kensington Palace. Now, it is considered charming by many or most people. I confess I share in this opinion myself. I like red brick in a green landscape, and I like every bit of Wren's work I have ever seen. Even at its plainest, as here, it has a quality worth looking for. True, Wren did not design the whole palace, but a good deal of it has his mark upon it, and there is no mistake about the Orangery and the Alcove. It is asserted by Cunningham that the lower storey belongs to an older house, but, as a fact, both the lower and the upper storey are in places of all periods, and the whole building is very irregular in plan. The long northern wing is almost certainly of Wren's period above and below, but the ground floor in the courtyard has a more ancient appearance, with its cross-mullioned windows, and may date from the Finch period.

It may be well to define the topographical position of the palace before we go farther. It stands wholly within the parochial boundary of St. Margaret, Westminster, and is, in fact, I am nearly sure, the manor-house of Neat, or Neyt, which formed a country-seat for the Abbot of Westminster, and was sometimes let or lent to great folks, such as John of Gaunt, who resided here for a time when the Savoy was burnt, and Richard, Duke of York, when his fifth son, John, was born. Two abbots, Littlington and Islip, died in their manor-house of Neat. In those days, for the sake of security, a manor-house would be built on that part of the manor which was nearest to some assemblage of other dwellings, and so Kensington Palace stands at the extreme edge of the boundary line which, in fact, runs down Palace Gardens, a few yards

only to the westward, and was therefore as near as possible to the church and village. We cannot of course be perfectly sure of this identification of the manor-house of Neat; and because Pepys mentions "neat houses" in Chelsea, it has often been asserted that Neat was there. But the abbot had no land in Chelsea, and the words, as used by Pepys, mean cow-houses. Do we not still sometimes speak of neat cattle and a neat herd? I have said more about this in another place, and we may pass on from a region of conjecture to one of certainty.

William III., soon after his accession, wanted a house nearer London than Hampton Court, but far enough away to be out of the fog and smoke. He visited Holland House with a view to buying it, and there is an entry in the parish books as to bell-ringing when the King passed through. But the park around Holland House may not have been thought sufficiently large, or some other objection may have occurred; certainly Nottingham House was in many ways preferable. As early as the time of Charles II. the Finch family had this house, the park of which was so extensive that it reached to Hyde Park, across which there was an uninterrupted view, greatly enhanced by a clever piece of landscape gardening. For some reason, with which the public has not been made acquainted, the sunk fence, with its semicircular projections, which dates from the very beginning of the reign of Charles II., is being, or has just been, obliterated. We have no plan of the park of Nottingham House so early as this, but there is a map of Hyde Park very little later, and in it we can trace the western boundary at the sunk fence, or "ha-ha," in what we call Kensington Gardens, properly Nottingham Park. This noble situation eminently suited the King, and Lord Nottingham was not unwilling to sell. Ac-

* Continued from page 80.

cording to some authorities, the King only bought twenty-six acres with the house; and it is very possible that only the gardens, that is, the fruit garden to westward and the parterres close about the house, were included; but in a short time the whole park had passed into the hands of the King and Queen, and a process of extension and improvement rapidly went on. There was a wilderness and a Dutch garden, and a sundial lawn, and "Brasenface Walk," where probably stood a bust. In short, by the time of Queen Anne, the gardens of Kensington Palace extended from the Bayswater Road to the Kensington Road, and were only bounded on the east by the quadruple row of young trees which formed the Broad Walk. Beyond the Broad Walk, the park was rough and fallow, with but few fine trees, and no ornamental features. It was used for grazing, and a few deer had a shed or barn at the farther extremity near the sunk fence. There are, of course, elements of guess in this summary of the condition of Kensington Gardens and Nottingham Park before the end of the Stuart dynasty, but it has been carefully drawn from the notes accumulated for a history of the adjoining parish. There seems indeed to have been a certain parsimony or economy of space in all that was done which we can well understand, as Queen Mary, who was chiefly concerned in the operations of the first five years, seems, while carrying out a design capable of great extension and improvement, to have been anxious to leave the space as intact as possible in which her royal consort took his daily outing on horseback. The advantage to the King of such a private yet comparatively central place for his ride, must have been in itself an attraction.

Queen Mary's death, from small-pox, when she was only thirty-three, occurred at Kensington towards the end of December, 1694, and her body, when it had been embalmed, was removed to Whitehall, where it lay in state for more

than two months, the curiously lifelike wax effigy now in Westminster Abbey being on the "catafalque." William loved Kensington all the more for her sake, and Pyne reports that bracelets made of her hair were found on his arm at his death, a circumstance somewhat differently reported by Macaulay.



East Side from the Garden, showing the room where the Queen was born.

What alterations were made in the palace during the lifetime of its first royal owner it is impossible now to say. A sudden and vehement fire the same year he bought it made repairs and improvements inevitable, and we find the initials of William and Mary in places very widely apart. Wren had unquestionably a hand, and more than a hand, in what was

done; but we meet more often with the names of Hawksmoor and Kent than with his in the contemporary annals of Kensington Palace. Kent was a useful man, much younger than his great master, versatile, with an eye to what was thought picturesque in those days, a fair artist, a good landscape gardener, and a man of polished manners, the personal friend of the great Lord Burlington. Wren, and Wren only, can have designed certain little cornices and brackets here and there, and his hand is on the south front very clearly; but I have seen little, if anything, in the interior which is likely to have been his.

King William started for a ride to Hampton Court on 21st February, 1701, mounted on his favourite horse, "Sorrel." The way, I suppose, would have been through those fine northern gate piers, if they were then built, westward past the red walls of the fruit garden, and out on the broken ground, now covered with Palace Gardens Terrace and Sheffield Gardens, till the now built up gateway of Campden House was reached. Here the King would be forced, in order to avoid the narrow, crowded Church Lane on the left, to turn to the right among the gravel pits, and so down to the main road about where Lad-broke Grove Road is now. Thence, on this last fatal ride to Hampton Court, the road must have been nearly straight. While cantering in the park there, Sorrel put his foot on the hill of the mole which the Jacobites toasted for generations, and falling, threw the King and broke his collar-bone. After some hours' rest he returned to Kensington by coach, and in a few days had partially recovered. It would seem, however, as if the shock of the fall, or some other circumstance, continued to affect him. He hastened forward the public business, and on the 1st March gave the royal assent to some bills by commission. After this he rallied for a few days, and, we are told, "took several turns in the gallery at Kensington." I fear it is not possible to identify this gallery now. On the 7th he was not so well, but issued a commission to give the royal assent to that most momentous law, the act which provided for the succession of the house of Brunswick. On the following morning, the 8th, he sat up on the side of his bed, supported by a page. Leaning suddenly back he closed his eyes, and died without a word.

Of the reign of William III. a very tangible relic remains. The pair of gate posts leading to the High Street is ornamented on either side with a lion and a unicorn. Each bears a shield, on which are the arms of England with Nassau on an inescutcheon in the centre.

Queen Anne loved Kensington, and improved both the

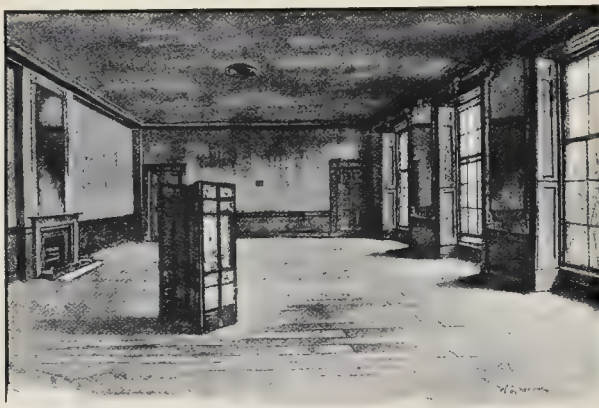
palace and the gardens. She built the beautiful Orangery, now almost hidden with the hideous glass houses of a kitchen garden. Modern architects, their eye spoilt by the anomalous beauties of Gothic, and what they mistakenly call "Queen Anne," pass by this building with a sneer. There are honourable exceptions. For them the simplicity of the materials, the almost total absence of ornament, and the subtle proportions, make up an ideally perfect building—one which could only have been designed by the hand of the great Sir Christopher himself. This is the real Queen Anne; but it is not in vogue with our architects because it involves a knowledge of the geometrical laws of proportion. Scarcely less beautiful is the Alcove. This covered marble seat, also from Wren's hand, was designed to stand at the foot of Sun-dial Lawn, on the south side of the palace, and to form the termination, against the wall of the high road, of a double avenue of elms. Now, alas! the elms are disappearing rapidly; the sun-dial has departed; a railing replaces the wall, and the Alcove itself has been removed and rebuilt in the most unsuitable situation conceivable away by the fountains.

It was designed for the foot of a slight slope; it is now on the steep side of a hill. It was designed to face north; it faces south. It was designed to be seen from a distance, to form the termination of a vista; it can only be looked at across a not very wide walk. We do not deserve to possess such treasures as these two buildings.

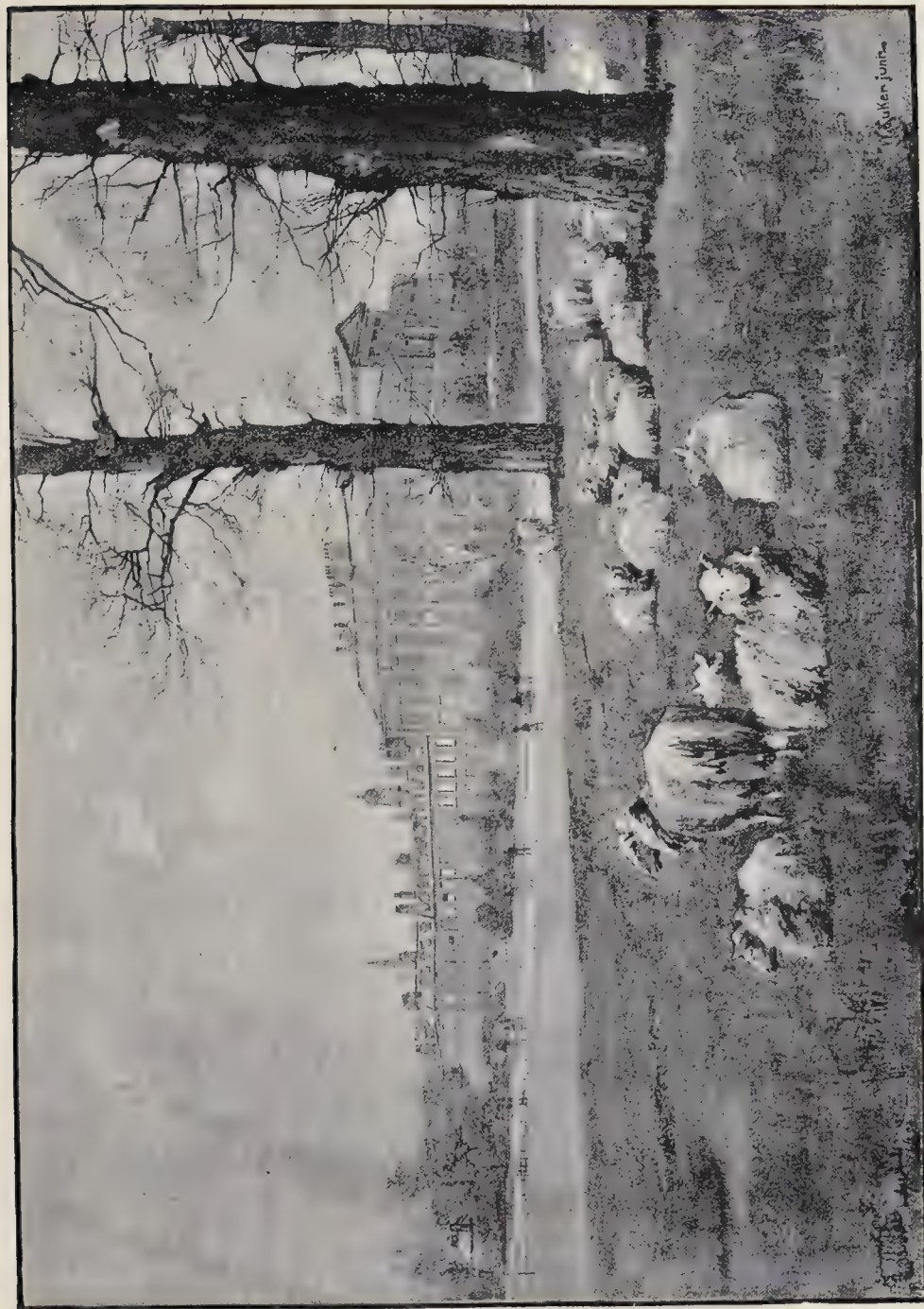
At Kensington Queen Anne received the Duke of Hamilton, when he

brought back the Act of Union with Scotland; and a vast cavalcade, including above forty coaches, escorted him through the park. Prince George of Denmark, the Queen's Consort, died at Kensington on 28th October, 1708. The Queen survived him till the 1st August, 1714, when she too died, somewhat suddenly, at Kensington, and after lying in state here for nearly a month, her body was removed for interment to Westminster Abbey.

George I. employed Kent to make some alterations and improvements. He probably added the gallery which overlooks the Sun-dial Lawn, and which figures so largely in the annals of the next reign. He also then, or at a slightly later period, remodelled the State apartments, and painted the staircase. The "Cupola Room," as it was called, was also his, and in the "Presence Chamber" he placed a very fine carved chimney-piece by Grinling Gibbons, and a ceiling in a very good Roman style. His work has not the subtle charm of Wren's; but these apartments, and especially one, "the King's Great Drawing-room," which looks eastward over the park, are handsome and stately, and had probably the



Room in which the Queen was born.



Kensington Palace. From the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens.

great merit of convenience. The reader is referred to Hervey's "Memoirs" for an account of Court life at Kensington in the reign of George II. Queen Caroline, like Queen Anne, was always busy designing improvements, especially in the gardens and the park. When George II.

keep by him. On the Green was a fantastic water tower, built by Wren's eccentric pupil Vanburgh. A little farther off was an old conduit, supposed to have been intended for the supply of water to a house in Chelsea, which had belonged to the Crown under the Tudors. The wide green space in front of

the chief entrance of the palace was flanked by a red brick wall, which surrounded the kitchen gardens, and extended westward to what is now Palace Gardens Terrace. The King's chief gardener lived on the top of the hill, on part of the site now covered by Sheffield Gardens. The site of the kitchen garden is now occupied by that fine avenue of ugly houses known as Palace Gardens—a splendid opportunity lost for want of an architect. Thackeray's house, designed by himself in the real, not the mock, Queen Anne's style, is on the Green, and there is another not altogether disagreeable building; but the water tower and the conduit have been taken away, and the red brick wall only crops out in places where it has been incorporated with some other building.

Eastward of the Palace, Queen Caroline made the most sweeping changes. She, in fact, turned all Nottingham Park into Kensington Gardens. As she left them they have ever since remained. A most singular and monstrous fiction grew up round the Queen's work here. In almost all books about Kensington you will see that first Queen Anne and afterwards Queen Caroline took land from Hyde Park and added it to Kensington Gardens.



The Staircase.

ascended the throne, Kensington Palace had probably attained its present dimensions; but the aspect of its surroundings was very different from what we see. At Palace Green, when we had passed between King William's lion and unicorn, we should have seen a small village of barracks, intended for those Dutch Blue Guards which the King was so anxious to

ascend. I have endeavoured, without success, to trace the origin of this curious story. It culminates in the pages of Leigh Hunt, who was never a model of accuracy, but who outdoes even himself when he says that Queen Caroline added three hundred acres to the gardens, the fact being that there are only two hundred and fifty acres in the gardens

altogether. They did not vary a single acre in extent between the reign of Charles II. and that of Queen Victoria, when a small piece, about the Albert Memorial, was added, being taken from Hyde Park for the purpose.

Before Queen Caroline went to work the least pleasing feature of the view eastward from the palace windows was the sluggish, marshy stream which wound through the damp meadows, between what we call Marlborough Gate and Knightsbridge. This was the Westbourne, and the place at which it entered Kensington Gardens was known as "Bays-watering," some say "Baynard's Watering." The "Swan," a small tavern, probably commemorates the pond here. Through the gardens, where the ornamental water is now, it found its way past the "Fox and Bull," at Knightsbridge, just where Albert Gate is now, across to the fields between

Pimlico and Brompton, running out at last into the Thames at Chelsea.

The happy thought occurred to Queen Caroline, or to her favourite landscape gardener, Bridgman, to make of this miserable little stream a handsome feature in the view. Finally the bridge, not that which we now see, which was designed by Rennie, the architect of London Bridge, but an older one, was placed across the stream; and not far from its southern end, on an artificial mound, was built a pretty summer house, called the Temple of the Winds. From the top there was a fine view of the Thames and the circumjacent country.

George II. died in Kensington Palace on the 25th October, 1760. George III., for some reason or other, disliked it, as he disliked Hampton Court, and does not seem to have made it his residence at any time. The State apartments fell into



The West Front.

neglect, and the other parts of the house were partitioned off, so as to form suites for the accommodation of some of the junior members of the royal family. The Duke of Sussex lived in the south-western corner, and there made a famous collection of Bibles. He also there violated the royal marriage act, by taking to wife the widow of a commoner. When the Queen came to the throne she so far recognised the Duke's wife, that she conferred on her the Duke's second title, and as Duchess of Inverness she lived at Kensington Palace for many years, and died there on 1st August, 1873.

Besides the Duke of Sussèx, another of the younger sons of George III. lived in the palace. Edward, Duke of Kent, had married, like his brothers, on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. His wife, the widow of the German Prince of Leiningen, had several children, but after her mar-

1890.

riage to the Duke of Kent, one child only was born to her. It was on the 24th May, 1819, that the little Princess, afterwards Queen Victoria, was born in a chamber which is on the floor below the King's great drawing-room, already mentioned. The windows of the room are only partially visible from the Broad Walk, and are the three most northerly in the main building. The room whose windows are immediately under the large Venetian window of the drawing-room, is the chamber in which Lord Melbourne and Archbishop Howley announced her accession to the young Queen on the 21st June, 1837; and another behind, that is to the westward, which stands immediately under the cupola-room, is that in which her Majesty's first council was held. It is small and dark, and divided by the heavy columns which support the floor of the great hall above.

W. J. LOFTIE.

P P



"If Music be the food of love—play on." By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. Messrs. McLean & Co.'s Exhibition.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS.



IN view of the interest taken by the public in the pictures that at this time of the year fill the various galleries, we have made a special effort to give our readers early reproductions of a selection of the principal works. At the time of going to press the most important exhibitions are not yet open, notably the Royal Academy, and it is only through the courtesy of the painters and the owners that we are able to give those which we do. Next month we hope to give illustrations of many of the pictures at Burlington House, and the two French Exhibitions which have this year been started in rivalry with each other.

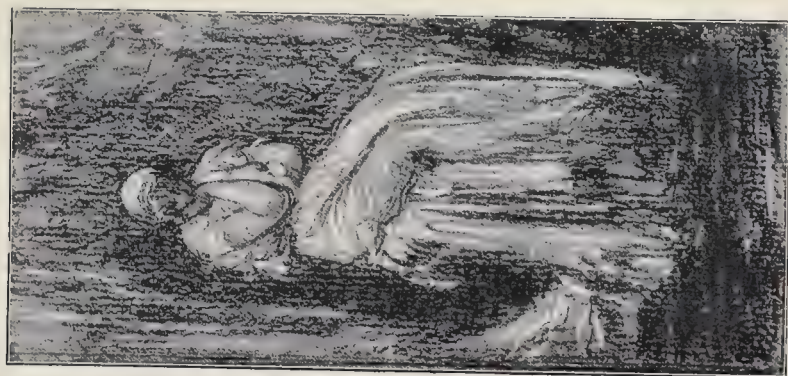
The article in our March number, by Lady Colin Campbell, on 'Artists' Studies,' showed the extreme attention bestowed by Sir Frederick Leighton on this preparatory stage of his work—an attention sufficiently rare to be noticeable. The studies we give now from the President's hand were made for his pictures of 'Solitude' and 'The Bath of Venus.'

In the former picture a draped figure is seated on a ledge of rock, with rock and crag in the background, and in front the brown water of a mountain tarn. Her draperies are white, and of flowing texture, revealing a beautifully-proportioned arm and hand upon which her head rests. The water at her feet is motionless. No trace of any other living creature is visible. The silence of death broods over all, and the complete restfulness of the pose of the figure suggests the solitude of these lonely mountains, and presents her as the genius of the place. The other page of studies by Sir Frederick Leighton were

made for 'The Bath of Venus,' the scene being a marble colonnade in a palace, the columns white and the capitals of burnished gold. Marble steps lead down to the water's edge, where stands the figure of a bather. A purple curtain hangs in the background from pillar to pillar, and above is a peep of blue sky.

The Academy and other important Exhibitions will be dwelt upon at length by our Art critics next month. Suffice it, therefore, to notice shortly some of the reproductions which we give in this number. By permission of Messrs. T. McLean & Co. we are able to give a reproduction of the picture that holds the place of honour in their galleries, Mr. Orchardson's "If Music be the food of love—play on." The work, which is painted with all Mr. Orchardson's charm of colour, tells its own story. Mr. Poynter's picture, reproduced on page 149, shows a dark-eyed child who has seated herself on the marble wall of a staircase. The pink blooms of the oleander, the grey green of the cypress-trees, the red of the melon, and the blue of the lake behind form a rich scheme of colour. Mr. Herkomer has painted a scene from the daily life of Bushey, under the title 'Our Village.' The time is late afternoon on a fine day, when labourers leave off work. The Old Testament has given Mr. Calderon a subject, 'Hagar in the Wilderness.' She is seated on a stone boulder, forming part of a group of huge rocks on the margin of an immense desert. Evening is slowly closing on the scene, and Hagar, clothed in white, leans with her clasped hands pressed upon the bench, and broods over the injustice of her fate. The graceful portrait of Miss Lily Hanbury, by Mr. Greiffenhagen, is one of the portraits at the New English Art Club, a society whose

annual exhibitions arouse considerable interest. Mr. Onslow | Ford's delightful statue of Music is one of a pair commissioned

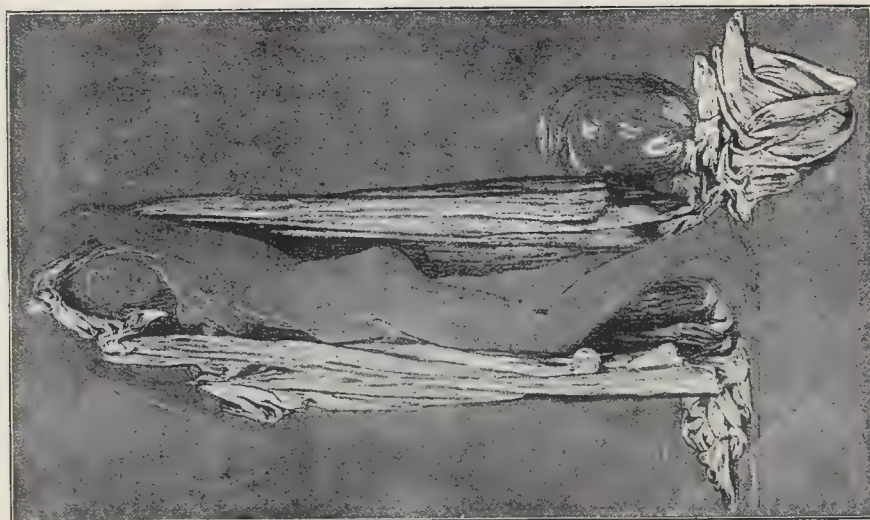
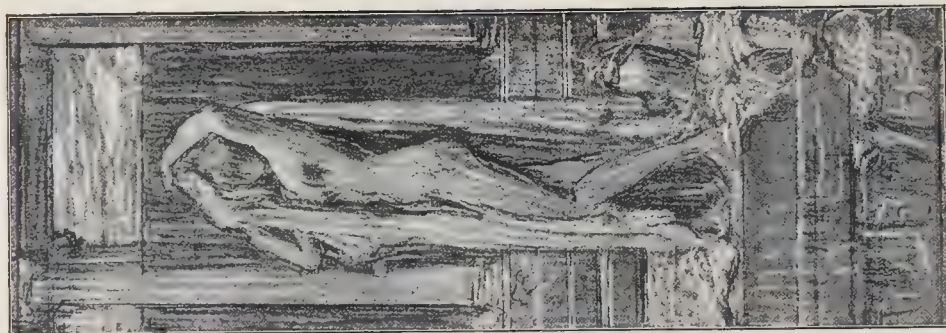


Studies for 'Solitude'. By Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A. Royal Academy, 1890.

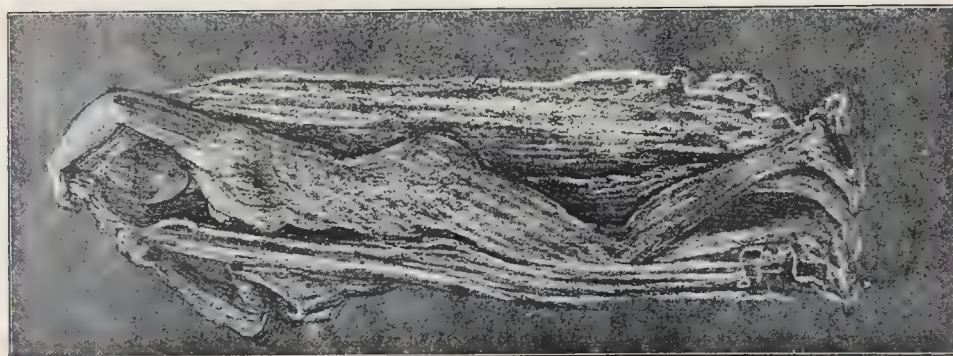
by the Maharajah of Durbungh, the other representing Dance- ing. They are destined for niches in a ball-room. On page

152 will be found an illustration of one of the principal pictures in Messrs. Tooth & Son's exhibition, by Eugène de Blaas, a

name already popularised in England, and on page 151 another from the same gallery of 'High Mass at St. Mark's, Venice,'



Studies for 'The Bath of Venus.' By Sir Frederick Leighton P.R.A. Royal Academy.



by José Gallegos. We are glad to be able to give a wood engraving of Fritz von Uhde's beautiful and suggestive pic-

ture of 'The Last Supper' (page 153). This, and several other of Uhde's, including 'Suffer little children to come unto

Me,' and the triptych of the Nativity (both reproduced in *The Art Journal* for 1880, page 65, where also may be



'On the Temple Steps.' By Edward J. Poynter, R.A. Royal Academy. In the possession of Sir Julian Goldsmid.

found an account of Uhde's life and work), form part of Mr. Wallis's collection of pictures in the French Gallery.
1850. Q 2

Mr. Joseph Farquharson's view of a scene off Cairo will be found interesting by those whose acquaintance with the East



Miss Lily Hanbury. By Maurice Greiffenhagen. New English Art Club.

must be gathered from books and pictures. The Fine Art Society caters for popular taste in showing to the public for the first time a complete collection of Madame Ronner's works, who has gained a world-wide fame for her representations of cats. We give a page of studies for a picture. Mr. McWhirter has wandered afield for his principal 1890 picture, the 'Greek Theatre at Taormina, Mount Etna in the distance' (p. 156). In the foreground, at a height of some hundred feet above the blue Ionian sea, stand the ruins of the theatre, while a steep path on the right leads to the village of Taormina. 'Moonrise on Horsey Mere,' by Mr. W. J. Laidlay, is from the New English Art Club; and

so is Mr. P. Wilson Steer's 'Jonquil,' a clever study of a young girl standing at night near the window of a room, which a single lamp illuminates—the shadow of her face being thrown upon the wall close behind her. Another picture from the New English Art Club Exhibition is Mr. Sidney Starr's portrait of Mrs. Brandon Thomas, in a blue-grey dress, making music in a London drawing-room. Mr. E. Blair Leighton has devoted himself for some time to pictures of literary interest, tending towards the pathetic, of which 'A Call to Arms' and 'Fame' are examples. This year he has painted the story of 'How Lisa loved the King,' an illustration of a tale in Boccaccio, where it is told how the daughter of a merchant of Palermo falls in love with King Pietro of Sicily. Prostrate with a sort of low fever into which she has fallen through her love for the King, she asks one day that



Music. By E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. Royal Academy.

his favourite musician may be allowed to sing to her. Lisa waits till her parents are out of the way, and then tells the



Our Village. By Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A. Royal Academy.



How Lisa loved the King. By E. Blair Leighton. Royal Academy.

minstrel of her love for the King. This news the minstrel conveys to the King by means of a song he composes on the subject. The rest may be imagined. On page 157 is a

landscape by Mr. David Murray, noticeable for its delicacy of treatment, taking its name from the white mill in the background. A gate in the middle distance leads away into the



"Three are no Company." By Eugène de Blaas. Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.

open country, while in the foreground two children taking home the week's washing to some family better endowed with the world's goods, have dropped down for a much-needed rest. Mr Goodall has painted 'Windsor, from the North

Terrace,' a scene which will be easily recognised by those who have stood on this historic spot. Here are the sharply-defined battlements, and the birds whose colour harmonises so well with the surroundings, and below the blossom-



The Last Supper. By Fritz von Uhde. The French Gallery.



Portrait of Mrs. Brandon Thomas. By Sidney Starr. New English Art Club.



High Mass at St. Mark's, Venice. By José Gallagos. Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.



Studies for a picture of Cats. By Henriette Romer. The Fine Art Society.

ing trees, red-tiled houses, and the river, with that sight of swing. On page 159 is a Scottish landscape by Mr. Robert Noble, a painter still under thirty, whose tentative effort which one never grows tired, an eight-oared boat in full



Taormina and Mount Etna. By J. McWhirter, A.R.A. Royal Academy.



Moonrise on Horsev Mere. By W. J. Laidlay. New English Art Club.

at the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year attracted some attention. The picture is called 'By the Linn Pool.' At the

Italian exhibition, held a year or two back, at South Kensington, considerable interest was shown in the pictures of an



The White Mill. By David Murray. Royal Academy.



Jongleur. By P. Wilson Steer. New English Art Club.

Italian painter, G. Segantini. Messrs. Dowdeswell and | Dowdeswells decided to organize an exhibition of his work,



Hagar in the Wilderness. By P. H. Calderon, R.A. Royal Academy.



A Ferry on the Nile, Cairo. By Joseph Farquharson, R.A. Royal Academy.

which was opened at their Galleries this season. Segantini's | pictures do not lend themselves easily to reproduction, but



Angus Holden, Esq. By W. W. Oulless, R.A. Royal Academy.



By the Linn Pool. By Robert Noble. Royal Academy.



The North Terrace, Windsor. By F. Goodall, R.A. Royal Academy.

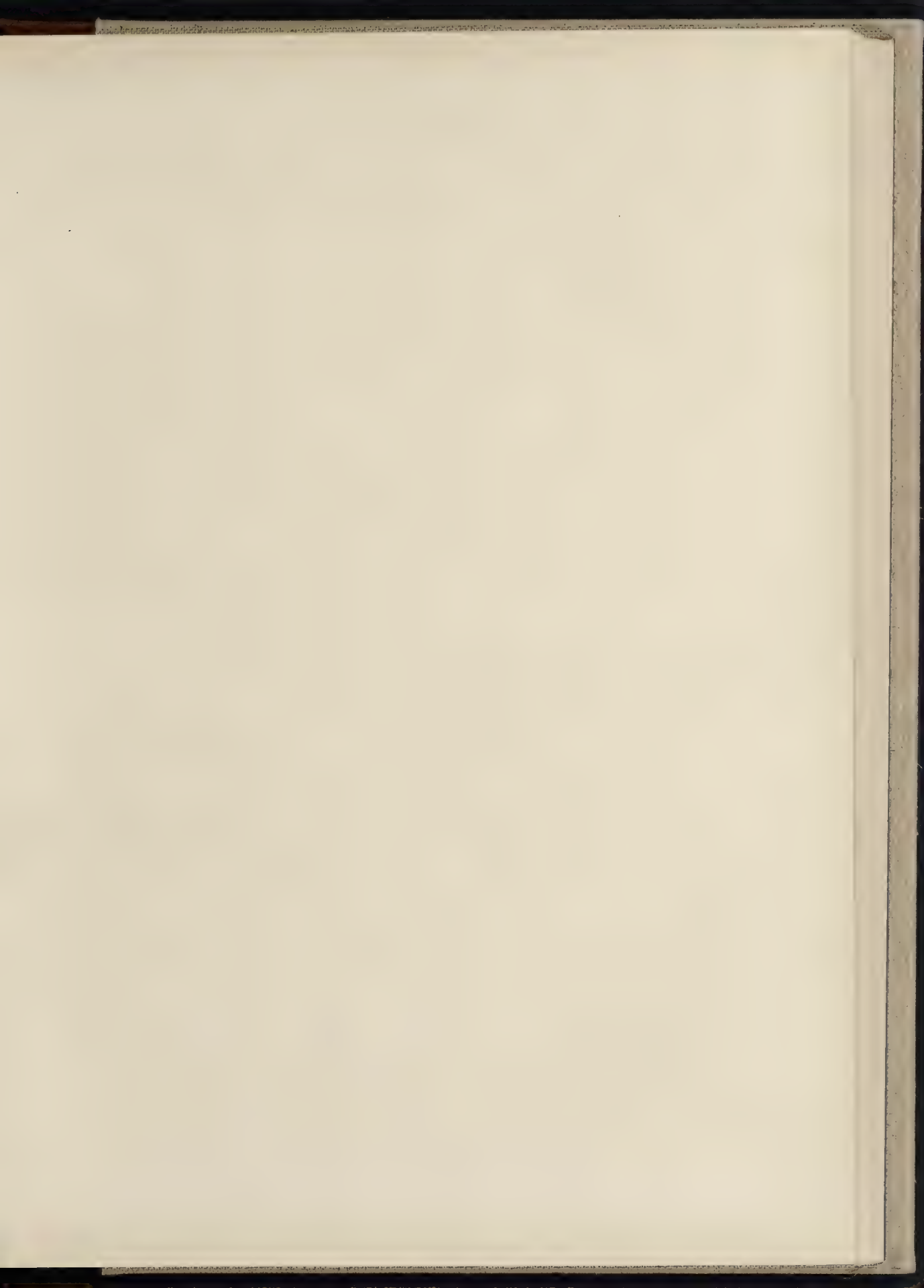
the illustration of sheep-shearing, on this page, will give some idea of his achievement. Segantini was born in 1858, and he



Sheep-shearing. By G. Segantini. Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells.

has never left Milan, the Italian Alps or the neighbouring Swiss Mountains—where he now lives—except to go once to

Turin, and once to Venice; he thus knows little or nothing of the masterpieces of foreign art.





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THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

II.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY, THE GROSVENOR, AND THE NEW GALLERY.

IT may fairly be said this year that the Royal Academy, if it leaves on the mind no very vivid impression of originality, strength, or even genial eccentricity in the works exhibited, nevertheless gives evidence of a gradual rise in the standard of English Art; exhibitions of flagrant incompetence and vulgarity by painters both within and without the sacred temple—such as those of some former years—being, with some few exceptions, conspicuous by their absence. The wave of

foreign influence is slowly and surely rising, but it will not apparently overwhelm the younger generation of English painters as absolutely as it has the Franco-American and Scandinavian Schools. The only safe course would appear to be, not to remain wilfully blind to a movement of universal and all-pervading influence, but to strive after an assimilation of what is best in its technical developments, while strenuously seeking to preserve the peculiar national flavour which still clings to our indigenous Art.



The Silent Evening Hour. By B. W. Leader, A.R.A. Royal Academy. By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons, the owners of the copyright.

The New Gallery is avowedly much inferior in interest to the displays of the two former years; one main reason for the decline being that the prime mover of the already historical secession, Mr. E. Burne-Jones, is present rather in spirit than in the flesh—showing only a series of preparatory designs for the *magnum opus* at Messrs. Agnew's hard by. His followers and those of Dante G. Rossetti make a last despairing attempt to recover lost ground and re-establish themselves: but in vain. Whatever may be our opinion of these two great artistic personalities, it is clearer than ever

that their example has formed a false and unsubstantial style, wanting in all the more vital attributes of an art, and rather aping the outward characteristics of its archetypes than seeking to assimilate their true standpoint. That style is certainly destined to prompt extinction, and will remain only as a curious episode in the annals of nineteenth-century art history. With the exception, however, that this faithful band confine themselves to the New, as they did in former days to the Grosvenor Gallery, and that the chiefs of the revolt against the latter naturally contribute nothing to their former home,

the character of all three exhibitions is now almost exactly similar, many of the most prominent artists exhibiting at all three shows, or, at any rate, at two out of the three. This is so much the case just now that the great spring exhibitions may now be said to form three sections of the same gigantic pictorial display. This being the actual state of things, it appears to us that there could be no great advantage, for our present purpose, in maintaining the artificial divisions of the summer's gathering of works of Art into separate galleries; and we therefore propose to consider the performances of the year as a whole, placing them, so far as may prove to be practicable, in the separate groups into which they would naturally fall.

MONUMENTAL DECORATIVE ART.—We are tempted here to paraphrase M. Théodore de Banville's celebrated chapter,

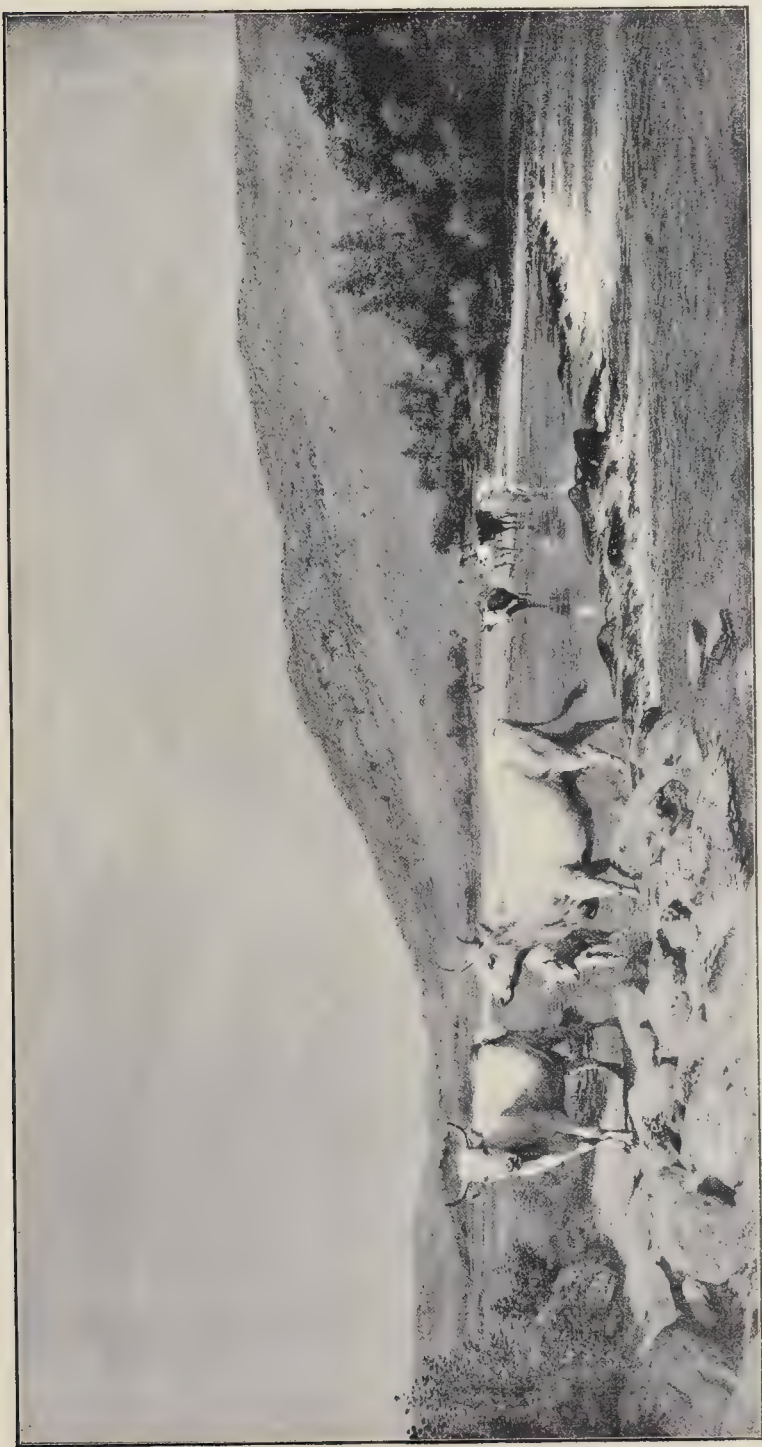
in his "*Traité de Poésie Française*," on "*Licences Poétiques*," the pithy contents of which are simply: "*Il n'y a pas de licences poétiques*." The art of monumental decoration does not exist in England, for the simple reason that it is not required; and for this state of things not the painters, but the State and the public, are mainly to be blamed. However, it may be convenient to include under this heading the works contributed by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Richmond, and the decorative artist *par excellence*—Mr. Albert Moore. The President's peculiar standpoint—his ever-growing inclination to treat painting mainly as a kind of coloured statuary in the flat, and to seek to obtain from humanity and from ancient Art nothing more than suggestions for rhythmically beautiful arrangements of line and drapery—tinted, rather than coloured, with fastidious



A Bend of the Avon. By Alfred Parsons. Royal Academy.

taste—has so often been discussed, that it would appear unnecessary again to criticise it. His 'Solitude' (Academy), a beautiful, white-robed maiden, seated in contemplation by the side of a rock-bound spring, shows charming reposeful harmonies of line, and studied draperies in which the Parthenon has been continually consulted (see p. 147). The same master's 'Bath of Psyche' (Academy)—with somewhat questionable taste purchased for the Chantrey Bequest Gallery—depicts standing on a polished marble floor, in a magnificent *atrium*, a nude female figure, which is rather that of Aphrodite than of the much tried Bride of Eros. It is very finely composed, and is indeed in this respect one of the President's most accomplished performances; but it lacks entirely any suggestion of life or movement. The brilliant violet, azure, and primrose tints, which are ingredients of the colour-harmony, are not quite successfully

brought together (see p. 148). The third contribution, 'A Tragic Poetess' (Academy), is harmonious in pose and in its sober, sad tinting; but it altogether fails to attain the solemnity of such a subject, when attempted from the higher point of view. So laudably ambitious has Mr. John Collier shown himself in his huge canvas 'The Death of Cleopatra,' so painstaking and successful has been his reproduction and adaptation of magnificent architectural detail, that we almost hesitate to point out what the picture lacks. This group depicts the rigid form of the royal enchantress stretched lifeless on a splendid couch, with one of her handmaidens already dead, the other timorously listening for approaching footsteps. It lacks the true dramatic element, the suggestion of a tremendous tragic event, which should have been the main and directing motive in putting together such a work. Mr. W. B. Richmond's large decorative canvas (New Gallery)—which we must call 'Fantasy



A Ford on the Wye. By H. W. B. Davis, R.A. Royal Academy.

from *Epipsychidion*, since its own poetic title is too long to quote—is not altogether satisfactory from the point of view of pure decoration; the principal point of genuine attraction is the enigmatic goddess or genius whose form is the central motive of the picture; her type being of singularly pure classic beauty. Mr. Albert Moore, on the other hand, achieves an unquestionable success in his large and beautiful decoration, 'A Summer Night' (Academy). It is a decoration, and nothing more, but as such it is exquisitely harmonious, and in its masterly weaving together of rare tints affords, as do very few other things in the galleries, a genuine feast to the eye. On classical couches, draped with steely blue, prim-

rose, and deeper yellow draperies, lie in varied and harmonious attitudes several half-nude and wholly statuesque female forms, with blonde tresses loosely bound; the magnificent balcony or terrace on which they lie, breathing the air of the summer night, is decorated with long woven wreaths of pale yellow pansies, and looks out upon a moonlit, altogether conventionalised sea; subtle touches of green and other tints in vases and similar gear almost imperceptibly complete the harmony. This might—if we adopt the well-worn Whistlerian phraseology—be called a symphony, whose first theme is steel-blue, whose second is primrose; the two, with their tributaries, being woven together into artful combinations,

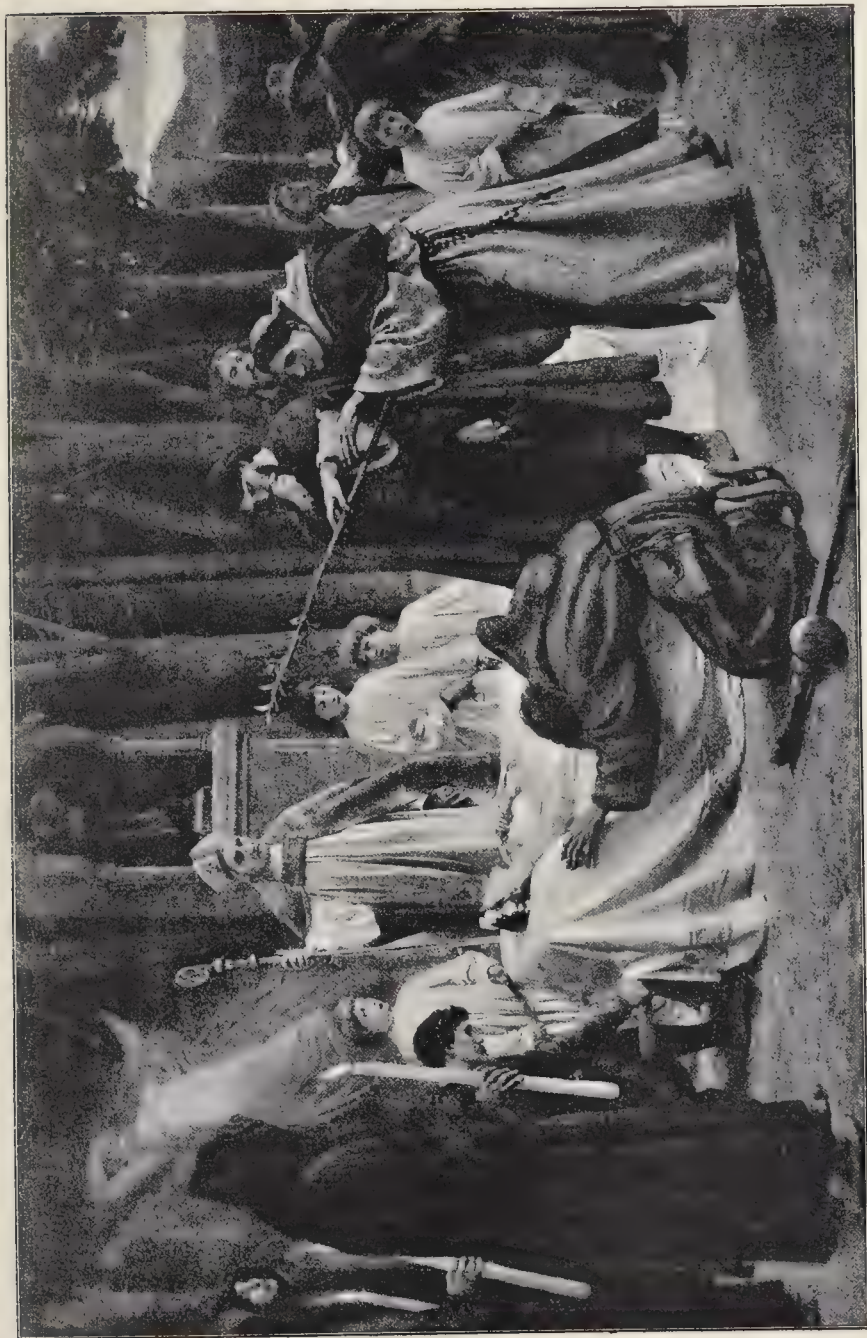


A Pastoral. By G. Hitchcock. The New Salon.

in which the hand of the genuine master can be traced. We will place also in this group Mr. C. N. Kennedy's large canvas, 'Perseus and Andromeda,' a version of the classic legend which displays some originality of composition and some accuracy of draughtsmanship, but fails through the half-heartedness of its conception.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's flights into the realms of the classic and the ideal have a curious unsubstantiality both of technique and conception—we never get quite away from the bravura study of the studio, or find ourselves able to take his work altogether *au sérieux*. His 'Hippolyta' shows in the red light of sunset the queen of the Amazons vanquished by

a robust and vulgar Theseus, to whom she seems not altogether unwilling to yield. What renders the performance at least amusing, is the peculiar artificial mode of lighting, borrowed from that eccentric French master of impressionistic decoration, M. Besnard. We may also refer here to Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'Sack of Morocco by the Almohades,' a scene depicting within the inner courtyard of an ancient Moorish palace the massacre and carrying off of nude and semi-nude women belonging to the harem of the conquered. This work—even more unsubstantial in execution than Mr. Solomon's canvas—displays characteristic merits of arrangement, but with all its simulated storm and stress, reveals also, in the conception,



The Redemption of Tannhäuser. By Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. Royal Academy.

much weakness and want of conviction. Decorative, too, is Mr. Poynter's pretty 'On the Temple Steps' (Academy), a



Peace. By Onslow Ford, A.R.A. Royal Academy.

half-draped, semi-classic female figure with architectural environments and a background of landscape (see p. 149), which reappears identical in pose, but this time wholly nude, in the 'High Noon' of the New Gallery.

IMAGINATIVE ART.—We know not whether to place in this or in the preceding category the fine series of nearly life-size single figures in oils painted by Mr. E. Burne-Jones as studies for portions of his great 'Briar Rose' sequence of pictures. They form, with some examples of his exquisite skill and patience as a draughtsman, his sole contribution to the New Gallery.

The best performance of the pre-Raphaelite school there is Mr. J. M. Strudwick's 'The Gentle Music of a by-gone Day,' an exquisitely wrought, but surely not deeply significant, presentment of three Burne-Jones-like, music-making angels, grouped in a Florentine chamber of quattro cento

type, the central figure of which is a magnificent organ, adorned with fantastic decorations of winged angels. Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope swerves not an inch from his old striving to attain the outward semblance of a Botticelli in his 'Knowledge strangling Ignorance,' but gets, as might be expected, the mannerism rather than the ardent spirit of his original. Miss Evelyn Pickering (Mrs. De Morgan), seeks in vain in her 'Medea' to make up for triviality, and want of grasp of a tremendous subject, by a profusion of strange but not particularly suggestive detail. A true worshipper of Rossetti such as Mrs. Stillman should not have brought forward anything so wanting in the pulsation of true passion as are her twin subjects, 'The First Meeting of Dante and Beatrice,' and 'Petrarch's First Sight of Laura' (both at the New). Of Mr. Watts's work it is no longer an unmixed pleasure to speak, especially for those who like ourselves have an unfeigned reverence for his great artistic personality. His 'Ariadne' (New) has something of beauty in the chastened voluptuousness of her massive features and form, the rendering showing a higher comprehension of the subject than would be attained by the first comer, whatever his technical skill; but of the drawing and the general execution the less said the better. Imaginative in the truest sense of the word is his 'A patient Life of unrewarded Toil' (Academy), which de-



Old Marjorie. By George A. Lawson. Royal Academy.

picts an old white horse, stiff and worn with hard work, cropping grass on the skirts of a green, close-set thicket.

The reticent pathos of the conception, the suggestion—even without its presence—of humanity, are all Mr. Watts's own. Would that the execution were on the level with the simplicity and beauty of the motive! Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Redemption of Tannhäuser' (see p. 165) depicts that crowning scene of the legend—borrowed from the concluding act of Wagner's opera—in which the sainted Elizabeth of Hungary is seen lying lifeless on her bier, mourned by a bishop with acolytes and by the knights of her court, while to the right of

the picture appear the pilgrims, and to the left monks holding flaming torches, which illumine the scene with a fitful light. Tannhäuser, truly repentant at last, and redeemed by his sorrow, kneels expiring by the side of his beloved, while Venus, the baleful demon-goddess, vanishes baffled in a lurid radiance. It would be impossible to find fault with the arrangement of the scene, which is nothing short of masterly, in the exquisite, if too evidently studied, balance of its lines; while the colour, if not strong or splendid, is appropriate. If a real



Girl at the Gate. By George Clausen. Grosvenor Gallery.

strength and glow of passion, a measure of dramatic truth and energy, had informed this admirable shell, a work of commanding excellence would have been the result. Real imagination cannot, on the other hand, be denied to Mr. Jacomb-Hood's weird 'Witches' Dance' (Academy), showing in the glade of a precipitous mountain-forest comely, half-nude witches circling round the queen-sorceress—a naked figure of beautiful proportions and instinct with life and movement—who incites her subjects to still more furious

choreographics. Objection might be taken to a certain heaviness in the forms and draperies of the plump votaries of Satan; but the originality of the conception, the passion of the central figure, are undeniable. Particularly striking is the weird effect produced by the shadows of the witches on the moonlit ground. Nothing in the exhibition displays the imaginative quality more strongly than do the three pictures of Mr. John M. Swan, though he is in the first place a limner of the brute beast,

in the second only a painter of man. His 'Maternity' (Grosvenor Gallery) shows, stretched on the grey sand of the desert, under a sky of tempered blue, a huge lioness, giving suck to four eager whelps, who, all pulling together, draw her udders dry. The design formed by the supple beast and her offspring is a magnificent one, as true and living as it is learned and harmonious; the reticence of the true artist being shown in the absence of all disturbing elements, and genuine imaginative power in the tempered, softened mood of the huge beast. A passionate and beautiful design, too, is the same painter's 'Lioness defending her Young' (Academy), which is, however, painted in so obscure a key and so unfortunately hung, as to be hardly visible. A little gem is the small 'Piping Fisher-boy' (Academy)—a naked youth lying prone on the smooth, flat surface of a rock, round which murmur calm blue waters—as, dipping his head almost into the waves, he flutes, Orpheus-like, to the fishes; who, listening, swarm spell-bound to the surface.

To our thinking Mr. Swan's group of pictures, representing imaginative art, constitutes the most interesting contribution made by any English or foreign artist to the London Exhibitions this year.

CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC, MILITARY AND MODERN GENRE.—Classical genre means of course Mr. Alma Tadema, with his more or less faithful followers Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, Mr. Weguelin, and a few others. The Dutch master's works are particularly difficult to describe, they are so entirely wanting in the element of human sympathy and human interest, so entirely dependent on brightness of illumination, and on consummate skill in the rendering of sumptuous accessories. He is at his best in two contributions to the New Gallery—one a Græco-Roman idyll of the familiar type, 'Eloquent Silence;' the other—'In the Rose Garden'—showing two Roman maidens, clad in sumptuous garments of rare and lovely greenish shades, reclining on a magnificent seat of yellow marble and green bronze, the one shaking down on the other a shower of rose-



The Pursuit. By J. L. Gérôme. Paris Salon.

leaves. At the Academy is a less attractive 'Frigidarium,' in which, however, the voluptuous expression of lassitude worn by a female bather in the foreground, who is being robed by a bath attendant in a splendidly embroidered loose gown of blue, is very remarkable. We will mention here, though somewhat out of its right place, the exquisite little portrait by the same artist of 'Miss MacWhirter,'—a triumph of daring and successful colour, the brilliancy of which overshadows the firmly modelled, well-characterized face. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, who plays truant this summer to the Academy, sends to the New Gallery an admirable piece of semi-oriental genre, 'The Toilet.' This has a motive of much charm, two beautiful girls plaiting their thick tresses as they sit at the foot of a splendid marble staircase. Mrs. Alma Tadema has never before done nearly as well as in her charmingly devised and elegantly composed 'Battledore and Shuttlecock,' (New), a study half-decorative, half-genrelike, representing

in the lightest pearly-grey dresses, two daintily attired young girls playing the game which gives its name to the picture, while a third, holding a baby, looks on. Like that of the players' dresses, the prevailing tone of the pretty neo-classic room in which they appear is white, with a few relieving touches. Mr. G. H. Boughton this year abjures the fascinations of summer, and devotes himself to suggesting the silvery purity of snow-covered meadows and coasts. In the 'Winter in Brabant, Seventeenth Century' (New), the quaint view of a Flemish town—its roof all laden with snow—is more happily given than the richly-attired damsel who in the foreground is seen testing with her foot the ice of a pool. The larger performance, called 'The Puritans' First Winter in New England' (Academy), deals with one of the painter's favourite periods, displaying as it does—again in a bleak winter landscape—groups of Puritan settlers, male and female, waiting for a relief ship.

Very curious, but by no means regrettable, is the comparative absence of those pseudo-romantic subjects from history and romance which delight the heart of the *bourgeois* in general, and the visitor to the Royal Academy in particular. Here, however, is Mr. E. Crofts's 'Whitehall; Jan. 30th, 1649'—a representation of the execution of Charles I. in front of the Whitehall Banqueting House. In depicting an event of such tremendous moment, it would be imagined that the central group—composed of the Royal Martyr, his attendants and his executioners—would be so emphasized by its position and its rendering, as to attract all eyes. But no: the entire foreground is occupied by a seething crowd of armed men, while the protagonists of the historic

drama are reduced to the dimensions and the importance of mere diminutive puppets. Not as the art of the military painter proper, but as that of the painter of military genre, must count such a performance as the 'After Waterloo: Sauve qui Peut,' of Mr. Andrew C. Gow (Academy), which is painstaking and elaborate, but wanting in that passionate energy of expression and movement which such a theme should primarily possess. Miss Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), has on this occasion chosen a subject if not of a military at any rate pre-eminently of a militant type. Her 'Evicted' (Academy) displays in the foreground of a long, narrow Irish valley a ruined and dismantled cottage, in front of which poses a sturdy peasant-wife, who gazing upwards with a self-



October Glow, near Yardley Woods. By Alfred East. Royal Academy.

consciousness worthy of Drury Lane or the Adelphi, makes—with especial reference to the gallery—a melodramatic appeal to the celestial powers; the evicting party is seen in the distance slowly wending its way down the valley. The best piece of modern genre produced this year is, in our opinion, Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'By Order of the Court' (Academy). The sad scene represented is a forced auction in the humble dwelling of some broken village-dweller. In the grey tempered light of a bare chamber are ranged in business-like attitudes the bidders—fellow townsmen, and no doubt gossips, of the unfortunate bankrupt; in front of them the auctioneer officiates, holding up for examination one of the

prizes of the scanty store of miserable furniture and ornaments. The most delicate power of observation is revealed in the fashion in which each physiognomy is discreetly individualized; its business-like eager character being just veiled with a shadow of genuine pity and regret. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is thus making good use of his solid foreign technique, using it as his weapon in the expression of English scenes and English types. No fault can be found with the execution of the picture, save that its general tonality is unduly and unnecessarily sombre, and wanting, too, in the kind of strength which it might have achieved without departing from its quaker-like reticence of colour. The glimpse of out-door sunlight ob-

tained through the small window is however charming. Next to this we would rank, not specially for its pathos, but for its uncompromising sincerity, and its even undue sacrifice of pictorial charm, Mr. La Thangue's 'Leaving Home' (New). The grey-and-green tonality and the open-air effect of the whole are evidently derived from French sources; but the types of the rustic personages and the aspect of the bare landscape which frames them are sufficiently national to exonerate the painter from the charge of slavish imitation of foreign models. The scene is a high road in an uninviting country, upon which a trap, driven by a rustic and drawn by a shaggy white pony, has drawn up; it bears away from her home—evidently to service—a weeping village girl, at whom her family sadly take a last look ere she departs. Boldly and skilfully designed is the white horse, which stands absolutely facing the spectator and stepping right out of the picture; but it forms inevitably an ugly and unpictorial element in the design.

Among the painters of the so-called Newlyn school we

especially deplore the absence of Mr. Frank Bramley, of whom, after his successes of the two preceding years, much was expected. Another of the Newlyn band, Mr. F. Brangwyn, is, on the other hand, a shade too prolific, and shows signs of haste. The best of his contributions is 'The Weekly Dispatch' (Grosvenor), in which he portrays, in that enveloping atmosphere of dull grey weather which is particularly affected by the school—as by its French antetype—a company of weather-beaten sailors resting, and solacing their Sabbath with a weekly newspaper. The figures are fairly well observed and rendered without affectation; but there is about the whole a certain hardness and abruptness; and the impression of atmospheric effect is, for a work of this class, not given with striking success. Mr. Logsdail, abandoning for the time being his Venetian studies, returns to a subject for which his preliminary Antwerp training has technically better fitted him. 'The Ninth of November' (Academy) is, in its rendering of a London street scene, akin to the 'Trafalgar Square' pur-



The Hills of Morven. By Colin Hunter, A.R.A. Royal Academy.

chased some years since for the Chantrey Bequest Gallery. It depicts, with the most prosaic *terre à terre* realism of the documentary order, the Lord Mayor's coach in all its hideous garishness, as, preceded by really astonishing footmen, it is about to start from the Mansion House to take its part in the time-honoured procession; all around, filling the roads and pavements, and clinging even to the walls of the buildings, is seen the seething London holiday crowd. The details of the uninviting subject are rendered perhaps with over-insistence and deliberation, but still with great breadth and atmospheric truth; especially worthy of remark being the foreshortened coach, and the suggestion of impending movement in the heavily bedizened lackeys. But need such a scene have been rendered at all? The hideous prose of modern life in a great city is only then a fit theme for Art when it goes to the root of things and presents motives at once human and typical. Miss Dorothy Tennant has done unusually well in her 'Street Arabs at Play' (New),

showing a company of ragged urchins, male and female, swinging and going through various unorthodox gymnastics on the Embankment railings. The figures of two little girls to the extreme right and left of the picture, who appropriately indulge in less exaggerated gyrations than their fellows, are especially well drawn and modelled. The background of bridge and river rendered in a grey evening light is, on the other hand, scenic and unreal, and might easily have been improved.

Mr. George Clausen's large and important 'Girl at the Gate' (Grosvenor) (see p. 167) must be dealt with under this heading, although it is not so much a piece of genre as a pathetic and unexaggerated study of every-day country life. Though it has already been pointed out *ad nauseam*, it must be again repeated, that this artist's work is entirely based and built up on that of the lamented Bastien-Lepage, the pathetic realist *par excellence* of the present generation—with side influences, however, from the more generalized art of a greater and more mature master,

Jean François Millet. From these influences it can no longer, at this stage, be expected that Mr. Clausen should free his art sufficiently to constitute for himself a manner entirely distinctive and original. Granted this, however, it must be owned that he is one of the most accomplished and, with the above reservation, one of the most sincere painters of the younger generation; and he has never, save in the 'Ploughboy,' seen at the Grosvenor two years since, done as well as in the present instance. The figure which gives its name to the picture is the life-size one of a fair-haired girl of some sixteen years, who stands gazing with an abstracted and somewhat joyless look into vacancy, as she leans against a rough wooden gate; in the middle distance appear two aged

denizens of the cottage, and behind them stretches an orchard. The washed-out pale-blue print of the girl's dress is the key-note of the singularly decorative grey-blue colour-scheme of the picture; and it makes a most delicate harmony with her blonde hair and skin; one which is just sufficiently protected from the reproach of *fadeur* by the piquant contrast and true relation of the purple sweet-peas and other humble flowers which spring at her feet. It must, too, be pointed out in reference to what we have advanced above, that the painter's models and the scene itself, though treated from the standpoint of Bastien-Lepage, are purely English. At the Grosvenor Gallery hangs Mr. Hubert Vos's large canvas—'A Room in a Brussels Almshouse'—a realistic and sincere study,



By Order of the Court. By Stanhope A. Forbes. Royal Academy.

which acquires a measure of pathos through its very freedom from affectation; while with all its dulness of colour and heavy deliberation, it reveals the hand of a skilful and authoritative craftsman.

It is difficult to decide whether to place under this subsection or in the category of landscape, a very curious group of works by Scottish painters, which are to a marked degree impressionistic in tendency, but approach the problems of impressionism with a certain originality of aim, if at present with considerably more audacity than success. Mr. Arthur Melville's 'Audrey with her Goats' (Grosvenor), is one of the most pretentious and one of the least successful of the series. Instead of "impressing," and irresistibly

suggesting what it omits to represent, it merely puzzles and repels; leaving us, after anxious contemplation, doubtful of what the painter has intended to express, and annoyed at an audacity the only practical result of which is—to use French studio slang—to "*épater le bourgeois*." Much better, if still far from attaining the full pictorial result aimed at, is Mr. James Guthrie's large rustic idyll, 'The Orchard' (Grosvenor), showing two rosy children in the act of gathering apples, which match their cheeks in colour, under the overhanging boughs of fruit-trees. The two figures are finely placed as regards the mutual relation of line, and conceived with a certain sweetness and dignity, but are too dull and lifeless—unless, indeed, we regard the work as a mere piece of decoration, for

which its tones are too deep and heavy. The landscape is painted with a full, broad brush, but fails to compensate by truth of suggestion and force of atmospheric effect for what it omits.

To the same group belongs Mr. T. Lavery's clever 'Mary Queen of Scots in the Woods of Roseneath—the Morning after the Battle of Langside' (Grosvenor), in which the figures of the unhappy princess and her attendants, though well placed in the landscape, are comparatively unimportant, while the morning light breaking through the branches of huge forest-trees is subtly if not very effectively represented.

The Neo-Venetian school, although its chief masters are all present in the galleries, shows distinct signs of decline, and will,

we imagine, soon sink into a subordinate position, as did the Spanish-Italian school of Fortuny and Madrazo, after the death of the former. Its high-priest, M. Van Haanen, shows a sad falling off in 'La Sagra—Venetian Popular Feast' (New), if we compare this canvas with such a masterpiece as the 'Bead-stringers,' by which his reputation was made. M. E. de Blaas is himself, and nothing more, in the large piece of genre, 'Scandal' (Academy). Mr. John R. Reid has been this year most prolific. He shows no less than five pictures at the Grosvenor, and three at the Academy. In all these there are signs that he has seen the error of his ways, and desires to make a return from the coarsely-painted flaming eccentricities of the last two or three years to the more sober and masterly productions of an earlier time. He



Winter. By P. Billet. Paris Salon.

retains his chief merit—that sparkle and animation of open daylight, which he produces in a way peculiar to himself—but in other respects his works, with all their sincerity, appear undigested and lacking in that harmony and concentration which should mark the artist in full possession of his means, and completely conscious of the objects after which he is striving. At the Grosvenor are, among other things by this painter, a bright but confused and ill-arranged 'Washing Day,' and a smaller work, 'Ploughing,' chiefly remarkable for the brilliancy of an expanse of azure sea. The picture styled 'The Young Squire' (Academy), shows a sturdy young Briton in shooting costume standing in the turnips, in the very act of taking aim at invisible birds, while an admiring group

of rustics—no doubt his tenants—stands gaping. Here Mr. Reid returns to the manner which first brought him into notice, and paints much as he did in the solid and pathetic work now at South Kensington, in the Chantrey Fund Gallery. The elements of a picture are here; we have a study displaying much realistic force and observation, but scarcely the picture itself.

In a little subdivision, all to themselves—that of quasi-sacred *genre*—might be placed the three paintings which we are now about to mention. Perhaps Mr. Arthur Lemon's 'Conversion of St. Hubert' (Academy) might fairly have been placed in the category of "Imaginative Art." It shows, in one of those lush green landscapes which the artist loves to

depict, a rudely-clad St. Hubert who, kneeling by the side of his horse, adores the crucifix which gleams phosphorescent



Meeting of the Thames and Isis at Dorchester. By Vicat Cole, R.A. Royal Academy.



The Dock Strike. London, 1889. By Dudley Hardy. Royal Academy.

between the horns of the stag fronting him in the distance. | This is a happy and quite a new conception of a well-worn
1890. Y Y

subject—the rude, half-savage type of the patron of hunters serving to give to it an appropriate remoteness and strangeness which well suit the ancient legend. An artist of foreign birth and training, Mrs. Marianne Stokes, sends 'Light of Light,' a representation from the modern realistic point of view of the Virgin and Child. The infant Saviour lies

sleeping in his primitive cradle, casting a supernatural radiance on the Virgin, who, in a kneeling posture—herself asleep—rests against his rude wooden couch. This painting is executed with much breadth, if with a certain coarseness of touch; it shows not exactly insincerity, for it is simple enough in conception, but a plentiful lack of that emo-



Sailing. By A. Lynch. Paris Salon.

tional power without which so great a theme cannot successfully be approached, especially from this peculiar point of view. Both conception and execution suggest the study of French models, and more particularly, as we should imagine,

M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who exhibited at Munich, in 1888, a 'Madone avec l'Enfant,' in which a like effect of ruddy illumination was produced by similar means.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

SANS ASILE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE French title of this picture is due to its having been exhibited at the Salon; its subject is unfortunately English enough. The "old unhappy far-off things," with which sufferers were afflicted in the days that supply matter for historical costume-pictures, were generally due to the rage or the tyranny of man. The miseries of to-day, on the other hand, are results of the grinding action of mere things, mere conditions, the chance-medley of a world of hard, involuntary, and irresponsible forces. Victims of such pressure and such massive movements are the unfortunates who until lately were suffered

to rest, in the various English weather, under the paws of Landseer's lions. Mr. Dudley Hardy has shown them lying in the accidental attitudes of sleep—only less ignominious than the accidental attitudes of death, as to which no painter has yet ventured to show all the truth. And in the arrangement of so many figures with their graceless limbs the painter has shown more than ordinary skill in drawing and action. The most obvious point in the picture is the antithesis between the mass of human unrest and the calm of the effigy of the beast that sits above, looking out like a sphinx.

VENETIAN KNOCKERS.

IT is a favourite cry with enthusiasts that Venice has been delivered over into the hands of the Philistines, that, in fact, she is being spoiled by civilisation. It may be that civilisation has much to answer for as a debaser of men and of things, but as regards Venice we think that her enthusiasts exaggerate. The other cities of Italy have suffered greater, swifter changes than she. Rome, Milan, Florence, rich yet in the beauty of a past day, have lost far more than has Venice, who, just from her position in a zone of azure sea, still keeps much of her old magnificence, displaying various outward and visible signs of the splendour that was hers when once she held "the gorgeous East in fee, and was the safeguard of the West." Indeed, it is by these many outward and visible signs that we may trace her whole artistic life from its commencement, and read her story in her streets, as written in bronze or stone.

Not the least interesting chapter in this chronicle is that which deals with Venetian sculpture and the varied use of metal-work as one of the ornamental accessories to architecture. Of such examples of this kind of work Venice can yet show a great variety that have not succumbed to the revolutions of time.

Until the sixteenth century no prominence was given to the external ornamental details of a palace, the craft of the architect and the painter being deemed sufficient to complete its grandeur and beauty. But by degrees bronze ornaments of cunning shape became fashionable, and locks ornamented with patterns of tracery, lamps, candlesticks, door-handles, and other house fittings were designed and executed by the great masters themselves or their disciples, and in the making of these they put forth all their skill. Before long a school of bronze founders was

established which produced much noble work; and with the best of this work we may count some of the elaborately beautiful knockers that yet embellish the doors of Venetian palaces, and to which we would here draw the attention of our readers.

Knockers and door-handles in Venice, like those of our own Early English and Decorated date, were first of simple character, usually in the form of a ring or a hammer. These were the parent forms which, by degrees, became subject to elaborate

development. Some of our Early English door-handles and knockers will compare favourably with those of Venice, just from their simplicity and grace, as we may see by the specimens at Stogumber, Somersetshire, and Stockbury, in Kent. Not many of the famous Venetian knockers remain in their original positions to-day. Dealers in antiquities are ever eager to secure them for their shops, knocker-wrenching being quite a lucrative pastime in Venice—not, as elsewhere, a vulgar sport. Famous among the knocker designers for Venice was Giovanni di Bologna, who was born in 1525, and who left his native town, Douai, to study in Rome under no less renowned a master than Michael Angelo. He also spent some time in Florence, where Bernardo Vecchietta became his patron, and where his first important efforts at original



Fig. 1.—Knocker on the Palazzo Cavalli, ascribed to Giovanni di Bologna. From a drawing by Arthur Lippitsch.

work were made. His failure to secure the commission for the Florentine fountain did not discourage him; and later, at Bologna, he saw his chance and seized it. The fountain there, with its nine-foot Neptune, its Cupids, and spouting mermaids, took him three years to complete. It counts as one of his most effective works and it first brought him into prominence as a master of his art. Among Giovanni's other successful achievements we have the bronze gates of the Duomo at Pisa, the equestrian statue of Cosimo I., and

that of Henri IV. in Paris, which last was partly the work of his pupils.



Fig. 2.—Knocker on the Palazzo Balbi-Valier.

Our first illustration shows a knocker which has been ascribed to Giovanni di Bologna. It is on the Palazzo Cavalli, near the Post Office, and may be reckoned as one of the most notable examples of the great bronzist's skill. Two dolphins hold in their mouths a shell on which stands Venus newly arisen from the sea-foam, attended by two plump cherubs who ride gaily on the dolphins' backs. One of the cherubs holds Venus by the hand. The dolphin-knocker is a very favourite design, and it occurs frequently with variations. Here, in our second plate, we have another specimen of it, in the knocker that belongs to the Palazzo Balbi-Valier, on the Fondamenta Duodo Barbarigo. The palace in question was built in 1570 by Alessandro della Volpe, a pupil of the great Sansovino, who taught him at the schools in Venice. Different again is the large knocker on the Palazzo Reale (Fig. 3), which keeps to its earlier, simpler form, the hammer form as distinguished from the ring. As the only important example of its kind in Venice this knocker merits particular notice, and we might contrast it, just from its marked difference, with another hammer knocker of early date on a house in the Rue des Consuls, Auxerre, where the hammer consists of a long, lean leg, which moves on a hinge under the effigy of a man. More elaborate is the knocker of the Da Ponte Palace (Fig. 4),

a residence designed and built for the Doge Nicòlo da Ponte in 1560. The architect of this sumptuous palace was Sansovino, but there is no evidence to show whether he designed the knocker which served to ornament its doorway. The female figure in the centre may be taken to represent Venice, caressing two lions, for whom she has provided water in the scallop-shell which forms the base. Perhaps some want of refinement is noticeable in the way the animals have been executed; indeed, it is upon the modelling of the female's form that all the cleverness of the artist would seem to have been spent. A knocker precisely similar to this may be seen in the South Kensington collection; in fact, we are inclined to believe that, if not the original, it is an exact replica of the Da Ponte knocker. It was purchased for two hundred francs—a trifle in comparison with the prices given for other knockers which the Museum possesses. All the other South Kensington examples will well repay examination. One very handsome knocker among these was bought at the sale of the Soulages collection, and cost £80. It represents two nymphs embracing, while on their shoulders stands a Cupid, two others being poised on either side to give balance to the design. Another, costing £20, from the Portales collection, shows a pair of coy nereids (not youths, as the catalogue states) who hide their breasts, and whose figures fancifully terminate in foliage and are surmounted by a mask. Another charming little knocker to be seen at South Kensington is the one that shows dolphins holding a scallop-shell, a swan being placed in the centre. For grace and symmetry this



Fig. 3.—Knocker on the Piazza Reale.

ranks with the best; it is simpler, less ambitious than some, but none the less pleasing for that.

A most interesting knocker which, as a design, takes its place between the primitive hammer-knocker and the more

few have kept their original places and can yet be admired *in situ*, where the artist himself first put them. Local and foreign collectors of *objets d'art* do their best to buy them up, to sell at an amazing profit. It was possibly from a conviction that they would disappear, as well as through zeal for his city's art, that in 1758 a Venetian nobleman, Count Pietro Gradenigo, published a little set of water-colour sketches of the most famous knockers then existing in Venice. In this task he had recourse to the help of a German artist, who completed a series of sketches, the originals of which are now to be seen at the Museo Civico. The volume is thus entitled: "*Battaori, Batticoli e Battioli in Venezia*. Jo. Grevembroch. 1758." Of this work a reproduction in autotype was brought out by Signor Brusa, which Ongania published. If it had been supplemented by a volume of text, its value to students would have been greatly enhanced; the plates themselves are, on the whole, quite coarsely executed. In this collection we may find the characteristic Ottobon knocker at San Severo, which displays the family coat of arms surmounted by a papal tiara and keys, in memory of Pope Alexander VIII., who belonged to the Ottobon family. He was Pietro Ottobon, and filled the Papal chair from the year 1689 to 1691, which fact allows us to fix the date of this knocker as not earlier than the last decade of the seventeenth century. At South Kensington may be seen a fine bronze bust of Pietro Ottobon, which is ascribed to Algardi or Bernini, but which more probably was produced by one of their aptest pupils. The face has that look of weakness and

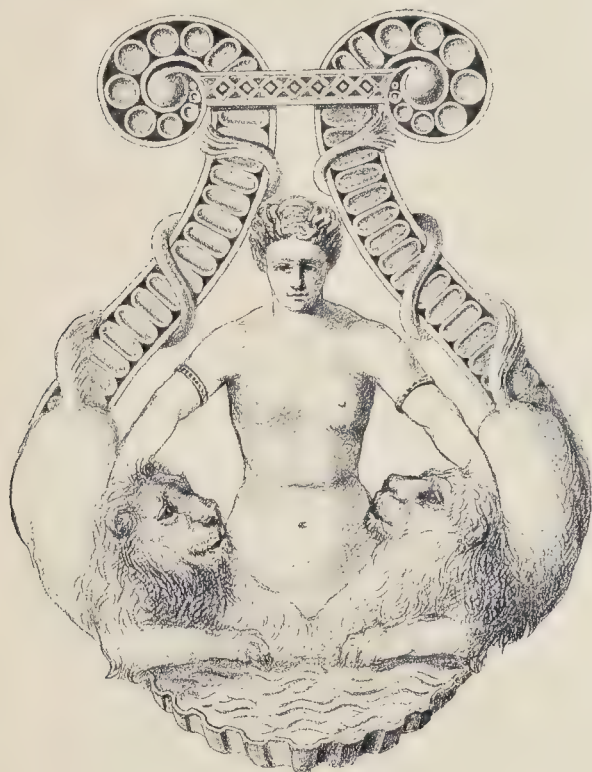


Fig. 4.—Knocker on the Palazzo da Ponte.

elaborate lyre or dolphin-knocker, is the one we find on the Palazzo Zorzi, our fifth plate. The framework of the design is formed by two Cupids who hold a coat of arms, at the base of which is a mask. As illustrations 6 and 7 show, masks in the mouths of snakes or dolphins were often chosen as the central ornament in the artist's design, the mask taking the place of the boss which originally served to show where the knocker fell. Nothing more delicately ornamental than these last two can be seen among all the noteworthy knockers which Venice still possesses. One is on a private residence in the Calle Rio Terrà, the other until recently was in the Calle Larga. The house in the Calle Larga, dilapidated in parts and in parts restored, bears the date of 1582, so it is quite within reason to assume that the knocker it possessed was designed and executed at this time. It is hardly older than that date. But it no longer adorns the outer door. Antiquity-mongers have had their will of this house; the bric-à-brac hunters could not long suffer the knocker to remain untouched. Doubtless it has passed into the dark treasure-houses of Jewry, and Mr. Lippitsch, to whom we are indebted for a sketch of it, came only just before its rape in time to rescue it by his pencil from oblivion.

The fate of this knocker has been the fate of nearly all, for 1890.

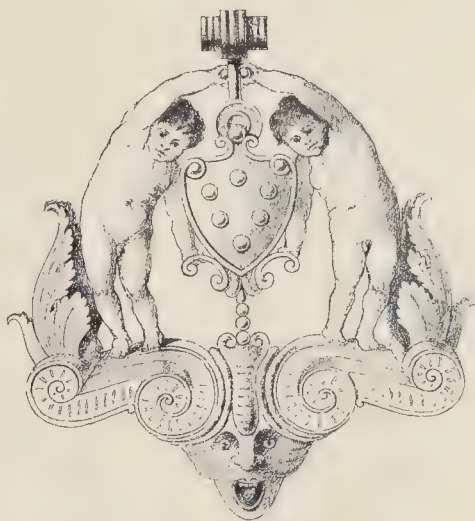


Fig. 5.—Knocker on the Palazzo Zorzi.

benevolence which we find in so many modern Venetian faces; the curved moustache, the *barbiche*, the *baretta*, might all

belong to any easy-going, good-humoured son of Venice to-day.

The design of another famous knocker, the Grimani knocker,



Fig. 6.—Knocker on a private house in the Calle Rio Terrà.

appears in Gradenigo's book; and if we mention it here, it is because of its resemblance to our sixth plate, of the knocker in the Calle Rio Terrà. This design was one that evidently had a great vogue in Venice, and shows dolphins holding a mask, which took the place of the boss where the knocker-flapper fell. To this day knockers of a similar type are produced in Venice, for the art is not a lost art; a school of bronze founders still exists there and flourishes. In all the crafts which they follow to-day, modern Venetian artisans—the glass-blowers, wood-carvers, and metal-beaters—show very remarkable ingenuity; while as regards invention, the power to create fresh designs, they do not need it, for they have the multitude of rich and handsome patterns bequeathed to them by their great forerunners; and, as discreet and ingenious successors, they are content to copy, since they cannot improve.

The art of working in metal is largely followed by Venetians; so too is wood-carving, and, of course, glass-making. In fact, ornamental work—work into which design enters—has ever appealed to the craftsmen of the lagoons, and in its execution they excel. Nor does encouragement of these arts come alone from the foreigner. Wealthy Venetian patri-

cians prefer to engage their compatriots for the task of embellishing or refitting their palaces, instead of calling in the skill of Paris or of Vienna. And resident *forestieri*, the English and Americans who have chosen Venice for their home, when decorating their houses are all anxious to let tradition guide them, ever choosing classic models where chances for ornamentation occur. Rarely, as he walks in the *calli* or floats down the canals, will the traveller experience any rude shock at the sight of outrageous restoration. He will not be able to point to many instances of a deliberate exchange of the noble and the right for the vulgar and the base. Indeed, if they were ruthless and ignorant, which they are not, the restorers and touchers-up could never wholly spoil Venice. For the poet, Venice is still the strangest of the world's visible poems; for the dreamer, she is still sufficient in her manifold loveliness. The Philistines have not yet entered in to take possession. It may be that in some of her high places a hideous factory is set up as an unsightly tabernacle to Baal, the god of pelf; fragrant lagoon islands may have been remorselessly turned into mud banks, on which to tinker railway carriages and trucks; tramways may run the uneven tenor of their way across the Lido; or pert penny steamers shriek and scuffle along the majestic canal whence haughty Doges floated forth to war. And yet is Venice spoilt? Is she quite vulgarised—an abomination, in short? Ah, no; how much remains to us yet! She is still unique, a joy for



Fig. 7.—Knocker until recently on a private house in the Calle Larga.

ever, being saved from the materialising touch of the *zeitgeist*, rescued from Philistinism by her inviolate bride, the sea.

ALPINE SCENERY.

IT seems well-nigh impossible to write anything new about Zermatt or the surrounding mountains, for the district is more familiar to the average British holiday-maker than his native hills. The mountaineers have climbed every height by every conceivable route, crossed every pass, and described, usually with much facetious detail, their exploits in newspapers, magazines, and books. There are, in all probability, but few villages in England boasting of a "Lecture Hall," in which the attractions of the place have not been set forth by the travelled curate of the parish, the lecturer—in the

absence of mountaineering critics—descanting in somewhat glowing periods on the difficulties, dangers, and hardships of Alpine adventure. Bits of rock picked up on the moraines, or chipped off from the peaks, are to be found in every geological museum. The habitat of every flower is minutely known to the insatiable botanist; indeed, the district has been almost despoiled of flowers by collectors more ardent than discreet, who appear to ignore the fact that the roots of a plant have an important bearing on its future growth and reproduction. From all points of view, suitable and ill-



Fig. 1.—Zermatt and the Matterhorn.

chosen, every peak has been sketched and photographed. On any fine day a formidable array of dilettanti may be seen endeavouring, with a perseverance hitherto unrewarded, to depict subjects that do not lend themselves to pictorial art. So great, indeed, is the annual summer rush of visitors that it has been thought worth while to construct a railway from Visp, in the Rhone Valley, up to Zermatt. Yet the season, even in favourable years, lasts barely three months. The trains can have only a limited carrying capacity. Many bridges must be made, and adequate protection provided for

the permanent way from snow avalanches and the freshets of the numerous mountain torrents. It is hoped—by the contractors and the shareholders—that the line will be made by the end of this summer of 1890 as far as St. Niklaus. Then, as the constantly succeeding strings of "observation cars" are tugged up the valley by snorting, smoke-belching locomotives, the great white cliffs of the Weisshorn and the Dom will echo as a plaintive moan the shriek of the engine; and the vulgarisation of the valley will be complete. Howbeit the Cathedral at Milan does not lose much of its magnifi-



Figs. 2 and 3.—From the Rißfelberg.



South-east and South-west Views.

1890.

cence, even though independent Britons, with an eye to providing posterity with matter for historical reflection, scratch and pencil their names on its columns; and the Matterhorn must remain a unique triumph of mountain architecture, even though its sides be strewn with broken glass and empty sardine tins.

The ascent of the valley from St. Niklaus is for another year, however, to be made, in more or less comfort, in the primitive carriages that have jolted so many travellers. Some day these vehicles will be exhibited in the Berne Museum, and stared at as are the sedan chairs in our own time. The first indication on the upward journey that tells the traveller the end of his journey is near at hand and arouses him from a state of torpor, induced partly by the jolting and partly by the lunch at St. Niklaus, occurs about half-way between Randa and Zermatt. "Above the village of Täsch," writes Professor J. D. Forbes, in an account of his expedition up the

valley in 1841, "the valley contracts, and a rocky barrier has to be surmounted. From thence a grand view of the Mont Cervin (or Matterhorn) opens; and soon after the village of Zermatt, charmingly situated in a green hollow, well flanked with wood, and enclosed by snowy summits, comes into view. It is at the rocky barrier just mentioned that I noticed the first clear traces in this valley of ancient glacier action in the polishing and striation of the surfaces; a remarkably well defined result which may be traced at intervals up to the very foot of the glacier. These striae were distinctly found by M. Agassiz in 1839, under the glacier (Gorner) itself. This is one of those cases in which it seems impossible to deny this to be a conclusive proof of the ancient extension of the ice." The observation can be easily verified, and it is clear indeed that, at probably no very distant epoch, the three great glaciers united their streams at the head, and pressed far down the valley. These are the Findelen and Gorner



Fig. 4.—Dom and Täschhorn from the Rifflhaus.

ice-streams which drain the huge snow amphitheatre between the Rimpfischhorn and Strahlhorn on the north, and the Théodul on the west, and then sweep down on either side of the Rifflberg, together with the Zmutt glacier which drains the remainder of the cirque from the Mont Cervin to the Col d'Hérens and the Dent Blanche. In Fig. 5 the Findelen glacier is seen and the lower part of the Gorner ice-stream, while Fig. 3 gives some idea of the source of supply of the Zmutt glacier.

It is on marks such as Professor Forbes refers to that the evidence of the former extent of the glacier system chiefly rests. Below St. Niklaus Forbes was unable to find any decided marks of glacier action. Some may possibly exist, but if so, they have long been hidden by the growth of vegetation. It is not uncommon to seek for signs of former glacier extension in the lateral "moraines" or heaps of débris thrown up on the sides of the glacier. One of these lateral moraines

is just seen on the left bank of the Gorner glacier in Fig. 1. But there is a common source of deception in this matter. The glacier moraines are but loosely heaped upon the ice, and must tend gradually to wear down level under the loosening action of rain and the soaking resulting from the melting accumulations of winter snows; while any shifting of the river bed would rapidly undermine them and sweep away all traces. The mountain torrents form on either bank longitudinal mounds of stones, which have often been mistaken for moraines, as Professor Forbes has pointed out. In shape they are the same; the materials of both are alike, and, as in true moraines, the larger blocks often lie uppermost. They are much less enduring than true moraines. Every one who has visited the Alps and stood by the side of these wild torrents, plunging down at a steep angle with headlong fury, must have noticed the weird hollow sound produced by the rolling of the blocks one over another in the river bed. Gra-

dually, by this process, the stones are rounded and rough polished, and often flung out on the banks by the action of the water. In a measure these lateral accumulations act as breakwaters, and limit the spread of the river. But, if any exceptional freshet occurs, they are easily burst through and scattered far and wide, converting the green pastures in a moment into stony wastes. Such disasters frequently happen in the spring, when masses of the winter snow fall into the river and temporarily check its current. Near Randa is a torrent which has often thus swept away walls of its own building, and interrupted the carriage-way below. It is likely to give the engineers of the projected railway some trouble.

The upward-bound traveller, however, is little likely, as a rule, to be detained by any such questions of that most absorbing and most neglected science, physical geography. He hurries on to a view (Fig. 1) which at least suggests one artistic consideration in its composition, that of repose. Those who are curious concerning the history of Zermatt and its development, from very early times, into the great mountaineering centre of the present day, cannot do better than read Mr. Coolidge's "Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-books" (Longmans, 1889), the work of one possessing unique knowledge of literature relating to the Alps, and a book teeming with minute and accurate information on all points, historical



Fig. 5.—View from the summit of the Matterhorn.

and general. I am largely indebted to it in writing the present article. The first mention of Zermatt that Mr. Coolidge's historical researches enabled him to discover was contained in a document bearing date 1280, a deed witnessed by one Walter, the parish priest "de Prataborno." By this name in some form or other, such as Pra Borno, the place was known for many years after, and it can still be traced in the French modification of "Praborgne." Thus Forbes writes of "The village of Zermatt, called Praborgne, in Piedmont." The village was sometimes known as Matt, and this name, among others, is given in a French guide-book published in 1818. The Matterhorn obviously derived its appellation from the

village, though there is a curious delusion often accepted by tourists that the name signifies the "rotten peak," and is so called owing to the friable rock of which it is composed. If there were any German word "matter" signifying rotten, the derivation would be more plausible. The original Zermatt (though this name is quite a modern one) has indeed now nearly disappeared from view, so completely have the big hotels overshadowed the poor little wooden houses. From a little distance the village now has all the necessary elements of the proverbial view as regards the foreground, though this part of the picture is certainly a little overloaded. As a hard matter of fact the hotels, though undoubtedly good, are un-

questionably ugly. The engraving does but scant justice to the remarkable way in which the Matterhorn appears to tower above the village; though allegorically, it illustrates the relative importance of hotel and mountain in the minds of the majority of the visitors. Although the picturesque character of the hamlet is almost lost, there is one rich-toned *châlet* a few yards up the hill that is usually on fine days beset by amateurs, as a relaxation from their perennial task of attempting to paint the unpaintable Matterhorn. As a rule, the amateurs are not happy in their choice of subjects. Yet, in the summer months, an artist possessed of the skill to seize quickly on character, and to arrange a crowded canvas, might find a subject not unworthy of his time in Zermatt. Mr. Logsdail might do it. Imagine the irregular line of rich red and brown *châlets* closely set on either side of the cobbled road, across which the old church throws its shadow. A sturdy, broad-backed woman, on one side, has just deposited her load of hay, brought down from the upper Alps, against the wall, while she watches the dignified gesticulations of an eminent cleric unable to obtain the precise accommodation befitting the requirements of himself and family. Some English girls, their natural freshness heightened by the *elixir vite* of the mountain air, are grouped under an awning shading a *châlet* window, and give rise to heretical thoughts in the mind of the care-worn curé who trudges along on a mission of charity, and allows the passing reflection of the old housekeeper in "L'Abbé Constantin" to cross his thoughts:—"Quel dommage qu'elles soient damnées!" Here is a Tyrolese guide imported for some special expedition, a little self-conscious in his native costume; and there a party grouped on either side of the wall, eagerly discussing a projected excursion to the upper snows, and putting the final touches to their preparations; while an old woman in black, with bent head and rosary in her hand, wends her way to church to pray for the rest of the soul of a husband killed years ago on the mountains, while the child clinging to her skirts turns her bare head to wonder at these strange rich Englishmen who seem to own the whole place and get such good things to eat.

Waking up from the day-dream of imagination and looking at the Zermatt of to-day, it must be confessed that such a representation would recall rather what once was rather than what now is. Colour there is and costume in abundance, no doubt; but the colour is chiefly contributed by wearers of hideous "blazers," who have found more room in their luggage for lawn-tennis racquets than for respectable raiment. The youths in knickerbockers and spats, with little cloth caps on their heads, have recently returned from no more formidable expedition than the climbing of an erratic black boulder, perhaps twenty feet high, brought down by glacial movement ages ago, and now balanced on end in a meadow a few hundred yards away. The group of girls is there, but they are only discussing the possibility of organizing an entertainment in aid of something local, or speculating on the marked attention an athletic—and eligible—bachelor is paying to a recent seceder from their clique, and wondering "if anything will come of it all." Vanity Fair has established a branch business in Zermatt. Meanwhile a bronzed lean figure, with chin and hands resting on his ice-axe, gazes in silence and wonders what it all means; then turns with a sigh to the Monte Rosa hotel, in which, however full, there is always a room at his disposal. Possibly this explorer of the surrounding mountains five-and-twenty years or so ago—

relic of a bygone age—may muse how little M. Desor's fervent wish, written in 1839, has been realised:—"Quant au touristes, fasse le ciel que la vallée de Saint-Nicholas en soit encore longtemps préservée!" The whirligig of time has brought about its revenges, for, according to Mr. Coolidge, the increase in the number of visitors which led gradually to the transformation of the little mountain hostelries into grand hotels can, in the case of Zermatt, be distinctly traced to the visit of M. Desor in 1839.

The great de Saussure, who really "discovered" the district in 1789, had difficulty in finding any lodging at all, and eventually "força un cabaretier à nous recevoir." In 1841, when Professor Forbes visited the place, he was accommodated, like the few explorers who had preceded him, at a little inn kept by "Dr." Lauber; and again in the following year, when he was detained by an injury to his foot, he speaks gratefully of the attention shown to him by Madame Lauber ("Travels through the Alps," page 319: 1843). In 1852 a new hotel—Hôtel du Mont Cervin—was opened. Two years later Herr Lauber sold his inn to Herr Alex. Seiler, and the Monarchy was established. In 1854, too, the first real inn was built on the Riffelberg—the Riffelhaus (Fig. 4), and also leased to Herr Seiler.

The judicious traveller will start for his walk up to the Riffel either very early, before the choking dust is stirred up in thick clouds by the ceaseless stream of tourists, or late in the evening, when the dust has settled again, and the floating population is being fed. Then the hardness of the Alpine outlines is softened down and the luminous mists hang in the valleys, giving a tone to the scene that delights the lover of mountain nature, and maddens the painter who cannot by any device fix it on paper or canvas. The huge shadows of the great peaks stalk silently over the snow-fields and the green Alps beneath. A brilliantly-tinted "banner" clings to the eastern side of the Matterhorn, but it is fast melting away, and the few scattered clouds seem only waiting to witness the gathering in of the daylight.

The dining-room windows of the Riffelalp hotel (opened in 1854) are brightly lighted as the traveller passes, and the space in front of it is deserted save for a couple of guides who are disputing with the hotel porter the precise amount of commission to be paid to him in return for a recommendation. One or two long zigzags and the old Riffelhaus comes into view. Endeavouring to make a short cut, by way of the poor quarters provided for the guides, the traveller stumbles over a pile of sheep bones, and then realises that civilisation has spread indeed as he beholds the laundry drying-ground, and has his hat knocked off by a clothes-line.

North of the Riffel rise the Täschhorn and the Dom (Fig. 4), the latter enjoying the distinction of being the highest mountain wholly in Switzerland (14,941 feet). In the engraving the Täschhorn, nearly 200 feet lower, lies on the right of the centre, and the rounded mass on the extreme right is the Alphubel. Now, on the other side of these peaks lies the valley of Saas. It is, of course, nothing but a long walk along a road and mule path down the Gorner Visp valley to Stalden, and then on up the Saaser Visp valley to Saas Grund. But the energy of climbers has been much exercised to find more ambitious routes across the spur of the Mischabelhörner. There are obvious and beautiful routes by way of the Alphubel, the Adler (discovered by the famous Pfarrer Imsegg), or the Mattmark Weisssthor Passes, all lying over snow-fields which do not show in the illustrations.

In addition, the dip between the Täschhorn and the Alphubel was traversed by an English party in 1862. Still less practical, and therefore more enjoyable to the mountaineer, who in the Alps at least does not hold utilitarian views, is the walk, with a good many climbing interludes, to Saas by the ridge between the Täschhorn and Dom, or again by that north of the latter peak. Save for a balloon flight between the two valleys, or unless a tunnel is made, there seems now no other discoverable route connecting Saas and Zermatt, for it must be noted that still more adventurous travellers have traversed the actual summits of the mountains from one place

to the other. It is the same elsewhere in the Alps. Yet the old charm is, or should be, found there still and as strongly as ever. A mountain is not done with just because a few climbers have left their cards on the top, or brought away and mounted as letter-weights bits chipped from the summits. Yet some do vainly imagine that this is not so, and that what they have once looked upon is hallowed and should not be gazed at by others' eyes, or finished with and needs not therefore to be seen.

A very familiar figure to the old frequenters of the Riffelhaus has passed away, now many years ago. This was "Na-

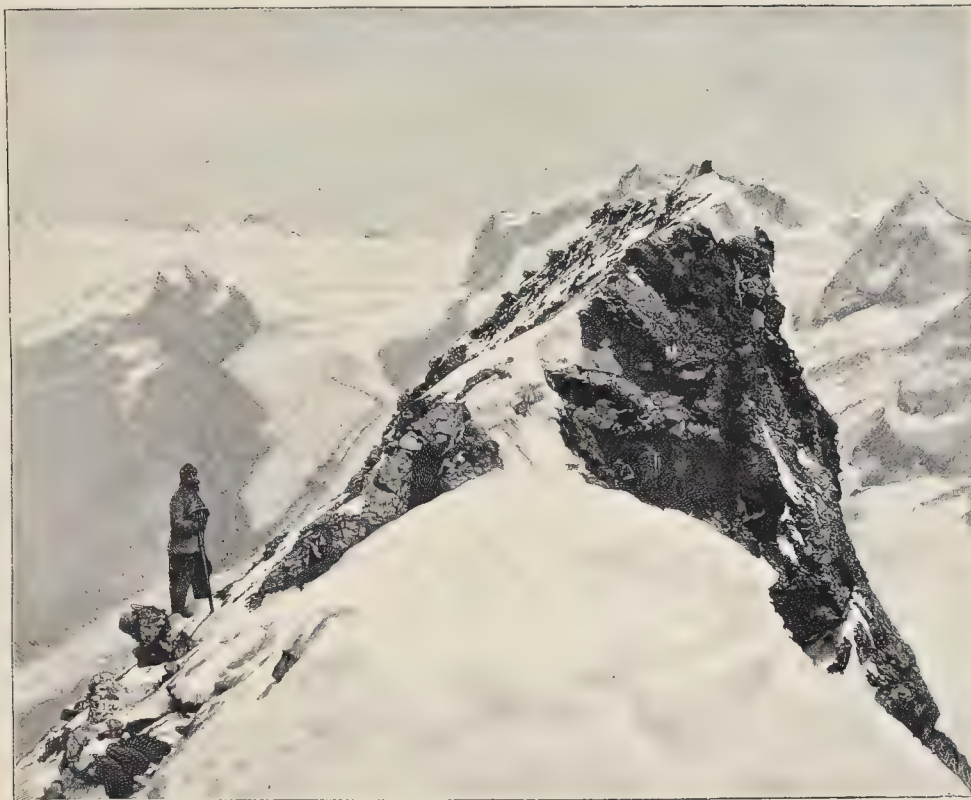


Fig. 6.—The Summit of the Matterhorn.

poléon," who acted as porter to the hotel. It was currently reported that the little grizzled shrewd-faced old man, clad always—*inter alia*—in a green apron, had no definite sleeping-place in the hotel. Such repose as he was able to snatch he enjoyed roosting on the top step of a little ladder designed to assist travellers in mounting or dismounting from their mules. To assist them in this exercise was his chief occupation during the day, in addition to ringing the bell for *table-d'hôte*. The latter performance he went through with a persistence quite unnecessary, for the visitors were all in the habit of rushing in tumultuously to be fed directly the old man approached the bell, which he did wearing a smile

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as pleasant as if he were going to dine himself. His real labours only began at night. An unsophisticated visitor who knew not Napoléon's speciality, once approached the old man and favoured him with an explanation of the precise manner in which he wished his boots to be prepared for a mountain excursion on the next day. "I do not wish them to be blacked," he said, "but properly greased; mutton fat is—" Napoléon could stand it no longer. He spoke no word, but descending from his ladder he took the youth by the arm and conducted him to a little den like unto a slightly magnified sentry-box. Rows and rows of hobnailed boots were arranged about the apartment, on the shelves and on

the floor. "All these," said Napoléon, with deep meaning, "I prepare properly, every night, and have done so for years." Then he let the youth depart, and called him a quarter of an hour earlier than he need have done. Napoléon had a persistent way of tapping at the bedroom door in the small hours with exasperating pauses, that never failed to get the most somnolent mountaineer out of bed; for an important function, that he had raised to the level of a fine art, consisted in arousing the traveller intent—overnight—on an early start.

The view looking south-west from the Riffel (shown in Fig. 3), even to those who have not gazed upon the reality, must be almost as familiar as that of the Houses of Parliament. No mountains have been more often climbed than these; and it gives some idea of the rapid rise of Zermatt when we consider that thirty years ago not one had been scaled. It is undoubtedly to the mountaineering fraternity that the present value of Zermatt as a mountaineering property is due. To the revelations of a new pleasure and a little-visited district in which to take it, contained in "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," written by members of the Alpine Club, may be ascribed the overcrowding which the early explorers now so persistently lament. It says something for the energy and the mountaineering capacity of Englishmen that every peak in the row was conquered first by our countrymen. As we look at the view, and let our eyes wander from right to left, we may fancy a time when the present generation of climbers shall have passed away, and the tale that will be then told will seem strange at the almost suddenness with which all the mountain fastnesses were subjugated. People will point out how the great shining pyramid of the Weisshorn was climbed by Tyndall in 1861; how Leslie Stephen, Grove, and Macdonald found a way up the Rothhorn (Moming) in 1864; how, in 1865, the Gabelhorn fell before Moore and Walker, and the Dent Blanche before Kennedy and Wigram in 1862; while to the end of time some shadow of sad interest will gather round the Matterhorn at the recollection of the successful ascent, in 1865, of Whymper, Hudson, Lord F. Douglas, and Hadow. There, too, was lost on the same occasion a famous guide—Michel Croz. He lies in the little churchyard at Zermatt, among the flowers; a Chamonix man, who spoke a different language, but honoured in his resting place by those of his own calling.

Between the Rothhorn and the white-capped point next in order lies a pass—the Trift-joch—which is supposed to have been used in very early times. In 1849, the curé of Zermatt

made his way to the summit of the pass from Zermatt, and found a ladder on the rocks on the west side. This pass, according to Mr. John Ball, was long reckoned among the most difficult in the Alps. It was first traversed by an Englishman in 1854, and the passage is now considered about as formidable as that of Waterloo Bridge. Between the snow-capped peak and the higher Gabelhorn, but below both and nearer to the spectator, rises a point well worth visiting—the Mettelhorn. It is not, however, a very favourite excursion, though it is possible to take mules a long way up.

The south-west view does not open up before the traveller's eyes till he has climbed—in one fashion or another—higher up the Riffelberg, either to the point a little beyond the self-asserting Riffelhorn overlooking the Gorner glacier (formerly the regular place of visit, and called the Rothe Kumm), or the familiar Gornergrat (discernible in Fig. 6), now thronged day and night in the summer with tourists.

The view is very celebrated, but, truth to tell, the forms of none of the peaks are particularly striking. They impress by their size, by the modelling of the snow slopes and the sweeping curves of the medial moraines. Yet it is really unjust to Monte Rosa to look at it at all from this side. Standing on the summit of the "Höchste Spitze" (the right hand of the two peaks connected together by the "Silber Sattel"), the view plunges straight down to the green valley of Macugnaga, the cauldron in which the clouds are mainly formed which obscure the peaks so often after mid-day.

The tourist is apt to stop at home and lament the weather when the clouds drift about and the rain falls. When all is brilliant and dazzling, he sallies forth camera on back. For the most part he is wrong. No grander sights are to be seen in the mountains than these boiling up and swirling clouds, giving fitful glances between their torn canopies of the glaciers and peaks; now rending asunder to reveal a pinnacle that seems far higher when its base is left to the imagination; now lightly draping the summits and rock and snow walls. At every instant change of colour, of play of shadow, of effect. Then the climber feels as if cut off from the noisy, bustling, hurrying world. He may gaze from the Matterhorn (Figs. 5 and 6) down the valley, and see it held down under a pall of mist, while he revels in pure air, or look far away into Italy and behold the peaks rising as islands out of a uniform shining mist ocean. And when he has once tasted these pleasures he will admit that there is nothing like unto them under the canopy of heaven.

CLINTON DENT.

JULES DUPRÉ.

FRENCH Art has recently lost in Jules Dupré the last survivor of the school which first revealed the beauties of pastoral France. Dupré was its founder. In early youth he set himself to the study of a new development in landscape art, and by following the promptings of his own intelligence drew near to mastering the world of nature. His works show extreme patience, and from his first modest efforts to the important later pictures he never lost touch with absolute truth. He wrote to his friend Sensier in 1868, when he had already passed middle age: "I have begun to study nature,

and since the giant Anteus was obliged to touch the earth when he needed fresh strength, it seems to me that a poor pigmy may lean on the bosom of his mother in the hope that he may one day walk without crutches."

With this idea in his mind he grasped the characteristics of every place where he pitched his easel—Limousin, Berry, Solange, the Valley of the Oise, the Landes, the Pyrenees, and England. Dupré's instincts were for a wandering and unsettled life, but he thought it wiser to spend his time for the most part in the peaceful confines of L'Isle Adam. There

his childhood was passed, there he made his home in later | life, and there he ended his days devoted to his art, and far



Passage d'Animaux sur un Pont dans le Perri. From the Etching by Chauvel, published by Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons.

from the distractions of the world. His work was the outcome | of a passionate and sensitive nature, and he was worthy of

that work, which retained till the end its first freshness. Dupré possessed a generous, cheery nature. He was always ready to comfort, to reassure, and to help others, especially in those trials of the heart and mind which he himself had experienced and vanquished.

When I knew him Jules Dupré was an active, nervous, kindly old man. He wore a slight beard. His features were delicate but clearly marked, bearing the impress of a life of thought. His expression was frank and mobile, full of simplicity and nobility. His keen blue eyes, George Sand's "perfidious blue eyes," had in them the light of youth, and beamed forth at will sarcasm or benevolence. Whether sparkling with

amusement or deep in thought, they were always alive with a marvellous intensity.

His conversation was full of anecdotes and ideas which translated one into a world of romance, of courtly manners, of that passion for Art which is found only in the atmosphere of the days that are past. He showed us the amateurs of those days, aristocrats both by birth and caste, outspoken judges and good connoisseurs, who possessed the gracious manners and princely hospitality of those to whom in Art there is no distinction of persons. Then we seemed to understand the common ground on which they met as equals to discuss Art matters, and to arrange their plans of campaign.



Jules Dupré.

We can see silhouetted the forms of Decamps, cold and sarcastic, Barye inwardly passionate, Chenavard doctrine-mad, and Dupré himself, with his impetuous spirit. We even catch some of the infection of excitement that attended every fresh departure for those voyages which were in themselves whole histories of adventure and poems of new discoveries—the pioneer expeditions to the heart of ancient France, to a virgin nature awakened by the new dawn as the Sleeping Beauty by that famous kiss. Thus they crowd on us—these visitants from an ancient world. Dupré spoke of Delacroix, Barye, Corot, Rousseau, as a marshal of the first empire would have spoken of a Ney, Murat, or Davoust.

Then in the course of a quiet walk, tapping the ground with

his stick, the veteran talks of himself. He tells of his desires, of his struggles after the inaccessible, and what it had cost him to catch even a few rays from the source of light.

I always think of this patriarch of modern Art, longing for work like a young man even after all he had done; carefully examining his finished work as if to find there an earnest of what posterity would say of it. The future will surely do him justice. His work, so full of poetry and noble sentiments, will resist time. But I do not pretend to criticise here; I have only wished to show that this great artist had an excellent heart, a generous soul, and the simplicity of a child.

MAURICE HAMEL.



Asolo, looking North. From a Drawing by H. E. Tidmarsh.

IN PIPPA'S COUNTRY.

IN Venice, on a balcony in moonlight, some years ago, it was our fortune to meet Robert Browning, being presented to him as newly come from "Pippa's country," from Asolo, that citadel of pure delight and pleasantness and peace. Asolo thus formed the first theme for enthusiastic talk, while the dome of the Salute loomed huge before us, and below, on the dark water, gondola lanterns, like restless fire-flies, danced. The night seemed fitted for the subject, for perhaps only in Venetian moonlight could the praises of Asolo be rightly sung. Here, in the sullen gloom of London, a fantasia, a rhapsody upon the place would be ridiculous, nay, impossible. We shall not attempt it. Indeed, our little rhapsodies have already been composed and chanted, and forgotten. Sense rather than sensibility must guide us now in our short account of a place which for home-staying Englishmen, not merely for those who wander about Italy, will always possess interest. Browning loved Asolo; it formed the setting for one of his most powerful dramatic pictures; he spent part of the last autumn of his life there; and it gave him a name for his last noble book of poems. Thus Asolo belongs to English history; in time, no doubt, the Browning Society will graciously secure for it patronage and fame. It may ere long have an inn, a Furnivall's Inn, of its own, or even electric light and a switchback railway. Perhaps in the dark future changes more unexpected yet await Asolo. That, however, is not our business. Let us speak of it as it is, as one of the most delightful places in Italy, in the world.

Its existence, as relics prove, dates from the glorious period 1890.

of the Cæsars, when for wealthy Romans it served as a health resort, a sort of hill-side Homburg or Aix-les-Bains, to revive Lucullus and invigorate Poppæa. They built baths there, and found satisfaction in its fine tonic air, pure water, and incomparable view. Then, centuries later, the grim tyrant Ezzelino set up his fortress on the highest point of vantage above the town—a crumbling ruin called La Rocca, which now gives an invaluable touch of picturesqueness to the whole landscape. And after having lost her social position as Queen of Cyprus, the beautiful Caterina Cornaro retreated from Venice to Asolo, where she held a miniature court, at which Cardinal Bembo was the bright particular star. Her palace with its tower still stands there; all the colour has not yet vanished from the frescoes on its front. Caterina and Bembo, in their playful moods, invented the verb of which Browning makes use, "*asolare*, to disport one's self in the open air." Bembo's book, "*Gli Asolani*," a tiresome piece of Della Cruscan pedantry, yet contains a charming description of Asolo and of the Queen's garden pleasance. There "*vaghe donne co loro giovani*" met on sultry afternoons, and, grouped upon the sward like the ladies in Boccaccio's valley, they rested under a *pergoletta* of vines and jasmine, while fountains played about them, and there was a continual murmur of bees. Caterina herself led the talk, which was mainly of poetry, ethics, and the advantages of a quiet life. Of these advantages the Armenian monks of San Lazzaro were well aware when choosing one of the most happily placed villas at Asolo for their country seat.

Priests have a knack for pitching their tents in pleasant places, and the astute Armenian *padri*, who own several

handsome estates on the Venetian mainland, have none which for position can vie with this. Their palazzo stands outside and above the town, commanding a view of the plain southward, and northward facing Monte Grappa and those mist-crowned mountains that lead away past Feltre and the Piave to Antelao in Cadore. Asolo would seem to have been designed for languid Venetians driven landwards by *zanzare* and the scirocco. But as a matter of fact few Venetians care to visit the place. It has not the vogue of Serravalle or Belluno, the inland Margate and Ramsgate of dwellers on the lagoons. The patricians of Venice retreat to their own imposing villas near Padua, Treviso, or Conegliano; the uninteresting middle class, who like gaiety, brightness, and fun, would certainly find Asolo dull. This is well; and if Philistia, like the Levite, still continue to pass by on the other side, Asolo gains and her lovers rejoice. For some of us, those things which contented the Romans may suffice; the pure water, the fine air, the glorious panorama of the plain, that varies in light or shadow, changing colour with the sunset or the dawn.

There are now two approaches to Asolo from Venice, through Cornuda and through Castelfranco. The prettier, if not the quicker route, lies through Castelfranco, memorable if only for its superb Giorgione, and having that quiet charm which remains to it from a mediæval day. A two-hours' drive thence along the white road will bring one to the foot of the hill on which stands the "city of Asolo," and then we first get sight of Bembo's "vago e piacevole castello posto negli stremi gioghi delle nostre alpi sopra al Trivigiano." Truly a miniature city, as its profile appears to us in the sketch. But a city for all that, whose freedom was presented to Browning shortly before his death. It can boast a cathedral and no fewer than five churches. In one of these not long since some workmen, when replastering its interior, lately discovered the battered fragments of beautiful frescoes that *cognoscenti* attribute to Giotto. There is only one main street, which winds over the brow of the hill, and you may walk from one end to the other in less than fifteen minutes. In no city, perhaps, has commerce so poor a place, for the silk mills of Pippa's day have disappeared, and the existing shops are

few and paltry. Most buying and selling is done on Saturdays in the little piazza with its beautiful fountain. Here stalls are set up as at a fair, and sheep and oxen, butter and fruit, are offered at modest prices. Here the brown *contadine* can buy trinkets and cheap finery to take back with them to their villages—bright handkerchiefs and pear-shaped earrings to heighten their comeliness. For comeliness, indeed, Asolani may compare well with all the other peasant folk of the *Veneto*, being straight, lithe, and muscular, with dark eyes and singularly clear skins. Of good temper they possess an abundant share, though their intelligence is not as keen as that of the true-born Venetian. Polenta and hard biscuit-bread, washed down by draughts of acid *nostrano*,

constitute their meagre fare; yet they have splendid constitutions, and abundant energy for all out-door work in orchards and vineyards. Wearing rough suits of blue frieze, and hats like a dice-box in shape, they spend their days amid the fields, and their nights in some little hostelry, where they sing part-songs, play *mora* or *tre-sette*, and grow more boisterous with each fresh litro of blood-red wine.

One of our sketches shows the entrance to the house occupied by Robert Browning at Asolo. It was here that he lodged, though he spent the day and took his meals at La Mura, the house close by of a friend, whose residence has recently been enlarged and embellished by the construction of a



La Rocca. Asolo.

loggia, which commands a superb view. From this point the poet could look over eighty miles of fallow fields and waving orchards, away to Padua, to Shelley's pale Euganeans and to the belfries of Venice, which on a clear day are plainly visible. This is a view which, like that of Venice, or of Constantinople as seen from the sea at dawn, stirs the traveller to rapture; it remains for ever in his memory. Browning called it "the most beautiful view in the world," and what Browning has said, we may say.

Spring or autumn are the seasons when Asolo seems most delightful—spring, in that exquisite moment of preparation and suspense, before the boughs are touched by breath that makes them burst into blossom, when thyme and white violets scent the air, and gentians enamel all the hills. Autumn,

too, has many charms for the languid visitor unstrung by the heats of Venice. The effect upon him of Asolo air is magical, it is so exhilarating, so bracing, so tonic. In autumn he may count on a succession of glorious days, and as he depends in great measure upon out-door life for enjoyment, excursions to points of interest outside the place will fill up much of his time. He may drive out ten miles along the dusty road to Bassano, where Georges Sand spent some weeks during the high-tide of her passion for the handsome local doctor. She writes delightfully of the place in her "Lettres d'un Voyageur." The town can show some good pictures, notably those in the museum; it has a pretty market-place, and a charmingly quaint wooden bridge which spans the foaming Brenta, and leads to the wonderful source of that river, the grotto of Oliero. Possagno may be taken

on the return journey, famous if only as the birthplace of Canova. A temple, built from the great sculptor's design, adorns, or at any rate gives grandeur to, this quiet little village. It was set up to Canova's memory, and contains some eccentric paintings by him, which do nothing to heighten his fame. Several casts of his best-known works can be seen in a museum that the zeal of local residents brought into existence.

For the energetic pedestrian, as well as for the sedate charioteer, the environs of Asolo offer various delights. Let him climb Monte Grappa, if he will, and from her crest watch the sun rise out of the bar of purple sea. Or what more pleasant for him than on some bright breezy morning in autumn to wander over the adjacent hills, climbing to heights where the lark might make her station in mid-air; to San Martino,



The Main Street of Asolo.

whence Napoleon is said to have surveyed the bed of the Piave; or to Ezzelino's Rocca, which tops the landscape and commands as glorious an outlook as that enjoyed by eagles. A walk to Crespano, where the waters, so they say, will give new life, has also variety and charm. Then at Cornuda there are stronger, more subtle elixirs to soothe and fortify the wayfarer, for here they manufacture delicious curaçoa, chartreuse, anisette, rosolio, and one other luscious drink, *perfetta amore*. This last may disappoint expectation; yet who, if offered perfect love at twopence, would believe that he had got the boon? But the liquor is passing good, and Jove, had he tasted it, might well have mistaken it for Olympian nectar.

Asolo as yet possesses no proper inn where travellers may comfortably lodge; and this may in part account for the absence of *forestieri*. At Feltre, at Belluno, Agordo, or Pieve

di Cadore, they have no reason to complain of their accommodation, for the inns there are excellent and cheap. But Asolo can give them nothing better than the "Spada," a very poor place indeed. There was a garrulous dame who presided at this hostelry when we last visited it, and her sparkling table-talk did not wholly compensate for the singed chops and charred potatoes which she offered us *all'inglese*. The signora had a maid, large-limbed, with shining eyes and teeth—a huge Hebe from Treviso—who poured out our *nostro* and bewailed her lost condition in these country hills amid peasants and cattle, when she would fain be in Venice, flaunting it with the best of them, and showing off her yellow scarf and comely face to more advantage. Alas! her career had a shameful close, for she eloped with the landlord of the "Spada," and after a brief holiday at Bassano, died in a day of cholera at Castelfranco. The truant husband returned to

his forgiving wife, and now she has another tale to add to her list.

The Duomo, as the most imposing of the churches at Asolo, is worth visiting, although it is not so picturesquely placed as the little chiesa di Sant' Anna at the end of the town, near the cemetery. This faces the blue hills behind Bassano, and seems of all spots the most peaceful in which the dead may rest. Asolo has a charming market-place, embellished by a fountain of most graceful design; but the Asolani have rather spoilt this by putting a huge effigy of St. Mark's lion at the top, which surely could have had its separate place of honour on the *municipio*, or even on the *monte de pietà*. In the museum various relics, some of which date from Roman

times, are on view, and subterranean baths have recently been discovered by workmen when breaking down a ruined house. All the gates of the city, the Ezzelino gate in particular, have a picturesqueness of their own, though they cannot compare in beauty with the four doors that admit pedestrians to Marostica. By the way, let no visitor to Asolo forget to drive out to Marostica, the most perfect mediæval city in miniature that it is possible to see nowadays. 'The Sibyl,' by Giorgione, is alone worth a visit, and the view at sunset from the castle keep of the little red-roofed city, and the wide plain beyond, should satisfy all who care for what is beautiful and distinguished.

Asolo can boast a theatre where they play the latest Pari-



The house Robert Browning lived in at Asolo.

sian successes, such as *Denise*, *Fedora*, or *Odette*. But a theatre in such a spot seems utterly out of place. Nature has done enough for man; he needs no

"remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

Asolo is enough in itself—sufficient as a solace and a joy. The leafy world, the flowers, the birds, the murmuring brooks, may content the sojourner in daytime; and at night, on one of Browning's "warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer nights," let him walk out at the city's entrance along the piece of road that seems built as a balcony or a terrace above the dim broad plain—

"Tutto è languor;
Pace, mistero, amor!"

Let him watch Luna climb up her clear heaven, flooding the landscape in silver light; let him listen as the apple-boughs and birches shiver in the breeze; let him be charmed by the voice of the nightingale and of the mountain stream; and then, ere the midnight oil be spent, let him close his day by a noble page from that great poet who has but lately gone from us, but whose strong spirit, as we are fain to think, will often revisit "Pippa's country," Asolo, the lovely peaceful spot whence he often drew inspiration and refreshment.

PERCY PINKERTON.





MR. W. B. RICHMOND'S WORK AND HIS LIFE AS AN ARTIST.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A., the second surviving son of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., was born on 29th November, 1842, at 20, York Street, Portman Square, London, an old-fashioned family residence, where his father still lives, and has lived for nearly fifty years. Although only known to

the present generation as a refined and accomplished portrait painter, Mr. George Richmond painted, in early life, admirable pictures of a romantic and poetical character. He was one of the small knot of enthusiastic young painters who worshipped the setting sun of that bright genius, William



Prince Bismarck. Friedrichsruh, December, 1887. From a Pencil Drawing by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

Blake, and he was present when the body of the poet-painter was consigned to its now unknown grave in Bunhill Fields burying-ground, on the 17th August, 1827.

It was a good augury for the future of the subject of the present notice that the name of "William Blake" was given him as a Christian name; and it is worthy of record that one
JULY, 1890.

of his godfathers, Samuel Palmer (whose Virgilian landscapes must be yet fresh in the memory of our readers), was a great friend of Blake's, and cherished to the end of his long life the highest possible admiration for Blake's power of invention and for the beauty of his character. The superficial observer will see little resemblance between the inspired, but often im-

perfectly realised, imaginations of William Blake and the works of an artist like Mr. William Blake Richmond, who has full command of all the technical resources of the painter's art. And yet, in the supreme importance attributed by each of them to the imaginative faculty, in the preference they both show for Florentine modes of design, in the combination of a love for Fra Angelico with a reverence for Michel Angelo and a devotion to classical Art; finally also, in a special feeling for the qualities of colour proper to tempera and fresco painting, rather than for those peculiar to the use of oil, there is something which tells of true artistic kinship between the two men. Perhaps the most exquisitely finished drawing from Mr. Richmond's hand is a small study in pencil, drawn from the beautiful death-mask of Blake.

The son of an artist, bred amongst artistic surroundings, may be expected to show early signs of his talent, if he has any natural inclination for his father's craft. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that, at about nine years of age, Mr. Richmond made a portrait in water colours of one of his brothers. As this drawing was preserved, and still exists, it was no doubt thought remarkable; but the boy's father does not appear to have intended bringing him up to his own profession until much later. He seems to have thought it sufficient, at this time, simply to guide the direction of his son's tastes by showing him fine engravings after Italian masters, more especially Fra Angelico and Michel Angelo. The boy received, therefore, no direct artistic instruction in these early days; but he had the inestimable advantage of living in an atmosphere of Art. In 1850, when he was seven or eight years old, one of the visitors at his father's house was John Everett Millais, then about twenty-one years of age, and already distinguished as the painter of one of the most beautifully conceived religious pictures of modern times, 'The Carpenter's Shop.' Another visitor was Mr. Holman Hunt, who was painting his 'Claudio and Isabella.' The boy must have been far too small to understand the eager discussion of the theories of the pre-Raphaelite brethren which went on in his presence; but he was strongly attracted by the personal charm of the ardent young reformers, and conceived a strong affection for them, which had a great influence upon his future life. Not less important was the influence exercised by a little society of distinguished painters that frequently held its meetings in York Street. The members of it were hard-working men, who met at one another's houses once a month to show and discuss original drawings, and to talk over matters connected with their art. Most of them, as, for example, Calvert, F. O. Finch, and Samuel Palmer, were painters of pastoral and rural subjects in a poetical spirit, and one of them, Henry Walter, was a consummate draughtsman of animals. Mr. W. B. Richmond showed from his earliest years a remarkable talent for music; and an indelible impression was made upon the child's mind by the delightful, more or less spontaneous, recital of fugues, glees, or old English songs with which the little society of artists usually finished up the evening. To these meetings is probably due no small part of the love which Mr. W. B. Richmond still has for the earlier and severer forms of music, and notably for the music of Handel and Sebastian Bach.

The love of literature, and especially of English poetry, was highly cultivated in the Richmond family. Mr. George Richmond read Milton, Shakespeare, and Chaucer aloud to his children, and whilst still a little boy, Mr. W. B. Richmond scribbled designs from these poets as his father was reading

them. At about the age of ten he began to draw regularly for his own pleasure, and for the next three or four years, as soon as lessons were over, he sat down to his drawing, making careful fac-similes in pen and ink of engravings, such as those by Adam of Mantua after the figures on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. His classical education was carried on mainly under private tutors, and by the time he had reached fourteen years of age, he had acquired sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek, as well as of French, to enable him to continue his studies alone. His father, therefore, having now decided to allow him to be a painter, determined that he should devote himself more or less exclusively to his art, urging him, at the same time, to proceed with his classical studies as far as he was able, and to keep up the considerable proficiency he had already attained in music, both upon the organ and piano. Mr. George Richmond, who is well known for his fine taste in all matters relating to the arts, always looked upon the Italian schools of painting as immeasurably superior to all others; and at a time when amateurs still regarded Guido and the Caracci as the great lights of modern Art, he already knew intimately and loved the great masters of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and early sixteenth centuries. From these masters he learnt the value of a severe and chastened style, as well as the necessity for careful selections in the study of nature. He did not fail to impress these lessons upon his son from early childhood, explaining to him that the happiest moment must be chosen in the representation of a face or the record of a movement, and that an artist must assiduously cultivate the faculty of discriminating between the beautiful and the ugly, the expressive and the meaningless.

Mr. W. B. Richmond was not only subject to the all-important influence of his father; he was also brought, while still a boy, under the personal influence of a man with perhaps the most remarkable mind that has ever approached the arts from the literary and critical side—Mr. John Ruskin. The friendship between Mr. George Richmond and Mr. Ruskin dates from the year 1840, when they met in Rome, more than a year before the publication of the first volume of "Modern Painters." When Mr. W. B. Richmond (who has early recollections of the home of the Ruskins at Denmark Hill, so imitatively described in "Præterita") was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, Mr. Ruskin showed him drawings by William Hunt; and the extreme care with which he copied, at Mr. Ruskin's instigation, the birds' nests or fruit of William Hunt, was no doubt a valuable part of his training.

It was at fourteen years of age, as has already been explained, that young Richmond was set free from scholastic tutors, and was able, like the Italians of the great age of painting, to devote all his abilities to Art. He became a probationer at the Royal Academy, and entered at once, heart and soul, into the study of the antique, working often eight hours by day, and always drawing in the evening. At this time he made a number of very highly-finished pencil studies, in which his aim was to draw, if possible, everything he could see. One of these drawings was a portrait of his mother, taken so close to her that he could draw every eyelash.

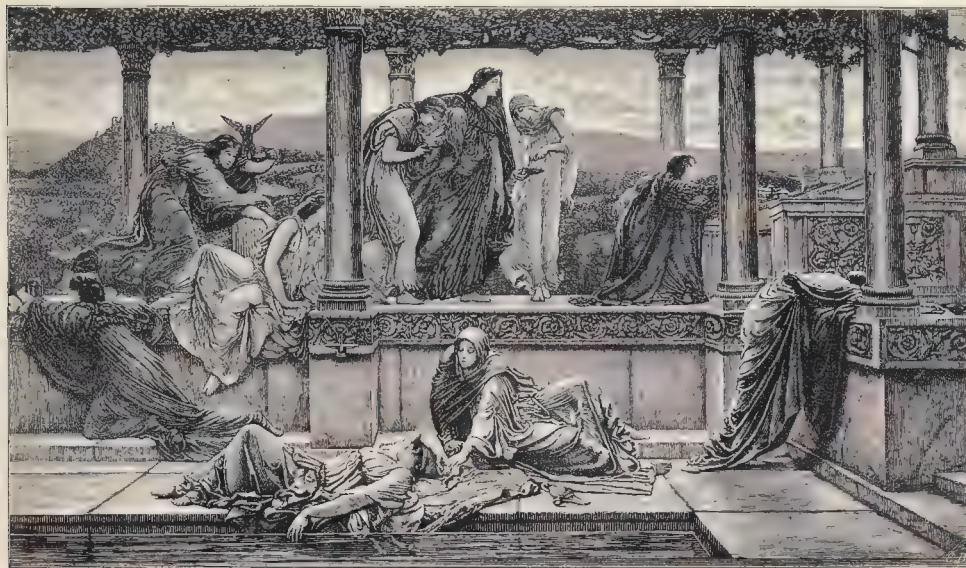
Mr. Richmond was admitted in due course as a student at the Royal Academy, and won two medals, the second one in the antique school and the same in the life school. Soon after this he found the extraordinary system of teaching at the Royal Academy so unsatisfactory, that he resolved to

give up attendance at the school. In one branch of his Art-education, however, he is much indebted to the Royal Academy, viz., perspective, a subject which was very thoroughly taught by Mr. John Prescott Knight, formerly well known as a portrait painter.

After leaving the Academy Mr. Richmond pursued his artistic studies for a time rather aimlessly. In 1859 the publication of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," an event that had been eagerly looked forward to by all lovers of English poetry, proved to be an event also in Mr. Richmond's life. It gave him the subject for the first picture he painted and the first he sold, 'Geraint and Enid.' This picture, which was painted entirely under the influence of Millais and Holman Hunt, was rejected at the Academy, there being at the moment a strong feeling against the works of the pre-Raphaelite school.

The year 1859 was a very memorable one in Mr. Rich-

mond's career. He painted a small picture of 'Boaz and Ruth,' and with the proceeds of the sale of it he made his first journey to Italy. Almost overwhelming must have been the anticipation in the mind of an impressionable youth, who had been taught to look to Italy as the source of all that is greatest in Art, and the home of all that is most lovely in nature. The anticipation was, however, fully realised. Since 1859 rarely has a year passed in which Mr. Richmond has not visited Italy; but the noble works which first fired his enthusiasm as a boy of sixteen have never been displaced from his affection. There for the first time, in all the freshness of youth, he saw the frescoes of Giotto in the Arena Chapel at Padua, and carefully drew at least a dozen of them in pencil. From Padua he passed on to Venice, where he was completely absorbed in admiration for the wide-sweeping imagination of Tintoretto and the astonishing technical qualities of his painting. The immense canvas of the 'Cruci-



"Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" From the Picture by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

fixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco made a deep impression upon him, and he still speaks of it as one of the grandest pictures in the world. His dormant love of colour was awakened, as well it might be, by the rich and glowing colour of Tintoretto and of the Venetian masters who preceded Titian. Carpaccio became a great favourite with him, and he made many drawings from the pictures of that quaint and delightful master. The extraordinary activity in his art which has characterized Mr. Richmond throughout his life, is shown by the fact that, as the result of his first tour to Italy, he brought home with him nearly one hundred drawings and pictures.

About this time, in connection with the formation of the artists' corps, in the early days of the volunteer movement, Mr. Richmond made the acquaintance of Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Leighton, who afterwards commanded the corps for so many years. Sir Frederick Leighton's famous picture

of the 'Procession of Cimabue,' exhibited in 1855, when Mr. Richmond was in his thirteenth year, had been the first picture that had seriously attracted his attention at the Royal Academy exhibitions; and the noble aim characteristic of Sir F. Leighton's work served as a natural bond of union between him and his youthful admirer when the two artists were thrown together. The connection with the volunteer corps widened the circle of Mr. Richmond's friends, and brought him into contact with John Leech, Rossetti, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and many other men of note.

In 1861 Mr. Richmond exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy, he being then eighteen years old. The subject was a portrait group of his brothers, 'Walter and John.' A portrait of one of the brothers, dressed in black velvet, attracted some attention in the following year's exhibition, and brought him many commissions for small portraits of children. These were finished with extraordinary care,

as much as six weeks being devoted to painting a child's head. In 1863 Mr. Richmond visited Oxford for the purpose of painting the children of Sir Henry Acland, and made many valuable friendships, amongst others that of Dr. Liddell, the Dean of Christchurch, who invited him, in the following year, to stay at Llandudno and paint a portrait group of his daughters. The picture, which was the result of the visit to Llandudno, represents three young girls, with uncovered heads, sitting or reclining in the short grass of the cliffs towards evening, a warm light in the sky, and in the distant background a range of rocky hills. Here the young painter made his first attempt to paint portraits with a realistic effect. He studied these beautiful children in the open air and under the

broad light of heaven: making first a very highly-finished drawing, and then painting the picture entirely in tempera, after the earlier Italian method, merely, at the end, protecting the surface with a covering of copal varnish. The permanence and beauty of painting executed after this method was seen when the brilliant little picture was shown, twenty-three years after it was painted, at the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. It was originally exhibited at the British Institution. A fine engraving of it, by Mr. William Holl, has been published.

The visit to Llandudno was an event of first-rate importance to Mr. Richmond, not only on account of what he learnt in painting his picture, but also because the intellectual inter-



Sketch on the Island of Delos. Drawing in Red Chalk by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

course with the Dean and his friends awakened the old love of literature that had, not unnaturally, been neglected in the all-absorbing work of the first five or six years of artistic training. Since then Mr. Richmond has been a steady lover of books, and has always attached great weight to the cultivation of the intellectual side of an artist's nature.

During the year 1865, he being then twenty-three years of age, Mr. Richmond arrived at the conclusion that if he stayed in England he would become absorbed in the soul-deadening work of a fashionable portrait painter, and would never master the groundwork of the various branches of painting. He determined, therefore, to spend some years in Italy, and naturally decided to take up his quarters in Rome, then the

universally acknowledged capital of Art. It will be remembered that the Patrimony of St. Peter, the Campagna, and even Venetia, were still entirely outside the Italian kingdom. The old picturesque life of the Eternal City, so dear to artists' eyes, was as yet quite unchanged. The Pope walked of a summer evening on the Pincian Hill, and blessed the little children brought to him by their mothers. The costumes of the peasants, and the liveries and state coaches of the cardinals, gave animation to the streets and squares. Above all, the cypresses and stone-pines of the romantic gardens on the nearer hills, still ringed the city round with beauty, now gone for ever. The gay Bohemian life of the crowd of artists gathered together in Rome from all parts of the world



Head of an Italian Girl. Study in Silverpoint by W. B. Richmond, A. R. A.

in those halcyon days, is now as much a thing of the past as the temporal power of the Papacy; but the free interchange of ideas amongst young men full of life and energy has left its mark upon modern Art. It was no small privilege to meet such men as Fortuny, Regnault, Dominguez, and Rosales, who were wresting from nature secrets of tone and colour unknown to the older masters. The perfectly legitimate extension of the field of Art which these young men strove for and achieved, was not without its effect upon Mr. Richmond, but could not override the more congenial influence of Sir Frederick Leighton upon him. He was, in fact, prevented by his inborn love of design, and his sense of the relative importance of the various elements which make up the painter's art, from surrendering himself to the prevailing current of artistic feeling amongst the brilliant Frenchmen with whom he was thrown in contact. He spent three weeks at a stretch in the Sistine Chapel, studying the principles of Michel Angelo's design, and drawing from memory in the evening what he had observed by day. The study of the great masters was, at the same time, invariably combined with the observation of nature. The forms of moving drapery and the action of undraped figures in motion were watched until clear mental images were produced which could be drawn from memory. The practice of fresco painting was learnt under instruction from the well-known painter, Signor Podesti, and attention was also given to architecture. In the development of his taste for designing landscapes, which was based upon

early impressions of the scenery near a beautiful village in Kent, Mr. Richmond owed much to an Italian landscape-painter of power and originality, whose works are well known and appreciated in England, Signor Costa. Long walks in the Campagna confirmed the feeling that the highest beauty of landscape consists in beauty of outline and noble local

colour rather than in atmospheric effect or the incidence of light. The summer of 1866 was spent in the island of Capri, where Mr. Richmond chiefly occupied himself in making elaborated drawings of vines, fig-trees, and olives, or in painting landscape. All these studies were made with a view to a large picture, 'A Procession in honour of Bacchus,' which he had commenced in Rome, and which was finally exhibited at the Royal Academy on his return to England in 1869.

The following year Mr. Richmond was compelled to leave England on account of his health. He spent the winter in Algiers, and turned the opportunity to advantage by making studies in colour out of doors of Arabs and negroes, with a view of understanding how local colour is affected by open-air light. As the result of these studies he had to abandon a project he

had formed of painting a picture entirely with reference to open-air effect. He found that the delicate modelling of form disappeared under such conditions, and that the finer masses of local colour were so broken up by the light that their effect in a composition was destroyed.

ALFRED HIGGINS.

(To be continued)



An Arcadian Shepherd. By W. B. Richmond, A.R.A. From a Drawing by G. E. Moira.

ALPINE SCENERY.*

EVEN to the most unimaginative Alpine tourist the reflection must occur once in a way that there are features in the mountains, owing nothing to human handiwork, which are yet worthy of something more than mere contemplation and which may excite interest better than simply sensuous wonderment. The human element has an odd way of obtruding itself without invitation, and often in spite of ourselves. The traveller, for instance, looks at the view from the top of some great Alpine pass, such as the Simplon. Does his mind assign to the constituents of the spectacle, regarded merely as curiosities, anything like their real relative importance? "The view is grand," he will say, speak-

ing of mountains thrown up or thrust up he knows not how, towering thousands of feet above his head, with huge gorges cleft between them and splitting or revealing their formation; "and how marvellous is that road winding up and zigzagging over the steep slopes; how lonely the little chalet perched up far away on the cliff!" Nay, some will even derive greater pleasure when on a hill from the thought that a hole has been bored underneath it. They will lament the desecration of a view by a railway, and search eagerly for the indication of an approaching train. Such folk often talk of desecration when they themselves show no reverence for the Temple of Nature. Herein, doubtless, as imitators



Fig. 7.—The Weisshorn, from the Tösch Alp.

they betray the incompleteness characteristic of that class; for imitation is a form of flattery that leads men farther astray the closer they keep to the original. The tourist speaks of a mountain as "a grand peak; it was there that the terrible accident happened:" or, "There is no finer point in all the district; it was first climbed by a celebrated Englishman." It would seem almost as though every item of a view must be treated as a relic, and looked upon as having a value proportionate merely to the interest of its human associations. Mr. Mallock, in a recently published work, "On an

Enchanted Island," draws with characteristic charm of style a picture of the true traveller as he conceives him. For such an one travel is but "a refined form of dram-drinking;" a draught of a stimulant exciting a new form of mental experience. He has eyes but for the historical past. The ruins of Hellenic temples; the remnants and traces of enlightened and powerful people, who anticipated often what modern folk are laboriously re-discovering, appeal to his "true" traveller. Human associations still, whose attractions may lie, sentimentally, in the reflection that their originators have all passed away, but, after all, do not go beyond man's handiwork, even though it be buried

* Continued from page 186.

in the earth, or shrouded in the mists of an unlettered age. The capacity for enjoyment can hardly be too wide. There may be "true" travellers who care naught for history, while at the same time they have no purely scientific objects as an incentive. They merely take their stimulant in another form; virtually eschewing the intellectual brandy, they indulge in moral absinthe.

In no places can the great forces, whose results and workings are spoken of as "Physical Geography," be better studied than in the Alps. Or, leaving the study to scientists, in the Alps, above all other easily accessible regions, can the distraction necessary to make travel a pleasure rather than a penance, be found. Why may there not be amateurs in science, as in other pursuits, if the term may be defined to mean those who neither make their living nor their notoriety

by a pursuit? In short, there may be an æsthetic as well as a scientific side to the phenomena of physical geography. I have heard that at the dinner of a society of mathematicians the toast annually proposed was, "Pure mathematics: may they never be of any use to any one." So may the phenomena of the upper Alpine world be regarded, as having their own intrinsic beauties apart from any utilitarian considerations. Anatomically, that is, in structural arrangement, general and detailed, glaciers and snow-fields have their special beauties. Physiologically, that is, in the manner in which these same snow-fields and glaciers form, move, change, cease to be, and then re-form, they are not less interesting.

We need care little, for the moment, whether there was once a glacial epoch or whether there is ever likely to be one again. Careful observations on the variations of the chief



Fig. 8.—Monte Rosa and the Grenz Glacier.

glaciers of the Alps have been kept for some years, and are to be found recorded in the *Jahrbuch* of the Swiss Alpine Club. From this it appears that in the case of the well-known Upper and Lower Grindelwald glaciers, a marked period of shrinkage commenced about 1855. The diminution of the upper glacier went on continually till 1880; that of the lower glacier, which probably commenced a year or two later, till 1882. Since 1882, however, both glaciers have manifestly recovered and are still increasing. The increase in the mass of ice is not only to be estimated by the distance to which the termination of the glacier descends; the level of the ice may rise, indicating increase of the total mass. In 1886, at a point a little above the Bäregg chalet, the central portion of the lower glacier rose some 20 feet above the head of a man standing on the right margin and looking towards the left bank. Yet only a few years previously it had been possible from the

same point to see across the whole surface to the left bank. The transverse section, in fact, had in 1886 become convex owing to the increase in the thickness of the ice, whereas some fifteen years previously the surface was level, if not actually concave. The measure of this glacier has also been kept in a rough sort of manner, by the length of some ladders giving access down a steep face of rock (glacier-polished) to the ice. At one period the ladders had year by year to be added to, but of late the rise of the ice has rendered any such addition unnecessary. Melchior Anderegg, a famous Oberlander, and the *doyen* of Swiss guides, was of opinion in 1886 that all the upper snow-basins of the Bernese Oberland showed general increase. Again, the Glacier des Bossons, which descends from the northern slopes of Mont Blanc into the Chamonix valley, has of late shown a marked advance. But, with few exceptions, the recession is so striking

that the traveller familiar with the Alps recognises the diminution at once on his return to old haunts.

No one has done more to explain the chief physical phenomena of the ice-world than Dr. Tyndall, who carried on and largely extended the work of Agassiz, Studer, Rendu, Forbes, de Saussure, Hopkins, and others. It is difficult to avoid borrowing in many points from his admirably lucid writings, seeing that these contain such stores of clearly-expressed information. On several matters, however, Dr. Tyndall's views and theories have been very seriously questioned.

It is really only of late years, since the late Mr. W. F. Donkin's remarkable views of the high Alps became generally known, that it has been possible to illustrate with some approach to adequacy the chief characteristics of the world above the snow-line. Mr. Donkin began Alpine photography in 1879. His views were not taken with any special intention of throwing light on physical phenomena. Yet they serve admirably for the purpose, as may be judged in some degree by the illustrations. There is, however, plenty of room for further work in this direction. Such is the number of amateur photographers now that in Switzerland it is said the hotel-keepers have to provide dark rooms. The talk at the mountain inns is not always of "couloirs," "gendarmes," and "arêtes" (for the conversation of climbing folk is as thickly peppered with isolated French words as a young authoress's society novel). Mountain "shop" is now often replaced by photographic "shop." "Developers," "stripping films," and "lightning shutters" are fertile topics of discussion. Nearly all these photographers proceed on the same narrow lines. Unless the weather is so clear that the outlines of the mountains are hard and aerial perspective scarcely to be suggested, they

lament the fact and stop indoors, or taking advantage of a break in the weather, photograph profoundly uninteresting groups posed against the hotel wall. All smile on these pictures, save only the student of the resulting print. Or they choose as subjects well-known mountains from hackneyed points of view. MM. Bisson did this before them, and did it as well as it could be done. Or they strive to render the delicate tones of the snow-slopes without observing the at-

mospheric conditions under which these are best secured. In this department too they enter into competition with Signor V. Sella, and he is a formidable rival. The magnificent opportunities afforded in the Alps of making cloud and mist studies are almost wholly neglected. A distinguished French artist has, it is true, set an excellent example, and exhibited some admirable cloud studies in the last winter exhibition of the Alpine Club; but such subjects are only too rarely attempted. Yet here is a department of photography in which it would be hard indeed to plagiarise. The endless varieties of form in the cloud world can be studied nowhere better than in the mountains, and no known manner of portraying them is equal to the camera, working with quick plates. The shadows thrown on the peaks by the mists overhead heighten the model-

ling, if the right moment is chosen, and often give just the aerial perspective that is required. But they must be the real clouds. Nothing more abominable in the way of photographic art can be done than to print in "skies" from other plates, treating thus the grandest works of nature as portrait photographers often treat their sitters, when they provide them with "appropriate" backgrounds. The critic is hardly deceived by a representation of a perfectly commonplace person, even though furnished with a monochromatic

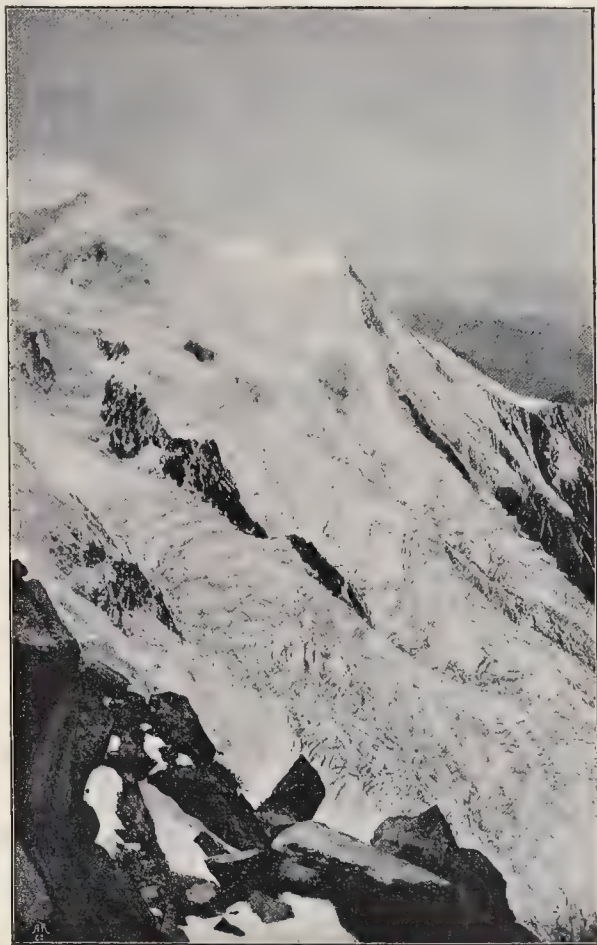


Fig. 9.—The Dome du Goutier and the upper part of the Tacconnay and Bossons Glaciers.

background purporting to be a marble palace, and the critic of snow and ice pictures should not be misled when effects of light and shadow are shown utterly inconsistent with the sky above.

Photographs, again, of the detail of névé and glacier too often merely represent that which is fantastic or striking in form apart from any question of the structure of glaciers. There is ample room for photographic work in the direction of illustrating the physical features of glaciers, such, for instance, as the "dirt-bands," as the stripes across the ice-streams are somewhat unpoetically called. The formation and varying curves of these bands, the veining of ice and the like special features, are worthy of far more attention in the way of portrayal than they have hitherto received. At the annual exhibition of the Alpine Club such views are rarely forthcoming, and would probably be welcomed by those concerned in the organization of these collections. In a comparatively unexplored mountain country, such as the Caucasus, topographical views are of the highest value, but Switzerland is too well mapped to need any such.

Mr. Donkin's Alpine photographs illustrate, almost as well as it is possible to illustrate anything, certain main features of glaciers.* In the view of the Weisshorn from the Täsch Alp (Fig. 7) the whole life-history of a glacier is most clearly set forth. This picture was taken in the early morning. The warmth radiating from the earth has caused the lower air to rise, charged with aqueous vapour drawn from the river and its thousand and one feeding tributaries. The rising air expands, and in so expanding becomes chilled. Meeting now with a colder stratum of air a certain distance up, the vapour is condensed into a long belt of cloud that stretches across the valley. It is the birth and infancy of the glacier. At a yet higher level more and more of the condensation takes place. So saturated may the air be that ultimately rain clouds form. Then the water falls again as rain; and as on the just and on the unjust alike, so on the glacier and on the surrounding rocks. In the cold upper regions it is precipitated in crystalline form (of surpassing beauty of form in minute structure) as snow. So lightly do the flakes fall that it is evident that the crystals of snow contain much air. Layer after layer falling on the upper snow basins feed the source of origin of the glaciers. As the successive layers fall the pressure begins. From time to time the masses, collected on the rocks and cliffs hedging in the snow cirques, slide down, as they over-accumulate, and are discharged into the troughs below. In spring, and in the early summer especially, these snow avalanches are most frequent. The heat of the sun, which led to the evaporation from the lower damp regions, striking on the fresh-fallen snow melts the delicate crystals, and much air is thus liberated; but much remains

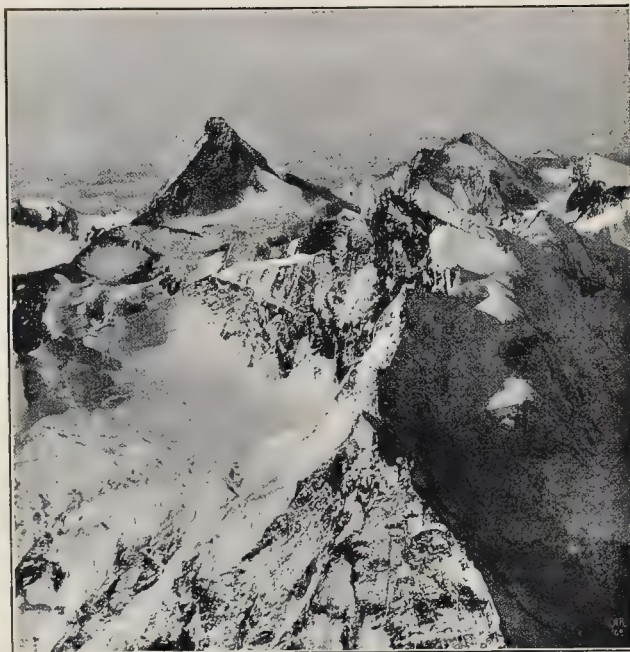


Fig. 10.—View, looking South and

imprisoned in the ice to the very end of the glacier. Only where the ice is clear and blue has the air almost entirely been squeezed out. Radiation of heat from the surrounding rocks and darker masses contribute also to the melting in the upper regions. The view of Monte Rosa (not one of Mr. Donkin's) from the Zermatt side (Fig. 8) shows the upper snow-fields at the head of the Grenz glacier (on the right) and on the mass of Monte Rosa itself. Gradually, and chiefly, if not entirely, as the result of a *vis a tergo*, the mass of snow is forced onwards. Clearly any resistance in front, such as must result from the narrowing of the outlet, will lead to greatly increased pressure. It is, accordingly, at the point of narrowing that great changes are noticed in the form of the snow. Regelation here comes largely into play, that property of ice and snow which was first pointed out by the illustrious Faraday. The effects of the narrowing can be well judged of in Fig. 11, a familiar view of the Gorner ice-stream. The snow-fields of Monte Rosa itself and the basins lying between it and the Cima di Jazzi, together with many others, all pour their united accumulations of snow into this Gorner glacier.

In all the intermediate stages of consistence, from the fresh-fallen flakes down to the form in which it can be first recognised as ice, the snow passes under the name of névé. In the case of the larger glaciers the rapidity with which the snow is so converted depends mainly on the degree of pressure to which it has been subjected. In the case of the smaller masses of ice which cling to the rock faces, and are termed hanging glaciers, the changes are brought about in a somewhat different manner. There is in this instance no great degree of pressure, and the snow is converted into ice by the

* I am indebted to W. M. Spooner & Co., of 379, Strand, who are the sole agents for the sale of Mr. Donkin's Alpine photographs, for permission to reproduce the views given in Figs. 6, 8, 9, and 10.



South-east, from the top of the Weisshorn.

disintegrating action of the sun, and the melting of the layers which are frozen again at night and layer by layer are formed into clear ice. The various stages of the transformation of the névé can be admirably judged of in Fig. 9. This is a view of the snow slopes, névé, and glaciers clothing the northern face of Mont Blanc. On the left, the rounded mass of the Dome du Gouter rises; below it, and more to the right, the sharper point of the Aiguille du Gouter juts out. In the centre of the picture are the famous rocks of the Grands Mulets, situated above the "junction" of the Tacconnay and Bossons glaciers. When the Jungfrau railway shall have been completed—and made a paying concern—it is possible that a further Vandalism (though, as far as I know, the Vandals were more given to demolition than to construction) will be perpetrated up Mont Blanc, and the junction may then justify its name in a new sense.

Near the rocks of the Grands Mulets the first indications of transverse crevasses are seen. At the commencement they are perfectly marked and regular, stretching uniformly across the extent of the glacier. As the ice moves onwards over a bed which at this point must be convex, the longitudinal strain leads to transverse fissuring. Above the wider cracks, which can be clearly discerned in the ice, less mature rents would be found on close inspection. In fact, the crevasses begin as scarcely perceptible fissures, and only gradually widen as the strain becomes more pronounced. A little lower down, the transverse rents are distinctly intersected by longitudinal cracks. If the bed of the glacier is convex from side to side, the fissures would of course be formed in a longitudinal direction, on the same principle as the transverse crevasses, but for the most part they are not produced by this agency.

When the glacier arrives at a point at which contraction of the trough obstructs the flow, different forces come into play. There is, under such conditions, a transverse strain thrown on the ice-mass. As the longitudinal strain fissured the ice at a right angle to its direction, so will the transverse strain act. It results that longitudinal crevasses are produced at right angles to the transverse acting force. At the termination of glaciers these longitudinal cracks are well seen, notably on the lower part of the Rhone glacier, where the ice escaping from a narrow channel suddenly spreads over a wide area. Some few may be distinguished in Fig. 11, and others on the névé in Fig. 9, below the rocks of the Grands Mulets. At any point in the course of a glacier where the ice bends over longitudinally, as in the centre of Fig. 11, the increased resistance in front must tend to the diminution of the strain on the length; while the augmented transverse tension will lead to the formation of the longitudinal cracks as seen. It will be evident that this explanation of the production of the crevasses is an argument in favour of the view that the agency which drives the glacier on is that of pressure from behind. Finally, at the margin of the glacier, the oblique crevasses exist, owing to the unequal strain thrown on the sides. The lateral parts are retarded from friction, while the central portion of the glacier moves more swiftly. The ice is thus torn open and oblique crevasses result (Fig. 11), which are always inclined at an angle of about 45° , the central part pointing up stream; these will be most abundant where the curves of the stream are most marked. Where the longitudinal and transverse crevasses intersect the square-topped columns are formed, called by De Saussure "séracs."

It is among these icy recesses that the photographer may

still find abundant choice of subjects for the exercise of his art. The rendering of the details, however beautiful in themselves, will be much increased in value if a general view is also provided to elucidate the leading features of the glacier conformation. Far too many views are taken of ice simply from the desire to represent what seems effective or strange. Half of the interest is lost because no clue is furnished. The view is severed, as it were, from its context, and, being so, is often unintelligible.

As the névé is gradually squeezed into clear ice, the true or dry glacier is formed. Some of the leading phenomena of this part of the ice-world have already, in anticipation, been alluded to. As a matter of fact, the "dry" glacier is about the wettest part. Countless little rills, coursing along in sinuous grooves gouged out of the surface of the ice, collect together and plunge down now and again through great shafts to the very bottom of the glacier. Incessant destruction goes on of the ice so laboriously built up, and by the very agency—the heat of the sun—that had so large a share in the construction. From the hollow cavern to be found at the termination or "snout" of the glacier issues the stream, resulting from the collection of all the surface melting, and that due also to the warmth of the rocky banks. The source of the river, therefore, whether of the Rhone or the Nile,

whether in the Alps or in Africa, can be truly held to emanate from the snows clothing the mountain sides. It matters not whether that mountain be Monte Rosa or Ruwenzori; or whether the snow shall have been converted into a glacier by pressure or melted without passing through such intermediate stage. From the very outset, as the stream courses along the valley, some of the water evaporates again. Or it may reach a resting-place, as a lake, or make its way down to the sea. But the same ceaseless agency is at work, and sooner or later it must rise again to go through the whole process once

more. No loss, no destruction, no waste (for there is no such thing), only a perpetual circle, a continual re-arrangement. Surely it is no stretch of fancy or straining of terms to speak of the life of a glacier, although the changes of form are so simple. From time to time a slight stasis occurs in one part or another. Then the glaciers augment or recede; the rivers are swollen or low; but considered from the broadest point of view, the changes are all infinitely gradual.

A curious appearance, not very frequently observed on glaciers, is well seen on the upper levels of the Gorner glacier,

just above the ice-fall shown in the centre of Fig. 11, and is very familiar to visitors to the Gornergrat. It consists of a number of large depressions, principally on the right side of the glacier, which were first described by Count Rumford, and termed by him "baignoires." His explanation, as quoted by Professor Forbes, is as follows:—"Water just freezing is lighter than water at a temperature somewhat higher; the water at 32°, therefore, floats on the surface of the other. Imagine a small cavity in the ice, filled with water just thawed. The sun's rays first heat the water, which becoming denser descends, and is replaced by water at 32°. But the water which subsided with a temperature, suppose of 36°, soon communicates its heat to the sides of the icy receptacle, and being cooled to 32°, it rises in its

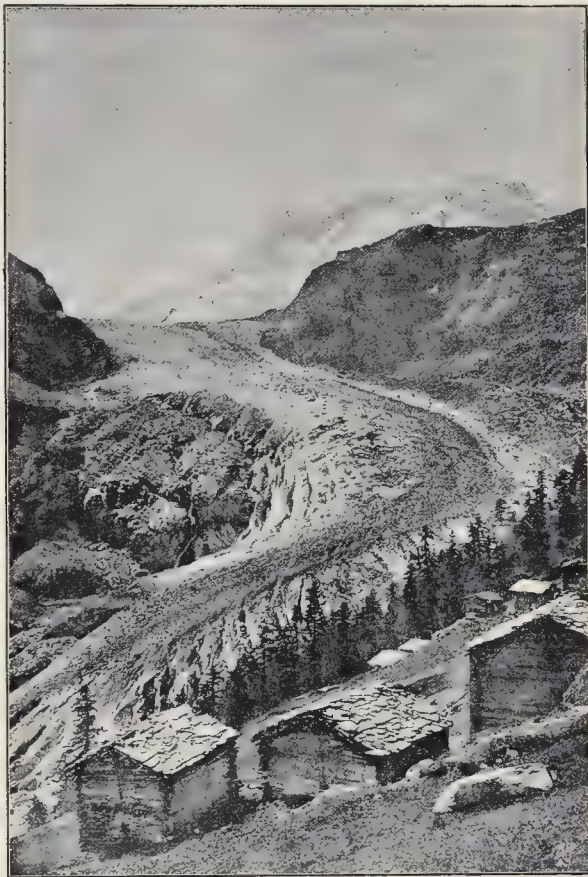


Fig. 11.—The Gorner Glacier and Breithorn, from the Hörnli Path.

turn. The heat of the denser water is thus spent in melting the ice at the bottom of the cavity, which is thus deepened by the continual current." In favour of this explanation it may be noted that the upper basins contain water (showing the most delicate blue tints), while farther down the glacier the "baignoires" are usually dry.

It would be altogether outside the scope of this article to enter at length into the question (than which few have been more warmly discussed) of the cause or causes of glacier motion. The subject is by no means yet finally settled, but

on the whole the opinion that the movement results from pressure, and is influenced also by gravitation, seems to find most adherents.

In Fig. 10 is seen a view such as Mr. Donkin was really the first to photograph successfully. It is taken from the summit of the Weisshorn (14,803 feet), and shows the whole panorama revealed from the Matterhorn (on the left) to the distant mass of Mont Blanc (on the right). A point of interest is the huge extent of the snow basin in the centre of the picture as compared with the dimensions of the glacier flowing from it down into the valley. Some conception can be formed from such a view of the effects of pressure on the upper snows leading to their conversion into ice. The diminution in bulk is largely, no doubt, accounted for by the expulsion of air.

From the pictorial standpoint it is worth noting how the

choice of a suitable time of day affects the value of a snow picture. By means of the shadows thrown on the snow-fields some idea can be gathered as to their extent. In strong sunlight these shadows are so blue that photography does not give them their proper values. Indeed, in representations of the snow-world an immense amount depends on the right estimation of the degree of blue light present. There are no moments when more delicate gradations can be secured than when thin veils of mist are drawn lightly across a clear sky. The mountains, as seen through the evening haze from a distance, have all their modelling blotted out, until everything is lost except the outline. Far too often they are so represented in photography, owing to the failure to appreciate the influence that the shadows have in modelling the forms and giving solidity to the masses.

CLINTON DENT.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALTHOUGH the second clause of the Instrument of Institution states that it is "His Majesty's pleasure that the following forty persons be the original members of the said Society," only thirty-six names are contained in the list appended to this clause, and of these the two last, William Hoare and Johann Zoffany, were not nominated by the King till the end of 1769, a year after the foundation, while the remaining four were elected, the whole number of forty not being completed till 1773. Strictly speaking, therefore, the term "Foundation Members" can only be applied to the first thirty-four, of all of whom, with the exception of West, we have in previous articles given some account. But the term "nominated" may certainly be applied to Hoare and Zoffany, the latter of whom deserves more than a mere passing notice. It may here be recorded as a point of some interest, that of the nominated thirty-six members no less than nine, one-fourth, were foreigners.

1890.

JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A.,

was a painter quite *hors ligne*, a fine colourist and a supreme executant, who possessed that peculiar incommunicable quality, like wit in conversation, which is able to invest common things with beauty, to impart the grace of intellect and imagination to common-place objects.

He was a Bohemian by descent, the son of an architect, and was born in 1735, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, or, according to another authority, at Ratisbon. He is said to have studied in Italy and to have practised in Germany, at Coblenz and other places, as a portrait and historical painter; but his early life, his goings to and fro, are hidden in obscurity, from which he emerged by one of those sudden and unforeseen turns of the tide which lead those to fortune who know how to avail themselves of them.

A picture by Benjamin Wilson was exhibited in London representing Garrick and Mrs. Bellamy as Romeo and



Johann Zoffany, R.A. From a Drawing by G. Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

Juliet. Garrick discerned in it an abler hand than that of its reputed author, and set to work to investigate the matter. It was probably a clue supplied by Philip Audinet, the engraver, which enabled him to trace the picture to its real author, an unknown foreigner named Johann Zoffany or Zoffanij (an adjective termination in Slavonic dialects which would make the name Johann of Zoffa, wherever that may be; as they say in Russian Koutusoff Zabalkanskij, the trans-Balkan Koutusoff). It was ascertained that this man was in the receipt of £40 a year from Benjamin Wilson, who was ignorant of drawing, and engaged him to paint bodies to his faces, and that he was kept strictly dark. Wilson had found him out by observing some beautifully painted clock-faces, which came from the shop of Rimbault, a noted manufacturer of musical timepieces, known as "twelve-tuned Dutchmen;" and Rimbault had taken him into his service at the recommendation of an Italian named Bellodi, who pricked the tunes for him, Zoffany having been starving in a garret in Bellodi's house.

This is the account given to John Thomas Smith by Philip Audinet, who had served his time with Rimbault, and it may, we suppose, be accepted as an authentic chapter in the history of one of the greatest painters of the last century.

David Garrick, to his great honour, did his best to rescue Zoffany from obscurity, by giving him employment and making him known to Reynolds. One of the first pictures he painted in his own name was the portrait of Garrick as Abel Druggier in the *Alchymist*, which made his fame and fortune. In John Thomas Smith's "Life of Nollekens," there is a letter written by Mary Moser, R.A., to Fuseli in Rome, which contains the following passage:—

"I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already, to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Van Dyck

habit; and Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Druggier, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give an hundred guineas for the picture; Lord Carlisle, half an hour after, offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the lord and the emolument to his brother artist (he is a gentleman)."

Here is a transaction in every way satisfactory, it redounds to the credit of everybody concerned in it; to that of Reynolds, of Garrick, of Zoffany, and indirectly to that of the exaggerative Mary Moser with her million letters; her admiration was well

placed, and quite unstinted and devoid of envy.

From this time forward Zoffany's position was secure. He became a successful portrait painter, and was especially noted for his representation of actors in character. Talent such as his, though very rare and very admirable, is a precarious possession in the arts; it does not lead straight to the goal, to the fountain-head of popularity; it does not touch the heart. He seems to have been quite devoid of imagination. Unlike his great contemporaries, Reynolds and Gainsborough, who transformed the object before them into its spiritual prototype, who made a strawberry girl, or a peasant girl with a pitcher,



Porter and Hare. By Johann Zoffany, R.A. From an Engraving by R. Earlom.

live with a life which was not their own, which was true only in what is essential in human lives, Zoffany was tied down by the thing before him, and could not project himself beyond it. He was dependent on the picturesqueness of that object—a picturesqueness which he rendered with wonderful felicity and grace, but which remained picturesqueness; and even his favourite practice of painting actors in character removed his pictures still farther from the illusion of being natural; they were the simulacrum of a simulacrum; the imitation of an imitation. His art was exquisite; it had the sparkle and crispness of David Teniers with the depth and richness of Adrian Brouwer. But it fails to appeal to

any but the connoisseur, the man who has studied technique and can appreciate its excellence, and it leaves ordinary spectators unmoved.

The painter of imagination is independent of his theme; it is the quality that attracts. Zoffany must often have been at a loss, as the theme was all in all to him; and even in the last century, so infinitely more picturesque than ours, with its powdered wigs and pigtailed, its satins and embroideries, its cocked hats and ruffles, the happy combination may not always have presented itself to his inquiring gaze. Things apparently did not go as smoothly and as prosperously as he wished them, and we find him restless and unsettled. He returned to Italy provided with letters from the King, and painted the picture of the interior of the Florentine gallery, which is now in the royal collection at Windsor. It is a marvel of execution, the satin coats, the gold frames, the furniture, all gave him an opportunity for displaying his peculiar excellence of touch; but the subject is an unfortunate one; the pictures within a picture double the sense of artifice and unreality, and the whole scene is not more real and lifelike than the pictures by Titian and Raphael which are depicted in it. It is like his portraits, which you know to be portraits of actors whom you know to be acting.



*The Duchess of Gordon. By R. Cosway, R.A.**



*Mrs. Moffatt. By R. Cosway, R.A.**

With this drawback, the important one of want of imagination, Zoffany was perhaps second to no painter that ever lived for the felicitous rendering of actual objects before him, for the

* From a miniature in the possession of J. Lumsden Propert, Esq.

subdued richness and naturalness of his colouring, and for the grace of his drawing and the breadth of his light and shade.

His trip to Italy, we must suppose, did not enrich him or materially improve his prospects, and in 1781 we find him embarking for India. It was a bold and original venture, and we are not informed who or what it was that induced him to risk it.

Those, it must be remembered, were the early days of our Indian empire; less than thirty years had elapsed since the battle of Plassey, which founded that empire; Lord Clive had died only seven years before, at the age of forty-nine, and Warren Hastings still ruled over twenty millions of Orientals in the name of the great Company. Lucknow, where Zoffany settled himself, was wrested from its native rulers the very year that he sailed from London, and all the dismal atrocities connected with the spoliation of the Begum of Oude had not yet come to light. The splendid East Indiamen of those times, more like men-of-war than merchant ships, in almost every voyage brought home some servant of the Company who

had amassed many lacs of rupees in the service, and India was looked upon as a sort of Golconda, or to quote Macaulay's grandiloquent description, "At that time the most absurd notions were entertained in England respecting the wealth of



*Lady Edward Paget. By R. Cosway, R.A.**

India. Palaces of porphyry, hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business." Zoffany caught the

infection; he made a bold venture, a leap in the dark, but it was successful. The splendour of the Orientals, their muslin garments encrusted with jewels, their silken turbans, their elephants with gorgeous housings, all the glitter of their arms and gewgaws, exactly suited his talent, and he painted many pictures there and found patrons. In 1796 he returned to England with a competent fortune and retired to Kew, where he continued to practise his art, and where he died in 1810.

WILLIAM HOARE, R.A., was born at Eye, in Suffolk, in 1706. After studying in Italy for some years he returned to England and settled at Bath, where he painted portraits and historical pieces. He died in 1792.

We now come to the elected members.

The third clause of the Instrument says:—"After the first institution, all vacancies of Academicians shall be filled by elections from amongst the exhibitors in the Royal Academy." It further states that the names of candidates are to be put up in the Academy three months before the day of election; and that each candidate, to be duly elected, must have at least thirty suffrages in his favour. But it soon became apparent to those who were conducting the affairs of the infant society that it would be a dangerous, and for many reasons an impolitic thing, to admit not only to its privileges, but to a share in its government, persons of whose qualities both as artists and men they might know little; and it was accordingly determined to institute a sort of probationary class, which would give the opportunity of further testing those qualities. At the same time it was thought that while, on the one hand, the influence of the Academy would be extended by this increase in its members, on the other, by restricting the number of orders in its hierarchy to two, the distinction of belonging to it would not be unduly diluted.

The question of instituting a "new order or rank of members of the Royal Academy, who shall be called Associates of the Royal Academy," was first discussed by the Council on November 13, 1769, and the resolutions at which they arrived, after two or three meetings, were laid before the General Assembly on December 11 in the same year. They were passed, and immediately received the approbation of the King. By them it was enacted that the Associates should be "elected from amongst the exhibitors, and be entitled to every advantage enjoyed by the Royal Academicians, excepting that of having a voice in the deliberations or any share in the government of the Academy." They were to be balloted for in the same manner as the Academicians, and elected by a majority of those balloting. Their number was not to exceed twenty, and "no apprentice, nor any person under the age of twenty," was to be admitted. Those exhibitors who desired to become Associates were, within one month after the close of the exhibition, to write their names on a list, to be put up in the great room of the Academy, and remain there two months, when a General Assembly, of which a month's notice was to be given, was to be held for electing Associates. And the vacant seats of Academicians were to be filled from these Associates only, who were to be artists by profession, painters, sculptors, or architects. The form of obligation to be signed by Associates is nearly the same as that of the Academicians, which we have already given, the difference being that at the end of the preamble are added the words, "and having empowered the President and Academicians to elect a certain number of Associates," while the subscribers are styled "duly

elected Associates of the said Royal Academy," instead of "either original or elected Members of the said society." The form of diploma, though the same in design as that of the Academicians, differs considerably in the wording, and runs as follows:—"His Majesty having been graciously pleased to establish in this the City of London a society for the purposes of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, under the name and title of the Royal Academy of Arts, and under his own immediate patronage and protection; and his Majesty having thought fit to entrust the sole management and direction of the said society, under himself, unto forty Academicians, with a power to elect a certain number of Associates, we, therefore, the President and Academicians of the said Royal Academy, by virtue of the said power, and in consideration of your skill in the art of . . . do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you . . . gentleman, to be one of the Associates of the Royal Academy, thereby granting you all the privileges thereof, according to the tenor of the laws relating to the admission of Associates, made in the General Assembly of the Academicians, and confirmed by his Majesty's sign manual. In consequence of this resolution you are required to sign the obligation in the manner prescribed, and the secretary is hereby directed to insert your name in the roll of the Associates." As soon as convenient after his election the newly-chosen Associate attends at a meeting of the Council, and after signing the roll of institution receives his diploma, which bears the signatures of the President and the secretary. The law limiting the number of Associates to "not more than twenty" remained unchanged till 1866, when it was altered to "the number to be indefinite, with a minimum of twenty;" but this change produced no practical result, no addition being made to the old total till 1876, when it was resolved to increase the number to thirty, and make that the minimum.

We ought perhaps to have previously mentioned that before resolving on this second order from which to fill up the gaps in their own numbers, the Academicians had decided on instituting a class of Associate-engravers. This resolution was no doubt taken to meet the complaints of engravers, urged strongly in their behalf by Sir Robert Strange, at their exclusion from the newly-founded society under the instrument of foundation. The law creating the class was made by the Council on January 19, 1769, and confirmed by the General Assembly on March 25 following. The number of engraver Associates was not to exceed six, a number which appears disproportionately large as compared with the twenty places afterwards allotted to painting, sculpture, and architecture; but then it must be remembered that there was no further promotion for the engravers. It was not till after long years of agitation that they succeeded in gaining admission to the upper rank; the first engraver admitted an Academician being Samuel Cousins, whose election took place in 1855. The total number of engraver members was, however, at the same time reduced, and now may not exceed four, and may consist of less, and of this total number not more than two may be Academicians.

The first election of Associate-engravers took place on February 26, 1770, when three were elected, Thomas Major, S. F. Ravenet, and P. C. Canot; John Browne was elected on March 27, and Thomas Chambers on August 27, in the same year. On this latter date, viz., August 27, 1770, took place the first election of Associates, when, out of eighteen

candidates, eleven were chosen in the following order:—Edward Burch, Richard Cosway, Edmund Garvey, William Pars, Edward Stevens, George James, Elias Martin, Antonio Zucchi, James Wyatt, John Bacon, Michel Angelo Rooker. Of these Burch was elected an Academician on February 11, 1771, in succession to Cotes; and Cosway on March 15 in the same year. It is curious to note that at this last election Antonio Zucchi, who afterwards became Angelica Kauffman's husband, had an equal number of votes—twelve—with Cosway, and the latter was only elected by the casting vote of the President; and it is further curious that Zucchi hardly ever obtained a vote at any subsequent election. Five more Associates were elected on August 27, 1771:—Joseph Nollekens, Nicholas Dall, Biagio Rebecca, William Tomkins, and William Peters; and on Nov. 2, 1772, the first list of twenty was completed by the addition of James Barry, Stephen Elmer, John Russell, and John Francis Rigaud. Meantime, however, another Associate had been rapidly promoted, viz., Nollekens, elected R.A. on Feb. 1, 1772; while Barry had even less time to wait, being made an Academician on Feb. 9, 1773.

It may be mentioned as of interest that the voting at elections was not confined to the members who were present, absent members being "permitted to give their suffrages sealed up, and enclosed in a letter signed with their own hand, and directed to the President." This voting by proxy was subsequently abolished.

The total number of Associates elected during the Presidency of Reynolds was fifty-eight, of whom nine were engravers and ineligible for the higher honour, which was also not reached by eighteen others; thirty-one only of the remaining forty-nine being raised to the rank of full Member.

We shall now proceed to give some account of these elected Members on the same lines as have been followed in the case of the original ones, dealing at some length with the more celebrated artists, and merely mentioning those whose dim and faded lustre is only suggestive of the vanity of human aspirations.

RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.,

was born at Tiverton in 1740. Like Reynolds, he was the son of a Devonshire schoolmaster, and was sent up to London to study Art under Hudson. Allan Cunningham and John Thomas Smith differ in their account of his early years; they both place him at Shipley's drawing-school in the Strand, but according to the former he went there after a certain period of study under Hudson, whereas the latter makes him a waiter and boy of all work there, which account seems incompatible with his family history. In 1765 he gained a premium of the Society of Arts. In August, 1769, he was

1890.

admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and was, as we have seen, elected an Associate the year after, his advancement to full Membership following in six months' time.

His career was in every way a remarkable one; it seems to have been permitted to him to set at naught those wearisome maxims which prudence and experience are for ever preaching to the unwilling. He kept up an enormous expenditure to the latest days of his life; he surrounded himself with beautiful and costly things, with jewels and precious stones, ivory and gold, marble, lacquer, and porcelain; he was seen in public attended by a black page, and wearing a coat of mulberry silk embroidered with strawberries; he ate, he drank, he gambled and gave away his money, and yet seems to have escaped those baneful vicissitudes of fortune which are the usual lot of the thriftless and extravagant.

The industry and talent necessary to make head against such a strain must indeed have been remarkable, and it is not surprising, therefore, that in the cabinets of collectors, in the catalogues of exhibitions and sale-rooms, the name of Richard Cosway should be repeated with such astounding frequency; though in his case it has happened, as it happens in that of all original and prolific artists, that his style has been imitated, and his name affixed to works which are evidently spurious.

In his youth he drew in the Gallery of Antiques, which, as related in a former paper, was opened to students by the Duke of Richmond, under the guidance of Cipriani, and was popularly supposed to have acquired something of the grace and beauty of Grecian Art; and subsequently he painted pictures in oil of an ambitious and poetical character. His oil portraits are said to have been feeble and glossy, and whatever his achievements in that line may have

been, they are now forgotten. His fame lives only by his miniatures.

The beautiful art of miniature painting may be said to be the oldest in modern Europe. In the deepest night of the dark ages, when Art appeared to be extinguished, that of illumination, which was in all essential points miniature painting, shed a faint and flickering ray which served to keep the flame alive; it perpetuated the memory of what had gone before, and handed down something to the future. In Durham and in Trinity College, Dublin, there are two ancient volumes beautifully illuminated, known respectively as the Lindisfarne Gospels and the Book of Kells, the work of Irish monks in the eighth century. The Canute Gospels and the Arundel and Cottonian Psalters belong to the school known as *Opus Anglicum*, which had its resting-place at Winchester in the eleventh century. And although there are,



Mrs. Cosway. From the Picture by R. Cosway, R.A.

as far as we know, no extant examples of the missal painting of the ninth and tenth centuries, the true dark ages, the beauty of the *Opus Anglicum* of the eleventh proves that tradition had been handed down, and that the art had not perished. With the return of enlightenment, the production of illuminated manuscripts, with their accompanying miniatures, became general. The great Flemish painters, Van Eyck, Memling, Lucas van Leyden, and Mabuse, lent their hands to the work, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it attained to its greatest perfection, as in the "Roman de la Rose" in the British Museum.

The miniature proper, the portrait on a small scale, dates in this country from Tudor ages, and in the words which Shakespeare has put into Bassanio's mouth, as he contemplates "Fair Portia's counterfeit"—

"Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider;
and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the
hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs,"

the poet was in all probability alluding to the miniatures of his contemporary, Nicholas Hilliard.

From that day to the time of Cosway the succession of English miniaturists was unbroken, through Isaac Oliver, the Segars, Peter Oliver, John Hoskins, Samuel Cooper, Richard Gibson, and Nathaniel Hone; and after his day it was continued through Ozias Humphrey, F. Coles, Henry Edridge, Alfred Chalon, to Ross, Thorburn, and Wells, and then the chain snapped. The photograph, the miniature by machinery, supplanted the work of men's brains; the child of imagination perished, and was succeeded by a sort of Frankenstein monster in human form but without a human soul.

But although the sequence of English miniaturists remained unbroken from Nicholas Hilliard to Richard Cosway, his art cannot strictly be said to be a development of what had gone before. We have stated in a former article that English Art had no childhood, it did not pass through the infant stages observable in that of Italy, it sprang at once from a highly organized basis from Vandyck and the Venetians. Realism, with a symbolical meaning, is the natural origin of the Art of all Christian peoples, perhaps of all Art; æsthetic and organic qualities are a later development, the outcome of superior culture, and that amount of culture was attained in this country in the eighteenth century. Our native artists of former ages, the great miniaturists of the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries, were pure realists; they sought only the reality and individuality of nature, and Cosway breaks away from them abruptly. His works have the excellencies and the defects of the age in which he lived. His characters have the elegance and refinement as well as the artificiality of a society which had become conscious of the rudeness of earlier manners, and was struggling to perfect its own. The barbarian is strictly natural, he conforms to the lower instincts of nature; when he puts on refinement and endeavours to conform only to his higher instincts, he becomes artificial. He must pass through that stage before he attains the highest, and becomes both natural and refined; and that intermediate stage is the stage of the eighteenth century. Cosway illustrated it in his miniatures; the airs and graces of

his ladies, with their languishing eyes and open bosoms, are totally distinct from the primness, the sedateness, and self-consciousness of the earlier English ladies of Hilliard and Oliver; and he never attained to the *naïveté* of Reynolds and Gainsborough, who saw farther, and were in advance of their age. But he was a great artist nevertheless: he painted miniatures without any smallness of treatment, his touch was sprightly and never fatiguing even in his most elaborate works, his drawing elegant, and his treatment of hair especially remarkable. It is impossible to think of a Nicholas Hilliard as anything but a very minute object, whereas a miniature by Cosway, if you close your eyes, will often convey the impression of life-size.

Cosway the artist, however, and Cosway the man, present a very different aspect; in the ordering of his life and the conduct of his affairs there was a wildness and extravagance which are very perplexing to a biographer. He had a mania for keeping up appearances, for making a great show, and it embittered his life to find that people did not always take him at the price of his appearances. His foppiness and affectation earned him the nickname of the Macaroni Miniature Painter; much fun was made of him, and, as we might expect, he did not escape the dull and coarse lampoons of Peter Pindar.

The great event of his life, second to the production of his miniatures, was his marriage with Maria Hadfield. Maria Hadfield was a lovely woman, if we may credit the testimony of a portrait of her, which we reproduce. She was very



Richard Cosway, R.A. From a Drawing by G. Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

talented as an artist both in painting and in music, and she possessed an enthusiastic soul, whose bent turned towards philanthropy and benevolence. Such a woman with a large family would have filled the home of Richard Cosway with genial influences, and his vagaries would have been subdued by the example of her earnestness; but unfortunately for him they had but one daughter, who died young, and the whole current of Maria's being went awry; she became an invalid; she travelled abroad; she tried to find a vent for her yearnings and sympathies by establishing a college for the education of young ladies, first at Lyons and then at Lodi; and finally she returned to her home in Stratford Place, which had been fitted up by her husband at the most lavish expense, to nurse him through a long and mortal sickness.

Cosway in his last years seems to have been the victim of

hallucinations; he gravely related conversations he had held with Van Dyck and Charles I. This was possibly a malady of the times; William Blake, on his own showing, was on visiting terms with St. Paul, and Cosway's quondam friend, the Prince of Wales, died firmly convinced that he had led a charge of cavalry at Waterloo.

In July, 1821, when Cosway was aged eighty-two, an old friend, Miss Udney, called to take him for an airing in her coach; on the road he was seized with a fit of paralysis or apoplexy, and was brought home a dead man. He is said not to have left much wealth behind him, but we have seen no record of the sale of all the magnificence of Stratford Place, which should have realised a considerable sum. His widow retired to Lodi, where she resumed her scheme of a ladies' college, and died there some years afterwards.

CHURCH FURNISHING AND DECORATION.*

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF TASTE AND COMMON-SENSE.



Fig. 1.—Communion Cup, Twelfth Century.

SINCE the last article was written I have met with a striking corroboration of what I said there about the propriety of using a double-handled cup for the people's communion. The difficulty, of course, is to find any mediæval precedent for communion in both kinds. It is, however, well known that a coronation was an occasion on which, in honour of the peculiar solemnity of the event, the sovereign in certain countries—the Kaiser of the

Holy Roman Empire being one of the favoured few—was wont to receive communion in both kinds. In the architectural court of the South Kensington Museum is to be seen a cast (No. 49) of a marble group of the twelfth century in the Cathedral of Monza, representing the crowning of the Emperor Otho; and upon the altar, which is to the left of the composition, are shown distinctly three vessels, viz., the chalice, the ciborium, and a two-handled loving-cup, testifying that, if any beside the celebrant communicated in both kinds, they would not drink out of the priest's chalice, but, even though it were for but one person, another and a different form of vessel would be provided.

The crucifix must next receive attention. This ornament is a mystical symbol and consists of a figure attached to a cross. The most ancient form shows no attempt at realism. It displays Christ as in the words of that glorious old hymn, the "*Vexilla regis*," which says, "God is reigning from the tree." So the figure has a royal diadem rather than a crown of thorns, and is robed from head to foot. The feet are not crossed, but rest side by side; the head is erect, the face looks straight forward with the eyes open. The hands are stretched out quite horizontally. But the successive changes in the crucifix have approached nearer and nearer to an historic representation. The title over the head was introduced anon. The royal crown

gave place to one of thorns. The long robe became first a tunic reaching to the knees, and later, about the fifteenth century, a mere loin-cloth. In the fourteenth century, the hands were



Fig. 2.—Ancient Figure of Brass, cast and chiselled, from Caen, Normandy.

made disproportionately large, and the knees bent prominently forward, thus contracting the length of the figure, and the feet are found crossed. A further innovation was made by the Jansenists, who, in order to emphasize their own pecu-

* Continued from page 85.

har tenet of the partial redemption of mankind, changed the Catholic crucifix with the arms that had hitherto spread wide



Fig. 3.—Modern French Work, showing arms in correct horizontal position.

open as though to embrace the whole world, into one with



Fig. 4.—Printed Velvet for Altar-cloths, etc. By Mr. Thomas Wardle, of Leek.

arms contracted and drawn as high up as possible over the head, as though Christ's power to save was straitened

and His mercy withheld from the reach of men. The Spanish type of crucifix comes often dangerously near to the Jansenist in the position of the arms. Others again, with more dramatic power than reverence, have produced a figure horribly distorted and writhing in the agonies of death, or as already dead, with head bowed on the breast and eyes closed. This form, I need hardly say, is an abuse of the crucifix and a most undesirable departure from the ancient standards. If it is sought to portray literally the historic event, the ornament of the crucifix is not the proper medium. A group of carving, with the two thieves, and all the figures round the foot of the cross, would be necessary to form a complete representation, and show the historic aspect of the

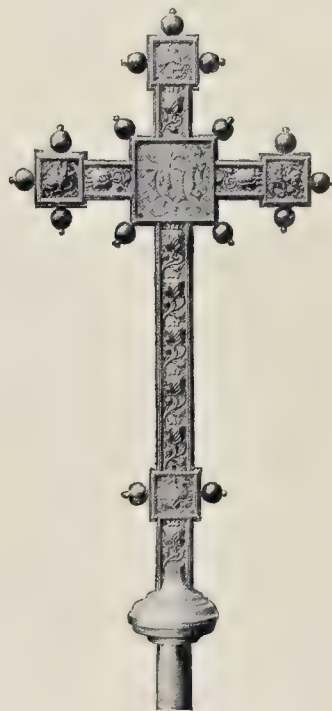


Fig. 5.—Top of Processional Cross, formed with plates of repoussé copper on wood. Designed by Aymer Vallance, and made by Messrs. Blunt, Wray & Co., for Messrs. Burns and Oates.

crucifixion. An easel picture, treated something like the Twelfth Station, would answer the purpose still more effectually. It is an entire and most inappropriate confusion to mount a realistic figure upon a decorative cross. The greatest care is needed when it is required to produce coloured crucifixes. And though there are very few who, in my opinion, ought to presume to paint a figure for a crucifix, it is not an uncommon practice. Even at the present time some crucifixes, according to an evil tradition, presumably of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, are painted with the mouth and hands and feet all black and blue, having every appearance of an advanced state of mortification. This is not only ghastly to look upon, but, if analysed, will be found to be

a quite heretical mode of representing Him to whom it was impossible to undergo corruption.

A word about the processional cross, which was almost invariably embellished behind and before; in front with a crucifix, often flanked by statuettes of Mary and John, while the reverse and other parts would be ornamented with figures of the Madonna, the Magdalene, the four Evangelistic symbols, the Resurrection, the Pelican, or the Lamb. It is desirable that the pole of the processional cross should always be of wood. Metal, besides increasing the cost quite needlessly, and the weight as well, is very cold for the bearer's hands. In this regard, no doubt, the ancient vexillum or sudarium, a cloth for preserving the metal from being tarnished by the heat of the hand, served a further purpose in addition to that which its name implies. Mediæval crosses themselves were largely made of wood, with metal plates

attached by nails, the latter not ashamed of themselves, but frankly appearing and adding character and even beauty to the work. I have seen a mediæval cross of the kind made in the form of a cylindrical cross-staff, with a strip of brass, about 1 or 1½ inch in width, wound spirally round the wood and fastened to it with nails. The effect was very handsome, although so simple, there being no other ornament beyond a bulbous knop at each extremity, springing from a small and finely-wrought cresting.

The most important object in the church is the altar. According to the most approved rule of proportion its length should be one-third of the wall space behind it, though this of course is not always practicable. It is rare to find an altar too long, common to find it too short, a fault which causes it to look mean and insignificant. Its height may vary from 3 feet 3 inches to 3 feet 6 inches, though a man



Fig. 6.—Woven Silk and Wool Tapestry for Altar-cloths, etc., Dove and Rose Design, by Messrs. Morris & Co.

of average stature will find 3 feet 4 inches the most convenient. For the safety of objects standing on it, the altar-slab should be quite squared at the upper edges, not rounded off or bevelled. Mediæval altars appear to have been of stone with a movable front, as a rule of wood, adorned with painting and carving, sometimes with plates of metal and precious stones.

Nothing is more unworthy of its sacred uses than the deal table stained and varnished, with its properties in the shape of a set of four or five cheap cloths of different colours, perpetually being changed, each with its "correct orphreys," perpendicular stripes of common woven lace, and the inevitable draper's floriated cross in the centre. How much better would it be to save the money that is squandered in a multiplicity of cheap and tasteless hangings and buy one good frontal instead. Every congregation may not afford

to employ Mr. C. Kempe to design, and ladies to work, a splendid antependium like that in St. Agnes, Liverpool; but at any rate the poverty of none should stand in the way of their providing a frontal of woven tapestry or printed velvet. It would cost no more, and would be far more fitting to have one such simple frontal of good stuff, without any attempt at embroidery, the same to be used every day, than a variety of as many bad ones as there are colours in the rainbow. I must refer my readers to Fig. 1, page 81 (March), to show the fifteenth-century mode of covering an altar. It will be noted that the cloth is not made like an ordinary table-cloth, so as to fall all round, but is an antependium, *i.e.*, it hangs in front only; its sides and bottom, being all three outside edges, are alike fringed. In the same way, what we call the superfrontal, and our forefathers the frontlet, has the fringe returned at each end. There are, moreover, two rectangular

pieces, fringed like the others, hanging on either side of the centre of the antependium. These two pendants—the vesting of an altar being in some sort analogous to the vesting of a priest—are not uncommonly called stoles, while the fair white linen cloth represents the amice, and the frontlet its apparel. If this were properly understood, we might be spared the ecclesiastical solecism of the twofold superfrontal, *i.e.*, one of lace and the other of embroidered stuff, to be seen in so many churches. The rationale of the case is as follows:—The ladies of this country were once so skilled in embroidery that it may be said to have been a national art, and *opus Anglicanum* won for itself a European reputation. When it was required to adorn the linen of the altar or of its ministers, the art in which the people excelled was devoted to the purpose, as was natural. Hence the frontlet was of embroidery, like the apparels of albs and amices. Not but what the same custom originally prevailed on the Continent as well. There, how-

ever, especially in later days of decadence, the more characteristic art of lace-making developed, and embroidered apparels on albs and altar linen were discarded in favour of lace flounces and trimmings. There can be no question which is the nobler, and which, if I may make the comparison when both are presumably the work of women, the more effeminate of the two, silk embroidery or its Continental substitute. The choice rests with one or the other, but it is plain that we must not duplicate apparels or frontlets by employing both varieties at the same time. The frontlet, then, being an integral part of the decoration of the altar linen, as distinct from the antependium, should never be dispensed with, whether there is a textile antependium with stoles or not. It is perhaps necessary to explain that the frontlet is only a narrow strip along the upper part of the altar front, and that there should be no coverings but of linen on the surface of the altar-slab itself. Practically, it will be found more con-

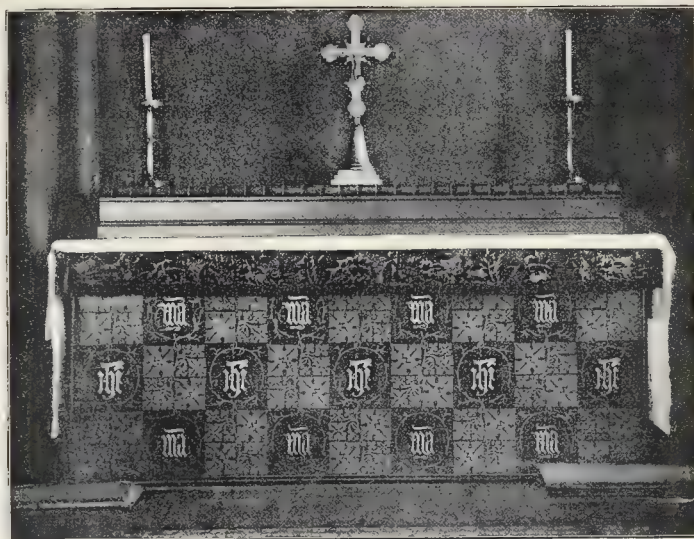


Fig. 7.—Painted Altar, designed by Aymer Vallance.

venient to attach the frontlet to the edge of a blue linen cover, for to sew it on to the fair white linen cloth, and to have to take it off again every time the white cloth requires to be washed, is a process not calculated to preserve the frontlet. As to the fringe, it is obvious that, representing as it does the frayed threads of the material to which it is applied, it ought never to be of a different colour from that material, although it may occasionally have gold thread in it, for gold might reasonably be employed to knot the coloured silk. For the same reason fringe should always be sewn at the very edge of the material, so as to hang beyond it. If put on over the material, the meretricious character of the work is sure to be betrayed when the threads of fringe become parted and discover the stuff behind. If the fringe is of that thin and half-starved quality that needs additional support or body, it is a simple matter to put it on double. Fringe along any edge intended to hang perpendicularly

should not be long, or its own weight will drag it down and give it a limp and ragged appearance. The sides and bottom of the curtains forming the altar-wings are best fringed. The top can be stretched by inserting a piece of cane in the hem, and then, a line of holes about one-third of an inch in diameter having been previously cut and button-holed round, as near as possible to the hem, the curtains can be hung up by lacing a silk cord through the holes, and passing the loops so formed over the supporting rod.

Although textile frontals for the altar seem to be now generally preferred, and an uncovered altar is the exception, yet the plainest wooden front has the advantage that it conveys a sense of dignity and stability never to be attained amid the fussy changes of different coloured textiles. Nor need the original outlay be greater than that of providing an entire set of inferior cloths. To show what may be done, here is a representation of an altar designed by myself, and

painted under my superintendence by Messrs. Gates Brothers of Brighton, for the Church of the Annunciation in that town. The altar is 7 feet long, and the cost of the framed panel, together with the painting and gilding, amounted to not more than six or seven pounds. The candlesticks upon it and the base of the cross are without merit, and are only

included here in order to show the upper part of the cross, which is ancient and exceedingly beautiful. The cost of painting figure subjects is of course considerably greater than mere floral and architectural forms, and good figures are worthy of a better mounting than a plain rectangular panel.

But to have a well-designed and carved altar decorated



Fig. 8.—Carved Oak Altar of good design. By Messrs. Cox Sons, Buckley & Co.

with painted figures at the outset would be beyond the means of most parishes. And so it is wisest to be content to have an unpainted altar, designed with a view to ultimate decoration, and later, when the means are forthcoming, to have it properly decorated. This was the plan adopted, with complete success, at Rodmersham Church, the task of

painting the altar being eventually executed by Messrs. Buckeridge and Floyce. These artists have thoroughly acquired the style of the Early Flemish painters, and for altars and altar-pieces I know of no more admirable form of decoration.

AYMER VALLANCE.

A CALL TO ARMS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

FROM among the throng of painters who form the class to which Mr. Blair Leighton belongs, he has succeeded in detaching himself with conspicuousness by his dramatic motives, and a certain explicitness and completeness of presentment. Nor is it an easy matter to attain to this kind of distinctiveness. In gaining it the painter of the 'Call to Arms' has shown the popular qualities of emphatic and unmistakable story-telling and of love of the picturesque. Almost all his work has consisted of modern treatment of romantic subjects, from the time when as an Academy student he got the second place in the competition for the gold medal for historical painting (failing by but one vote to get the medal itself) until now, when, still a young man, he is known to every frequenter of exhibitions in England. Mr. Blair Leighton's early career was nevertheless full of dif-

ficulties to overcome. Having at first no time to give to his Art studies except the hours he could snatch for the night class, he needed all his efforts for winning the distinctions and awards that quickly fell to his lot; but he succeeded at the Academy as well as in the schools. 'A Flaw in the Title' was his first picture, and 'The Secret' perhaps the most dramatic. Invention is not so common a quality that even those whose chief concern is with the more purely pictorial virtues should wholly disregard it; and the painter of 'The Dying Copernicus,' 'Awaiting an Answer,' 'The Gladiator's Wife,' and so many successors to these, has invention without stint. The 'Call to Arms' is so complete that never has picture less needed an explanation. It is entirely independent of catalogue or title, and all that costume, armour, and architecture can do is added to the interest of the romance.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

III.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY, THE GROSVENOR AND THE NEW GALLERY (*concluded*). THE PARIS SALONS.

PORTRAITURE.—Some of the acknowledged masters of portraiture, such as Mr. Watts, Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. J. Sargent, and Professor Herkomer, are conspicuously below their usual level this year; while others, Mr. W. Q. Orchard-

son, Mr. Oules, Mr. Luke Fildes, and such less widely-known portraitists as Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Jacomb-Hood, have put their very best work into this branch of their art. To condemn *de novo* what has already been universally con-



The Last Flowers. By Jules Breton. Paris Salon.

demned would seem hardly necessary; and Sir J. E. Millais's 'The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and his Grandson' (Academy), has not been defended even by his most fervid admirers. It is difficult to imagine anything more unfortunate in effect than the full-faced presentment of the great

Radical leader; and yet there is a certain grandeur in the solid blocking out and painting of the powerful, rugged features.

Much better—though suffering, too, from that chalkiness and hardness in the rendering of the flesh which more and more

grows to be a besetting sin of the master—is the 'Master Ranken' (Grosvenor), a portrait of a beautiful fair boy, whose long golden hair contrasts well with the suit of myrtle-green velvet which he wears. This is painted with a real enjoyment of the beauty and freedom of childhood, and shows that Sir John Millais still on occasion justifies those who have styled him the successor of Reynolds in the rendering of English youth. By far the noblest portrait of the year, and in many respects Mr. Orchardson's finest achievement in this branch, is his presentment of himself at the Grosvenor. He is depicted most simply, in loose studio attire, facing the spectator, brushes and palette in hand, but with a sympathetic charm and authority, and with a reticence of execution, which give this work an exceptional artistic value. This noble likeness of a distinguished artist by himself would appropriately find a place in the painters' gallery at the Uffizi, where it would be in the company of such old friends as Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Watts, and Sir Frederick Leighton. Yet we nourish the somewhat selfish hope that, as a noble example of British art, it may remain with us. None of Professor Herkomer's portraits attain this year anything like the highest level. Neither the 'Mrs. Arthur Sassoon' (Academy), nor 'Miss Vlasto' (Academy), will satisfy those who remember the 'Miss Grant' and the 'Lady in Black,' while the numerous male portraits, both at the Academy and the New Gallery, show signs of perfunctoriness, besides, in some instances, somewhat exceeding life size—a trick which, save in very exceptional instances, has a repellent effect. We who count ourselves among the warmest admirers of Mr. J. S. Sargent's brilliant and distinctive talent, will not undertake to defend the eccentricities in portraiture which he has sent to this year's Academy. The 'Portrait of a Lady—Study' shows a brunette robed in mauve satin of the most uncompromising hue, which is relieved by a red flower in the corsage; she holds up on either side, in most business-like and ungraceful fashion, her ample skirts, as for a trudge across a crossing. Adequately to gauge Mr. Sargent's power this far from enticing study should be compared with other half-lengths in the same room; its strength of general tone, its extraordinarily living character,—akin to that *joie de vivre* expressed by Frans Hals—then assert themselves, causing all similar things placed beside the portrait to appear painting and not truth. But here we have the simple dignity possessed by even average humanity deliberately ignored, and the amused contempt with which the painter regards his sitters in particular and the world in general, as deliberately recorded. The other portrait, that of 'Mrs. K.' (Academy), showing a lady standing bolt upright, with defiant mien, on a lawn in front of a country-house, we hold to be altogether inexcusable. Mr. Luke Fildes has with exceptional success developed a branch of his art which, until he made his first essay some four years ago, was entirely unfamiliar to him. The 'Mrs. Thomas Agnew,' a white-haired lady in a gown of figured heliotrope satin with adornments of white lace, is as to the head modelled with admirable delicacy and sympathetic truth; the textures of the rich fabrics and laces being on the other hand somewhat sharp and thin. In a different style, suggestive of French models, and in particular of M. Elie-Delaunay, is the 'Mrs. Robert Borwick.' But best of all is unquestionably the Lancashire painter's huge full-length 'Portrait of a Lady,' showing an elderly dame with white or powdered locks, soberly but magnificently attired in black velvet and Venetian point:

here the model frankly poses, leaning her hand slightly on a Louis-Quatorze table of bold ornamentation. A peculiar grave strength and dignity never before attained by Mr. Fildes, are the distinctive qualities of this fine work.

No female portrait of the year is arranged with such unobtrusive elegance, or with such an artistic yet modest use of accessories, as Mr. Jacomb-Hood's 'Mrs. Frederick Cavendish Bentinck' (Grosvenor), which is as to colour a charming harmony of old gold, green, turquoise, and white. Unfortunately the flesh tones lack just that purity which is in such an arrangement required. Altogether different in style is the same artist's 'Miss Shaw Lefevre' (Academy); the modelling is here more searching, the conception more austere, as is, indeed, fitting in the likeness of a learned lady of whom the catalogue states that she was lately "President of Somerville Hall, Oxford."

Among the best portraits to be seen at the Academy is the admirably natural and well-posed presentment of 'The late James Lorimer, LL.D.,' by J. H. Lorimer. The textures of Mr. Pettie's flesh and the peculiar vitreous quality of his atmosphere are unsatisfactory; yet his 'Sir Edmund Hay-Currie' and 'Sir Raylton Dixon' have a certain alertness and animation, the latter being, however, spoilt by the "screaming" tone of the scarlet uniform. The difficult colour is far better treated by Mr. Oules in his 'Angus Holden, Esq., Mayor of Bradford, 1887' (p. 159)—a performance masterly in its rendering of accessories such as are difficult to make interesting, and marked too by the simple dignity, if also by the hardness and mannerism of touch which have long been characteristics of this distinguished painter.

Mr. J. J. Shannon sends nothing this year to the Academy, but maintains, though he does not increase, his popularity by the 'Mrs. Andrew Whitelaw' and 'Sir Alfred Lyall'—both at the New Gallery. His accurate draughtsmanship and his



Miss McWhirter. By Alma Tadema, R.A.
New Gallery.

skill in the rendering, without undue exaggeration, of an elaborate toilette, account for his popularity among sitters of the fair sex, notwithstanding the leathery and disagreeable quality of his flesh. We hold, however, the altogether heretical opinion that he succeeds more completely with his male sitters, and in support of this seeming paradox may adduce the excellent portrait of Sir Alfred Lyall, as well as the capital full-length of an old hunting squire which appeared a season or two ago at the Grosvenor.

One of the most promising of our portraitists, Mr. William Carter, is this year seen to much less advantage than usual; he shows in his 'Mrs. D. Dale' (Academy) a curious and not very successful development in the direction of the French manner.

Mr. W. B. Richmond furnishes a sculptural and dignified

likeness of 'Louisa, Lady Ashburton' (New). The 'Mrs. Norton Strode Jackson' of Mr. Edwin Ward (New) is an essay in life-size portraiture by an artist who has hitherto made his mark with performances on a much smaller scale. Hardness in the modelling of the flesh and blackness in the shadows are drawbacks to a painstaking and solid method which, in a life-size work like the present, make themselves sensibly felt. The hand of the master reveals itself—as in few other works at the Academy—in M. Emile Wauters' small pastel, 'M. H. Spielmann, Esq.'; we have here a downright simplicity, a reticent strength which are of the most powerful effect.

LANDSCAPE.—It is here rather than elsewhere that a marked and genuine revival is to be noted in a branch of Art which was once England's great glory. True, the landscape painter no longer is, and perhaps he has not time to be, the ardent



A Saturday Evening at the Savage Club. By W. H. Bartlett. Messrs. Dowdeswell.

nature worshipper, vivifying the result of his observation with the sympathetic warmth and transforming power of his own emotion. No European school of landscape seems at present likely to return to a mode of contemplating nature which has had the noblest results both in our own school and in that of France.

There is a striking variety evinced in the choice of subjects within a comparatively narrow range, and such landscape painters of the younger generation as Mr. David Murray, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. T. Aumonier, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Robert Noble, and Mr. J. Farquharson, are, each in his own way, adopting distinct paths for themselves. But first to deal with a few of the most striking works by the veterans, many of whom have this year achieved unusual distinction.

If it is not possible to admire without reservation either Sir

J. E. Millais's 'Dew-drenched Furze' (New), or his 'The moon is up and yet it is not night' (Academy), it must be owned that both reveal higher aspirations and more pathos than the master has often of late years exhibited in pure landscape. The drawback is still that he reproduces rather than he interprets nature, and that declining, after the fashion of the school from which he springs, to generalize or omit, he is yet not careful to select scenes which express and compose themselves. Mr. Vicat Cole's 'The Thames at Greenwich' nearly equals in dimensions, but in other respects falls far short of his important 'Thames below London Bridge,' which now hangs in the Chantry Bequest Gallery at South Kensington. Mr. Leader's most satisfactory performance this year is the well-composed 'The silent evening hour' (Academy), p. 161; while in 'A Ford on the Wye' (Academy), p. 163, Mr. H. W. B. Davis attains, in the representation of

noble oxen fording the fair stream in the clear light of afternoon, a harmony of design and a dignity of style which he does not always exhibit. The veteran Mr. J. C. Hook has hardly, at any period of his practice, done better than in the four important pictures of sea and coast which he sends to Burlington House. A departure from his fixed canons—from his monotony of scheme in colour-harmony—we cannot at this stage expect; but if we accept his unvarying standpoint in dealing with the narrow section of nature and humanity which touches him, we must admit that the Dutch canal scene called 'A Dutch Pedlar,' and the British coast scene named 'Breakfasts for the Porth,' are among the most sympathetic and the most accomplished performances of their ever-vigorous author. Mr. Henry Moore can never in anything that he attempts be less than an artist; but his transcripts of tossing grey or sparkling blue sea are this year marked by less energy and passion than usual, while they suffer from the wonted monotony. Mr. Audley Mackworth's 'Cloud Chariots' (Academy) has a noble subject of calm sea overhung by huge masses of cloud dyed a rosy pink by the setting sun.

We hail with delight the reappearance of Signor Costa, who sends to the New Gallery several coast scenes taken chiefly, according to his custom, from the estuary of the Arno; the finest of these being a simple presentment of a sandy creek with quiet rippling waters, on which is stranded a boat giving shelter to two sleeping fishermen. This is rather sentimentally called 'They sleep by day to strive by night.' Signor Costa almost alone among living painters, has the precious gift of rendering without any departure from simplicity and essential truth the solemn beauty of his fair Italy. Unfortunately, the more obvious qualities of his technique are not hard to reproduce; and accordingly the galleries reveal the existence of

more than one pseudo-Costa, whose work the indifferent observer may be too apt to confound with that of the original.

Nothing exhibited this year has a higher value than Mr. A. W. Hunt's 'Windsor Castle—Twilight' (New), the pathos and the melancholy charm of which place it apart from any similar work which the galleries have to show. It is composed and executed with a minute and exquisite skill, but without that strength of general tone and effect which the master is apparently content to renounce. Mr. Hunt's beautiful and novel paraphrase of a scene which might have been deemed

too familiar must be leisurely and sympathetically studied, if it is to reveal all its beauties to the beholder. Mr. David Murray has never done as well as in the remarkable landscape, 'The Young Wheat' (Academy)—a vast expanse of undulating fields upon which the wheat begins to sprout, overhung by the cloudy grey sky of a chilly spring. Next to this in merit is the artist's 'Sundown' (Grosvenor), a landscape composed, like most of his productions, with striking originality, but suffering from a certain paintiness and hardness in the sky. There is much beauty both of composition and colour in Mr. Alfred East's 'October Glow, near Yardley Woods' (p. 169), an autumn scene in which pale green, russet, and warm grey



Waiting. By Sir James Linton, P.R.I. Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

hues combine to produce a most delicate and refreshing tone. Mr. East's Japanese experiences have certainly increased the scope of his art—especially as a colourist. Mr. Peter Graham's facile and taking manner with all its superficiality has yet a certain brilliancy, in right of which he will never lack a public; but he has been seen to much greater advantage than in 'Departing Day' and 'Low-tide'—both at the Academy. The 'Mount Etna, seen from Taormina' (p. 156) of Mr. McWhirter (Academy), is scenic in its happy choice of a taking subject. Scenic too, though of a higher class, is Mr. J. Farquhar-

son's 'My heart's in the Highlands' (Academy), a very attractive view of a gleaming and sinuous river half revealed through fir-trees. We confess to taking little pleasure in the imitative productions of Mr. Peppercorn (New and Grosvenor) and Mr. Muhrman (Grosvenor), dexterous though their mimicry of French models no doubt is; and it appears to us, moreover, that the efforts of Mr. Robert Noble, an artist of much higher class, are at present misdirected. His 'By the Linn Pool' (Academy) (p. 159) shows with rare executive skill and a true sense of style a far greater leaning towards great French models, such as Georges Michel and Théodore Rousseau, than towards nature herself. The great antetypes of the young painter would never have developed a new and enduring art had they themselves gone to work in such fashion.

Last, but not least, must be mentioned the very remarkable achievement of the American landscape painter, Mr. G. Hitchcock, called by him 'Tulip Culture' (Academy). This had already attracted much notice both at the Salon and the Exposition Universelle. It shows in the brilliant but tempered sunlight of a summer day a Dutch girl standing in the midst of formal beds of tulips, rose-coloured, yellow, white, and pale pink—a field of these gay flowers being enclosed by green trees, the faintly rustling leaves of which sparkle in the morning air. This is a decoration of great strength and purity of tone in the lightest harmonies, painted by a devotee of the *plein air* school, who, without being an *impressioniste* in the extreme sense of the word, has derived much from the example of Claude Monet. The dexterous American painter gives, however, no sign of any striving to interpret nature or to penetrate through her outward aspects into her essence; and he is himself, as it would seem, but little moved by what he depicts.

SCULPTURE.—Here the improvement which has manifested itself during the last few years in the plastic art proper, as practised among ourselves, is on the whole maintained, although the substratum on the ground of which the performances of note stand forth in relief—in more senses than one—remains of poor quality.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert is but little seen this year, for he contributes nothing to the Academy, and but one specimen of his work—a single 'Decorative Relief,' of great beauty—to the New; but his influence almost everywhere asserts itself. Mr. Onslow Ford has, on the other hand, been extraordinarily industrious. First comes his 'Charles George Gordon—statue erected in bronze at Chatham by the Corps of Royal Engineers' (Academy). This colossal performance shows in a very striking light the advantages and drawbacks of the picturesque school of which Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford are the prophets and the chief exponents. The hero appears in his most elaborate uniform, mounted on a huge camel, which is caparisoned with such splendour, with such a profusion of ornament, that the eye is involuntarily led astray from the principal figure. Such a conception, substituted, as it is here, for the heroic simplicity, the strenuous energy, which sculpture might, without loss of realism or *modernité*, so fittingly interpret, when it has so noble a subject, makes something of a repellent effect. It would be unjust, nevertheless, to withhold praise from the brilliant technical skill shown in many passages, especially in the modelling of the camel and the execution of the multitudinous detail. Two decorative bronze statues, the one 'Music' (p. 150) at the Academy, the other 'Dancing' at the New, show a more familiar phase of the sculptor's talent. At the Academy there reappears in bronze Mr. Ford's pretty, fanciful 'Peace' (p. 166),

which has already been seen there in plaster. The effect of this is to a great extent marred by the deliberate choice of a defective model, of imperfectly developed proportions. Decorative skill of another class is to be noted in Mr. Charles Lawes's huge machine, curiously described as 'Figures representing Liberty, Peace, Commerce, Indians, the Extinction of Slavery, Abundance—Design for a Bronze Relief' (Academy). This salad of symbolical figures is put together with great ease and skill, in a style which stands midway between that of the eighteenth century and the modern manner inaugurated by Carpeaux. It lacks, however, that charm of distinctiveness, the impress of which an artist of original power knows how to leave even on avowedly imitative work.

Nothing here has a more subtle charm than Mr. Harry Bates's 'Pandora,' the flowing lines and the delicate unobtrusive modelling of which make a most soothing harmony. She is represented kneeling and directing her pensive gaze upon the fatal casket, which she holds in both hands. This adjunct the sculptor has chosen, by way of variety, to fashion in gold and ivory, after the mode employed in classic Greece in the chryselephantine statues of divinities. We cannot but think this an error of judgment, since the warmth thus introduced makes yet colder the surface of the marble—just tinted though it is—and suggests at once the necessity for an entirely polychromatic scheme of decoration. Mr. Bates is much less successful in his large relief 'Design for Altar, Holy Trinity, Chelsea' (Academy), but *en revanche* displays his wonted charm and mastery in the marble relief, 'History of Psyche' (New). A study and assimilation of classic art of the best period lie at the root of Mr. John Donoghue's remarkable conception, 'The young Sophocles leading the Chorus of Victory after the Battle of Salamis.' He has, however, produced no cold copy or paraphrase of any known work of antiquity, but infuses real passion and vitality into the features and form of the beautifully fashioned ephebus, who is shown at the moment when, striking upon a lyre of classic shape, he leads the choric song of thanksgiving. A more successful first appearance has rarely been made at the Academy than by this young American sculptor, who has, we understand, received his training in France, and is there, as in Rome, already known to the artistic public. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft shows this year no large statue in the round, but by his diploma work, a beautiful marble relief styled 'The Mirror' (Academy), proves that he has now to a great extent conquered the difficulties of relief—the branch of his art in which he has, up to the present, least excelled. This group of Aphrodite, or a Nymph, sporting with Eros, lacks nothing of neo-classic beauty and charm; save, perhaps, that the chair upon which the goddess sits makes with the arched curve of her back an unpleasant contrast.

There are further to be noticed at the Academy:—'A Series of Five Niche Figures in marble forming part of a Reredos,' by Mr. H. H. Armistead; a curiously pre-Raphaelite and, as to its surface, overwrought bust of 'Sir Thomas Elder, G.C.M.G.,' by Mr. Woolner; a fine though over-realistic piece of sculptural decoration, 'Supporting Figure for Chimney-piece at Ashridge,' by Mr. Mark Rogers, jun.; and a colossal statue of 'The late Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster,' by Mr. J. Havard Thomas, which shows much skill and freedom in dealing with the difficult modern costume of the civilian, but adopts too conventional a view of the late statesman's frank and simple personality. Miss E. Hallé contributes to the New Gallery an interesting relief described as 'Love's first low Whisper—'

ing'—revealing as usual the influence of Florentine Quattrocento art—and further the Stanley Medal executed for the Royal Geographical Society.

THE PARIS SALONS.

As the new Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which a quasi-private quarrel among the French painters has caused to spring up, fully armed for conquest, in the galleries of the Centennale at the Champ de Mars, displays tendencies widely diverging from those of the old Salon at the Palais de l'Industrie, it will be desirable to deal with these two exhibitions separately.

THE SALON.—Notwithstanding the important secession which, as is well known, followed upon the recent retirement

of M. Meissonier from all connection with the great annual exhibition of Paris, the display is, as regards the number of works exhibited, as overpowering as ever. Neither would it be fair to say that the general average of technical ability shown is lower than in former years. It would, nevertheless, be difficult to recall any recent occasion on which the vast collection of pictures brought together in the Palace of the Champs Elysées has, as a whole, been so profoundly uninteresting, so poor in matter for discussion, whether of a friendly or an unfriendly kind.

Were it not for the youth and energy displayed in the rival show of the Champ de Mars, it would be necessary to conclude that a period of lassitude and *ennui*, consequent



Hypnotism. By Moreau de Tours. Paris Salon.

upon the efforts made to shine at the Exposition Universelle, had set in. This appreciation of the situation by no means applies, however, to the section of sculpture, in which, as usual, France shows herself supreme, and in which, moreover, the new enterprise is altogether unable to compete with the attractions of the old Salon.

Both as regards size and importance, the place of honour belongs to M. Munkacsy's colossal 'Ceiling for the Museum of the History of Art at Vienna.' This is an apotheosis of the Italian Renaissance, in which the great artistic luminaries of the sixteenth century appear grouped with the usual allegorical nudities. The Hungarian master has conquered, with a mastery which surprises those best acquainted with his art,

1890.

all the technical difficulties summed up by our neighbours as *l'art de faire plafonner*, and he has further, while abolishing for the time being his bituminous depths of shadow, managed to preserve in lighter harmonies the peculiar richness of his palette. But here praise must end: for of the grace and ease with which a Paolo Veronese, a Tiepolo, or, among moderns, a Paul Baudry, would have performed such a task, there is here not a trace. That sound and learned draughtsman, M. Jules Lefebvre, presents on a vast scale the legend of Lady Godiva, showing Leofric's tender-hearted consort as she passes through the deserted streets of Coventry on a noble grey horse led by a single female attendant. The dull metallic quality of this artist's colouring prevents

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him from attaining complete success in the representation of the Gothic street (too late in style), or of the fair nudity of the pitiful Godiva; yet the hand of the master is unmistakably revealed in the noble lines of the main group. M. Lefebvre vindicates his great reputation with the simple and pathetic portrait of a young man in ordinary morning dress, in which the drawing of the head and hands is altogether supreme, and that rarest of qualities, style, is everywhere apparent. M. Bouguereau, who owed to his comrades and the public a special effort—since it was the course of action decided upon at his instigation which drove forth M. Meissonier and his following—is more artificial than ever in the consummately well-grouped but leaden and soulless 'Holy Women at the Sepulchre.' M. Gérôme shines this year rather as a sculptor—in which capacity we shall refer to him later on—than as a painter. His 'La Poursuite' (p. 168) depicts, in a desert landscape brilliantly illuminated, a huge lion bounding in pursuit of a herd of antelopes; the energy of the



Return of a Reconnoitring Party. By P. Grolleron. Paris Salon.

delineation here dangerously borders upon caricature, though the mingled sun and shadow of the desert are well given. A *brio* that carries all before it, and compels forgiveness for a vulgarity such as seems inseparable just now from the performances in Art of the southern races, is displayed in Señor Ulpiano Checa's 'Course de Chars Romains.' The tremendous turmoil, the outrageous uproar of the scene, not less than the bestial types both of performers and spectators, are presented with singular daring and success; it is made manifest at once that the artist has seen and re-created for himself the scene which he renders—whatever we may think of the quality of his vision. M. Rochegrosse, the painter usually associated with classical scenes treated in romantic fashion with a plentiful infusion of stage horrors, attempts this time, in an Egyptian interior styled 'Nouvelle Arrivée au Harem,' the smaller dimensions and the genre style of Mr. Alma Tadema.

A whole class of French painters, determined just now to discard realism and to give proof of imagination *quand même*, have sought salvation in the representation of dia-

phanous visions, to which even their immateriality lends but a faint interest. M. Albert Maignan takes us, in 'La Naissance de la Perle,' to the bottom of an iridescent sea, where amid growths rich and strange a youthful mortal embraces a nymph embowered in a huge oyster-shell. Mr. MacEwen, in 'L'Absent,' represents in the homely interior of a northern cottage, a peasant father and daughter sitting quietly and unconsciously at work, while the vacant arm-chair is tenanted by the transparent wraith of the dead mother. M. Benjamin Constant, always able and yet unconvincing, whether in pure decoration, in historical, romantic, or imaginative art, very nearly succeeds in being ridiculous in the 'Moonlight Sonata,' in which he shows Beethoven, wrapped in a ghostly radiance intended for that of the moon, in the very act of composing the famous Sonata, which has, alas! long become the prey of the boarding schools of all nations. M. Moreau de Tours—one of the recipients last year of the Médaille d'Honneur—essays, on the one hand, a quasi-imaginative study, 'Jeu-

nesse'—not diaphanous, however, but singularly substantial, and, on the other, one of those repulsive hospital scenes, the taste for which has hardly yet diminished in Paris. This is 'Les Fascinés de la Charité'—a promiscuous group of men and women in various stages of hypnotism (p. 221). The sincerity of the observation, the thoroughness of the execution, are here insufficient to furnish an excuse for a subject not only repulsive, but thoroughly unpictorial. M. Bonnat's 'Portrait de Mme. la Vicomtesse de C.' and 'Portrait de M. Carnot' are not wanting in the breadth of execution and the sculptural qualities which are the distinguishing marks of his

work, but they are more than usually wanting in true vitality, and moreover lack real distinctiveness of character. With the portrait by M. Jules Lefebvre, just mentioned, the finest works of the kind to be seen at the old Salon are M. Fantin-Latour's two half-lengths, one of a lady in the splendid maturity of plastic beauty, the other that of a young girl in all the freshness of maidenhood. In accordance with the commendable custom adopted at French exhibitions both ladies remain anonymous. That most Parisian of Parisians, the gallicized Englishman, M. Chaplin, sends 'Portrait de Mlle. H.' and 'L'Age d'Or,' two finished examples of his manner, so trivial and affected in its cold elegance as to be almost repellent. Very palpable signs of exhaustion are shown by that popular master, M. Jules Breton, in 'La Lavandière' and 'Les dernières Fleurs' (p. 216); while on the other hand M. Pierre Billet, one of his most gifted followers, shows his usual nobility of style, with far more than his usual vitality and charm, in 'L'Hiver' (p. 172), a study of two peasant girls gathering firewood in the snow, and in 'Une Bergère.'

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be concluded.)

ART GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER has been elected to the rank of Royal Academician. Mr. Herkomer became an Associate in 1879. At this election Mr. Andrew Gow was *proxime accessit*, Mr. Frank Dicksee and Mr. Burne Jones taking third and fourth places.

The purchases from the Royal Academy exhibition under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest have been three in number—Sir Frederick Leighton's 'The Bath of Psyche,' Mr. R. W. Macbeth's 'The Cast Shoe,' and a water-colour by Mr. R. B. Nisbet, 'Evening Stillness.'

Another large purchase for the nation is proposed, namely, three pictures by Holbein, Velasquez, and Moroni, the property of the late Earl of Radnor. The Treasury have consented to contribute £25,000 towards their purchase. The balance of £25,000 will be forthcoming by private subscription, two gentlemen having guaranteed to make up the amount should it not be otherwise provided.

A recent addition to the National Gallery is a cabinet picture comprising portraits of a man, woman, and child. The background is a wooded landscape. On the left flows a slow and placid river, while a village stands on its right bank, and in the distance is a large town. It is titled 'Portrait of Jan van Hemsbeeck and his Wife, Marie Koeck, painted in 1636 by G. Donck. Born 16—; died 16—.' This picture, says the *Athenæum*, is a specimen of a rare hand, three of whose works are Nos. 565, 1,447, and 1,450 in the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna. The first is a camp scene; the latter two are portraits of an old man and an old woman, signed G. van Donck, and dated 1627.

The last addition to the buildings at South Kensington was made so far back as 1882; meantime the varied collection has gone on increasing in bulk, the total value of the contents being now something like two millions. The space for its disposal is now hopelessly inadequate. The Science and Art examinations cannot be properly conducted for want of room, and thus the whole country suffers. It is calculated that for about £450,000, and in about ten years' time, the spacious buildings originally contemplated could be completed. To this laudable end Mr. Bartley, M.P., has determined to devote his energies, whilst Sir Henry Roscoe will, it is understood, also make himself active.

The sale of the Wells collection was noticeable for the large prices obtained by the Landseers. Among the largest purchases were 'A Highland Interior,' 2,300 gs.; 'Grouse,' 1,060 gs.; 'Partridges,' 1,400 gs.; 'The Shepherd's Grave,' 1,200 gs.; 'The Woodcutter,' 2,200 gs.; 'The Hawk and the Peregrine Falcon,' 1,000 gs.; 'The Honeymoon,' 3,850 gs.; 'Deerhound and Mastiff,' 1,480 gs.; 'None but the Brave deserve the Fair,'

4,400 gs.; 'Otter and Salmon,' 1,300 gs.; 'Not Caught Yet,' 3,000 gs.; 'A Terrier and Dead Wild Ducks,' 2,600 gs.; 'Spaniel and Pheasant,' 1,500 gs.; 'Retriever and Woodcock,' 2,100 gs. The sale was also remarkable for the introduction of a new feature into auction-rooms, which it is to be hoped for the owner's sake will not be repeated. It consisted in the announcement of a buyer that if a certain picture was knocked down to him he would present it to the National Gallery, followed by a comment from the auctioneer depreciating high bidding on that account. In this way the National Gallery has acquired from M. Rochefort an autograph portrait of Sir Edwin Landseer, and from Mr. Agnew the picture of Landseer working in the studio of Baron Marochetti.

Mr. Watts is making a copy of the likeness of Rossetti which he produced in 1865, as an addition to his gifts to the nation of eminent men of his time.

The voting for the Grand Medal of Honour at the Champs-Élysées Salon took place on the 5th of last month. There were two ballots, M. F. L. Français being the favourite at the first. He received 81 votes, whereas M. Henri Harpignies who was nearest, obtained only 44. At the second ballot M. Français headed the list with 224 votes. The other votes were: 24 for M. Benjamin Constant, 22 for M. Harpignies, 17 for M. Flameng, 5 for M. Doucet, and 3 for M. Maignan. The pictures of M. Français are a landscape and a water scene. One is a view of the Marne near Paris on a hot summer morning, and the other of a broad of the river Sèvre-Nantaise.

A legal point which arose out of the sale of a Rembrandt in Paris the other day at a grossly inadequate price has lately been settled. The picture was included in a number of works sold by auction, an expert valuing it at 350 francs. It sold for 3,700, but is pronounced worth ten times as much. The litigation arose thus. The action was brought by the heir, or rather the residuary legatee of the late owner, against the expert. The decision is that the purchaser is confirmed in his acquisition. The expert suffers. He clearly had blundered, and his blunder had damaged the estate. On him therefore will fall the loss. Two other experts are to value the present selling worth of the picture—without going into questions whether it is or is not a genuine Rembrandt—and that figure becomes the measure of damages.

M. Meissonier's '1814,' which was recently purchased for 500,000 francs, has been sold to M. Cauchard, ex-manager of the Magasins du Louvre, for 850,000 francs.

The obituary of the month includes the names of the French Art critic, M. Philippe Burty, and Mr. Matt Morgan, the American artist.

REVIEWS.

IN 1865, when Mr. Redgrave issued his "CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL," he was able to say with truth that no connected narrative of its growth and development was in existence, the pages of this Journal being the source to which every one was bound to resort for any information which was needed concerning it. In the quarter of a century which has since elapsed the enormously increased interest evinced in Art has called for a corresponding amount of literature, and it says much for Mr. Redgrave's work that it has, during that period, been regarded as the standard authority on the subject. It is not surprising, therefore, that a new edition is now announced,* carried up to date, but abridged in several unimportant matters so as to bring it within the means of Art students.

A handy book, intended in the first place for American travellers to Europe, is issued under the title of "THE INDEX GUIDE TO TRAVEL AND ART STUDY IN EUROPE" (Brentanos). Arranged alphabetically, its compiler, Dr. Loomis, has been singularly capricious in his inclusions and omissions. For instance, under C we find Cork but not Canterbury, under E the Castle of St. Elmo but not the Eiffel Tower. Although twenty pages are devoted to Raphael's Madonnas, neither Meissonier nor Jules Breton finds a place. We learn that Romulus was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire, but the Duke of Albany still figures as a living member of the Royal Family. The second part, which contains plans of the principal galleries of Europe and a selection of the most noted works which they contain, is more complete.

"Titian managed pretty well without chemistry," remarked a distinguished artist to Professor Church, as he hardly veiled the thought that the Chair of Chemistry at the Royal Academy was a useless one, and that its occupant's labours, as evidenced in "THE CHEMISTRY OF PAINTS AND PAINTING" (Seeleys), were altogether superfluous. Such a critic, and there are many such, overlooks the fact that the ground, paint, oil and varnish used by the old masters were probably prepared in their studios, and that even under these favourable conditions a better acquaintance with the nature of the materials used would have caused their works to be handed down to us in sounder preservation. The volume before us treats of the various painting grounds, the constituents of vehicles and varnishes, the pigments themselves, and the chief processes of painting; and all artists, whether they be accomplished masters or commencing students, may derive a fund of information as to the chemical and physical character of the materials with which they have to deal. We can endorse Professor Church's assertion, "that there is no text book which covers the same ground as the volume now offered at so cheap a price to the public."

In the preface to an early edition of "A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD," Darwin warned his fellow-naturalists that the book was not for them. The voluminous

scientific records were their portion; this was for the "general reader." Undeniably the author's purpose has been aided in the new edition before us (London: John Murray). For the first time the book has been illustrated. The reader's imagination is assisted by some hundred and odd illustrations, while his convenience is further studied in the matter of maps and a book-marker. The illustrations, as pictorial expositions of the text, are good. They are from the pencil of Mr. R. T. Pritchett, who has done such work before. Following in the course of H.M.S. *Beagle*, he has, with the "Voyage" by his side for reference, made careful sketches "on the spot." Some few of the illustrations are of a different origin, though they equally recommend themselves, for they carry with them the author's own voucher for their accuracy. They are taken from engravings which the naturalist "selected for their interest as illustrating his voyage." One thing is obvious: Mr. Pritchett is admirable under the circumstances, but when another Darwin goes round the world he must take a detective camera with him.

A "HISTORY OF ART IN SARDINIA, JUDÆA, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR" is a subject demanding more space than we can give to it in these pages. We must content ourselves with merely indicating the scope of the two bulky volumes on this subject which have been sent to us by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. They are the result of the labours of two pens, wielded respectively by an eminent archæologist and an eminent architect, M. Georges Perrot and M. Charles Chipiez. The translation, which appears to be painstaking, is by Madame Gonino, who was responsible some months ago for a translation from the French of a work on Decorative Composition. The first volume deals with the Art of Sardinia and Judæa, the authors coming to the conclusion that the Sards furnish the exact mark of what the world would have been had Tyre and Carthage remained sole mistresses of the Mediterranean—had not, in fact, Greece come upon the scene at the end of the eighth century. The Judæa section is mainly composed of an exhaustive description of the Temple, painting being dismissed in half a page. Volume II. is devoted exclusively to the Hittites, their history, their artistic monuments, and the general characteristics of their civilisation. The work contains nearly four hundred illustrations, and is a worthy monument to the knowledge and the industry of the authors.

The "DECORATIVE VORBILDER" has appeared in an English dress under the auspices of the Electrotpe Company, from whom we have received half-a-dozen parts. It is known in this country as "The Art Decorator," and appeals to the amateur and art decorator by placing before them designs in chromo-lithography, which may be copied, enlarged, or amplified at the discretion of the student. The designs are from the masters of the Renaissance and from the studios of living artists, and include examples suitable for mural decoration, wood-carving, *repoussé* work, and pictorial work generally. The parts are published each month.

* Sampson Low & Co.





RIVERSIDE INNS.



HERE are few places on the Thames immediately below London Bridge where even a sanguine man cares to run the risk of spending a summer holiday. Picnics are there unknown, camping out is among the things impossible. The seeker after pleasure consequently confines his attention exclusively to that part of the river which has on its banks such places as Medenham, Marlow, and Pangbourne. The seeker after pleasure is wise. The grimy barges, the crowded shipping, the giant wharves, are but ill-calculated to give the average man abiding joy, for to him the picturesque hardly exists here. Of the days that are gone the only relics are the old riverside inns, and it is a pleasant fact that here and there below bridge is to be found an ancient hostelry with interesting associations and a presentment that is quaint.

To reach Wapping by river you can first wend your way to the City end of London Bridge. Then descend steps, go down a narrow street to the river, and at the Old Swan Pier take a penny steamboat for the Tunnel Pier. The "silver streaming Temmes," of which Spenser sung, is not to be looked for here. It is a dull, turbid, slushy highway, essentially a serious and a business-like space. Heavily loaded barges are being laboriously propelled by muscular, swarthy men, or pulled along by fiery, impatient little steam-tugs; the huge wharves and granaries on either shore are hauling in and out of their countless doors huge cases and bales, and all the world is working. You steam past the long dingy Custom House, where Geoffrey Chaucer, poet, filled once the office of Controller, past the Tower, where from the White Tower Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the first of its prisoners, made his escape, and where, until the calm of recent years, history has always been busy and interesting. Just at the back is the flag of Trinity

House, where sit, by provision of charter, granted in 1514, the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and unrivalled Trinity of St. Clement, who once had power to fine every mariner who cursed or blasphemed, or absented himself from prayers, and who now devote themselves to the more reasonable work of erecting and maintaining beacons, buoys, and signs of the sea.

Through the middle of the new Tower Bridge with its huge blocks of masonry and mammoth iron-work, past St. Katherine's Docks into the pool of London, where the barges are

lying thick and crowded in the mid-stream, and then you are at Wapping. Time was when Wapping in the Wose, as the good Stow calls it, had a considerable extent. "This part," says the chronicler, "and the parts about it were one great wash covered with the waters of the Thames. Afterwards it was by Pains and Art gained from the river and made a marsh or meadow ground." The space at the back of the riverside labelled in the old maps "Garden Grounds," is now covered by docks, and Wapping, consisting of Wapping High Street and a few tributary lanes, forms, with Shadwell, a narrow island about a mile in length. Close to the Tunnel pier is Execution Dock, used at one time by the law for its convenience in dealing with evil-doers on the sea. In one of the plates of the series, the attention of Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice" is being (with little effect) called to this place, and Stow tells a gruesome

anecdote concerning the hanging of "Pyrates" here. "Three tides were allowed to wash over the bodies, and then they were buried." In 1735, one Williams, a pirate, was hanged here and afterwards, *pour encourager les autres*, hanged again in chains at Bugsby Hole, near Blackwall. Whatever of romance remains in the place is centred in Wapping Old Stairs, represented by a dozen stone steps leading down to the river at the end of a passage contiguous to the inn called "The Town of Ramsgate." Four or five watermen hang about the place plying for hire, but customers are few, and the occupa-



"The Town of Ramsgate," Wapping Old Stairs.
From a Drawing by A. Quinton.

tion of the watermen consists chiefly in confounding the Tower Bridge and the Tunnel Railway. On the walls is chalked in large capitals a legend useful to the belated traveller, "A Boat All night at Page's." "The Town of Ramsgate" hostelry has a bulging bay window which offers a moderate view of the river, but with this exception reserves its allurements for Wapping High Street, where a conspicuous board at the entrance to the passage draws attention to the attraction of the place. The intelligent tourist, I am told, occasionally makes his way here. He can scarcely be impressed by the appearance of the spot. It is, to put it bluntly, a mistake to go and see Wapping. It is wiser to retain the mind's picture conveyed by the breezy old sea songs in which it was a place to which rollicking amorous sailors came home to their sweethearts, bringing with them silk scarves and trinkets galore, when for a space all was happiness until the sweet sorrow of parting came, and the gallant fellows seized the opportunity to recapitulate the charms of their ladye love and pour out afresh their strenuous asseverations of eternal fidelity. Sometimes, as in *the* song, it was the damsel herself who spoke.

"Your Molly has never been
false she declares,
Since last time she parted
from Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore I still would
continue the same,
And gave you a 'baccho box
marked with my name."

The praise is nearly
always generous and un-
stinted, and amiability of
temper is commended in
special terms. Thus of
"Poll of Wapping Stairs"
it is asserted that

"From Irongate to Limehouse
Hole,
You'll never meet a kinder
soul,
Not while the Thames is
flowing."

The small variety of female names in the old ballads is very striking. The Polls and the Molls are well at the head of the list, and it is but occasionally that a saucy Sue or a buxom Sal are permitted to receive the attention of the rhymster. A unique Meg occurs to me, and that not in a love song—

"'Twas landlady Meg that made such rare flip,
Pull away, pull away, hearties,
At Wapping she lived at the sign of 'The Ship,'
Where tars met in such jolly parties."

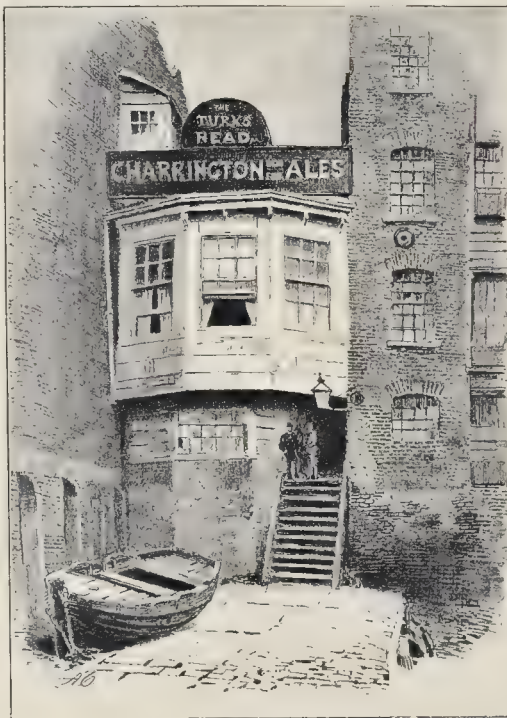
Proceeding the song relates (with occasional ejaculations of "Pull away, pull away, hearties") that Landlady Meg had a rich and extensive matrimonial experience, and that her seventh husband, a certain honest Tom Trip, was fortunate enough to survive her. Landlady Meg being thus out of the way, honest Tom

marries an old sweetheart and enables Dibdin to finish the song in a cheery and agreeable manner.

Opposite "The Town of Ramsgate," in the High Street, is the parish church of St. John, where, during the Great Plague, was a special burying-place for the dead. Wapping had the reputation in that dread time of being a perfect health resort, and Defoe's citizen speaks of the terror-stricken Londoners hurrying away to the district in search of the real or supposed immunity from the fell complaint.

"The Turk's Head," at the London end of Wapping High Street, is nearly shouldered out of sight by the lumbering wharves constituting its immediate neighbours. A small, old-fashioned room, the windows of which bear the device, "Wines and Spirits," looks out on the river, and from the bay windows of the clean and spacious room above it is possible to have a good view of a fair portion of the Thames. Regatta days are the times when "The Turk's Head" is happiest, and when the Doggett's Coat and Badge race is being rowed, or when a new boat is being competed for, it decks itself in bright array and the scene around the Stone Stairs by the side of the inn is, I am assured, "first-class." Certain portions of the place have been standing probably for a hundred years or more; but here, as elsewhere, the old order is changing and the destroyer of the picturesque is rampant indeed.

At the Shadwell end of Wapping High Street, stands "The Prospect of Whitby." Shadwell (from a local spring dedicated to St. Chad) is but half a mile long and is easily explored. "The Prospect of Whitby" is, from the



"The Turk's Head," Wapping.

street, a solid modern-looking house; from the river it presents, with its worm-eaten piles and unpainted wooden balconies, a sufficiently tumble-down and old-time appearance. By the side are the Pelican Stairs. "The Prospect" flatters itself by the reflection that it was in the bad old days a special resort of the press gang. If only the gang could lure their victim into its precincts, and dose him to the necessary extent with its fiery rum, then the work of strapping the honest fellow's arms and rushing him through the passage and down the stairs into the boat was a work of the very smallest difficulty. A few doors higher up, "The Anchor and Hope" plumes itself on having afforded in its time a special sanctuary for smugglers. When the government of the king taxed, and taxed heavily, lace and brandy

and tobacco and other luxuries, then smuggling was serious work and the profits of successfully defrauding the revenue were gratifying indeed. This being so, the capital necessary to subsidise riverside taverns and to build subterranean passages was not, it may be presumed, difficult to raise. Not many years since, when workmen were laying pipes in Wapping Wall, they came on a smugglers' underground passage so roomy and so capacious that to fill it untold cartloads of rubbish were required. It was at a tavern where "The Anchor and Hope" now stands that Lord Chancellor Jeffreys of evil memory was captured when hiding in the disguise of a common sailor. A litigant whom he had offended recognised him, and the people were anxious to wreak summary vengeance. "When the crowd recognised the Chancellor," says Macaulay, "the wretched man was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands, he looked out wildly sometimes at one window sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying to the guard, 'Keep them off, gentlemen, for God's sake keep them off!'"

Trade, says the host of "The Prospect of Whitby," who is also lord of "The Anchor and Hope," is bad. He can remember, bless you, when there were twenty-three inns, where there are now but five, and the cause he says is coals. Coals used to come up in smaller ships with plenty of men, and the carrying of coals being a profession calculated to induce thirst, the custom was valuable. Now coals come up in large ships with fewer men, and they also reach London by rail. Host is inclined, being in a pessimistic mood, to write Ichabod on the history of riverside inns.

Farther down the river is Limehouse. In Stow's time, "a very popular place with fair buildings next the river, which are inhabited by mariners and those whose dependance is on the sea (and therefore here one of the Fifty New Churches)."

Pepys made once an excursion to Limehouse. "Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself by coach to Captain Marshes, at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors for this two hundred and fifty years, close by the lime house which gives name to the place." And the ingenuous Secretary to the Admiralty further confides to his diary that, "I not being neat in clothes could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am and can be when I am in good habitt." It was at Limehouse Hole that lived the admirable Mr. Rogue Riderhood (occupation, waterside character), and Miss Abbey Pot-

terson's cosy little tavern, "The Six Jolly Fellowships" ("They burn sherry uncommonly well here," said Mr. Inspector"), was close by. "The Two Brewers" at Limehouse is surely the quietest house below bridge. It stands in what is called, not undeservedly, Narrow Street, and is if one may judge from appearances in the autumn of its life. A long disused skittle-alley with broken windows and draughty openings runs along the side of the inn, and above that, reached by a staircase which requires custom to induce confidence, is another long room leading out to a railed balcony. The wind being fresh one's hat has to be held on by main force, and this being assured it is possible to see



"The Prospect of Whitby," Shadwell.

away down to Greenwich on the one hand and up as far as the London Docks on the other. Right away in front over the wharves on the south side are in the distance the glittering towers of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Napier Hemy has painted the view from the little room downstairs, and on the wall hangs between two grocer's chromos an engraving of the work. So bad is trade and so few are visitors that the higher room is devoted to lumber and to carpentry. By the side of the house, the space near the steps is called a sculler's turnway. The turnway is not apparently a priceless possession to the scullers, and the steps are allowed

to be blocked in by uncouth barges without a word of protest. By day the riverside streets of Limehouse are busy with the noise of labour and the discordant creaking of warehouse cranes, and the roads are blocked by vans. By night Limehouse is dull to a degree; the men at the street-corners carry on their debates in an undertone, the women nurse their babies in a depressed and dispirited manner, and even the children take their hop-sotch sadly. It is quieter than Tooting.

Everywhere on the river-side I am told of the devastation and discomfort caused on Black Tuesday. It was a day

in February, nine years ago, when there had been snow and sleet, and the tide was exceptionally high. The murky, muddy Thames rose and rose, and eventually, to the distress of the inhabitants, flooded the riverside houses. Women had to be rescued from the windows of their houses by boats, and in Labour-in-Vain Street in Shadwell, in front of which is now a large triangular space with a gaunt, solitary, whitewashed inn standing alone on it, there was saved from one of the upper rooms a terrified old miser on the point of death. In the afternoon the waters retired, having inflicted an incalculable amount of misery and disturbance. Then the authorities banked up the river-side, and high tides have no longer any terrors for the Wapping and Limehouse folk.

I walk back through Shadwell to Wapping Old Stairs and engage a waterman to row me across to Rotherhithe. My waterman differs from his colleague of the song in that he is neither young or jolly. He charges me sixpence for the service, "and if there was three of you," he says moodily, "it 'ud be the same." Picking his way in and out the craft on the river he lands me at the King and Queen Stairs, Rotherhithe, and recovering his spirits slightly when I pay him, suggests with a mournful smile that twopence extra will buy him a pint of beer. The passage leading from the Stairs to "The

King and Queen" in Rotherhithe Street sees apparently but little traffic. In the interstices of the brick pavement the long weeds grow carelessly and undisturbed. "The King and Queen" is a small simple-looking inn, built after the style affected by children when they make houses of cards, and is just now redolent of fresh paint and whitewash. A new landlord tells me that he is introducing several improvements, and he will, I have no doubt, eventually eradicate utterly the few charms remaining to the old place. From a dreary little tap-room at the back one can see through the glass of the half-boarded window the

wharves and granaries of Wapping and watch the stately ships go up and down the river. Rotherhithe is called sometimes Redriff in the old maps. Pepys calls it Redriff, whilst his contemporary, Evelyn, writes in June, 1699, that "there was a dreadful fire at Rotherhithe, near the Thames side, which burnt divers boats and consumed near three hundred houses."

On the way Londonwards through Rotherhithe Street, a dingy thoroughfare skirting the river, with wharves on one side and small general shops and private dwellings on the other, one comes suddenly on an oasis in the shape of the churchyard of St. Mary's. The exuberant foliage nearly hides the many old tombstones, and makes the place a perfect haven of shade and rest. The church



"The Two Brewers," Limehouse.

is the third of its race, the first on the site having been a Saxon and the second a mediæval temple. Inside, the building is decorated in bright and cheerful colours, and on the walls are flattering tributes to the Rotherhithe worthies of the past. A large oak board contains a long list of the names of those who have laid posterity of the parish under an obligation by leaving sums in trust for various strange and singular charities, and it would seem that some have achieved this at a very small and reasonable cost. An investment of but a few pounds has apparently been sufficient

in the past to ensure for the economic philanthropist, for all time, a character for open-handed benevolence. The monumental brasses in the church are worth looking at; one, dated 1600, is inscribed to the glory of Hills's Charity.

"Though Hills be dead, Hills will and act survives,
His Fre Schole and his Pension for the poore,
Thought on by him, performed by his Heires,
For eight poore sailors children and no more."

A little way higher up the river is "The Angel," Bermondsey. Aggravatingly modern is "The Angel" as to its street entrance,

delightfully ancient as to its river side. Along at the end of the railed balcony shown in Mr. Quinton's picture, one has as excellent a view of this part of the great river as one could desire. Away to the City, above Cherry Garden Pier, are the masts of many ships, thick as the bare poles in a Kentish hop-garden in early May, the black funnels of enormous vessels, and beyond all the dome of St. Paul's, with its gilded top shining like a ball of clear fire in the rays of the brilliant sun. Down the stream are the ships in Limehouse Basin, and one can see as far as the bend of the river leading down to Greenwich. At the feet of "The Angel," lying on the outskirts of a crowd of barges, is one of the four fire-boats apportioned to the River Thames. A veter-

an lighterman, who is taking his ease on the seat of the balcony, and who is, he tells me, eighty to-day, is communicative, but declines to look on me other than as a prospective landlord of "The Angel." He remembers six landlords, and tells a discouraging anecdote of one whose wife died, and who thereupon took to drink, and came to an untimely end. He tells me that smuggling in his youth was carried on principally on the north side of the river, and was not extensive at Bermondsey; but that he nevertheless does remember, when he was a bit of a boy, that his father once bought a goose from a stranger, who had

found it on the river-side, which goose, when opened, was found to contain rolls of lace worth thirty shillings a yard. Not far off there was, he says, in the old times a brewhouse where brandy was smuggled by the boat-load, and men made fortunes, and buying estates, retired to enjoy ease with dignity in the country. He believes there was nothing smugglers wouldn't do. They carried guns, and used them too, if the opportunity and the necessity arose, and the revenue officer who was conscientious usually received a knock on the head at an early period of his official career. "Why there was

old Bob Herrick who died in '65, or was it '64. No, it was in '65, the latter part of January of '65." Well, Bob Herrick's wife told the wife of my elderly friend that he (Bob Herrick) had written down in blue ink in a copy-book what appears to have been a *précis* of his life and of his crimes. Herrick had been (in his hot youth when George III. was king) a smuggler of some considerable repute. He had in his house certain relics of his profession, and in his later days he filled his time in expatiating to the young on the incidents of his life, and in writing accounts of some of his more stirring experiences. Unfortunately, when his end was near, Mr. Herrick was seized with a sudden revulsion of feeling and called for his *magnum opus*, rent it in several

pieces, and threw the said pieces on the fire. His wife had, however, already perused the work, and the principal chapter was to this effect. Herrick and four others had in the night rowed down the river, to obtain contraband goods from a ship lying off Erith. They loaded the kegs of brandy and returned the next evening in the dusk to Bermondsey. Just off "The Angel" the boat was surprised by three representatives of the law. In the darkness of the night it was difficult to see them until they were close, and one of the officers actually lugged a smuggler bodily into the revenue cutter. Then shots were exchanged wildly, there



"The Angel Tavern," Bermondsey.

were shrieks of pain, and the four remaining smugglers jumped overboard, leaving their brandy behind them, and



"The King and Queen," Rotherhithe.

swam to a barge. The next day they learnt that the officers had escaped scathless, but that their co-smuggler was lying

on a board in the quadrangle of the Custom House, dead, with four shots in his breast.

W. PETT RIDGE.

A COMING SHOWER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. OUTIN. PARIS SALON, 1890.

OF all kinds of grey weather the stormy is perhaps the most easily paintable. It was long beloved of artists. Storms have done duty for backgrounds to many generations of portraits, where the faces have been set without disguise or hesitation in the lights and shadows of a studio. Storms have threatened the manufactured landscapes of pseudo-romance, and have accompanied the artillery of many a sham fight, naval and military, which the painter has intended to present to the respectful contemporary world as authentic drama and the emotion of battle. Storms and showers became less patriotic, and more true to nature, in the skies of David Cox. With him the tumult of the clouds implied no event except its own; or it had but the remote effect of urging towards shelter some ploughman upon the wide hill-side. M. Outin uses an energetic sky, raining as it drives, with its many regions of variously sombre clouds, to frighten two inappropriately attired ladies, and to agitate

the mind of the gentleman who has had the happiness of serving as their escort during the adventure and enterprise of a *promenade en bateau*. His picture is successful—and the reproduction does it justice—in the free use of the dark tones which the deep shadows of the rain-clouds cast over figures and shore, in special harmony with the black of the boat to the right, and with the dark garments of the men. Even such slight drama as there is here is more than many of the young school will undertake. As they habitually avoid much action for their figures, so they choose that their skies shall generally be at peace, their light unbroken, and their grey weather the even, equal cloudiness of the normal northern day. Such movement as the painter of 'A Coming Shower' has aimed at is excellently well achieved. So good is the group of those to the left that the two little ladies in their silk stockings are figures almost felt to be superfluous.



part of an overmantel by Dobie & Son with fittings



Statuette
Lamp
by Faraday & Co

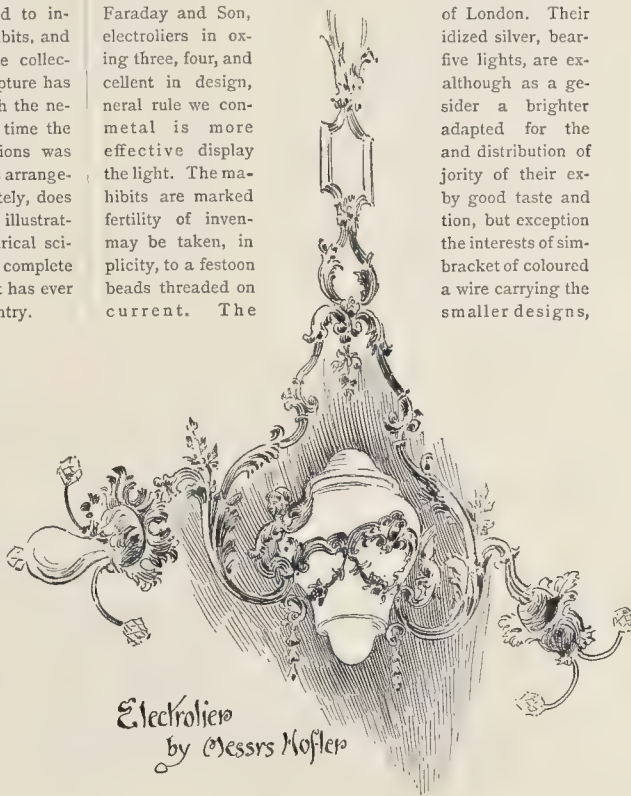
THE Edinburgh International Exhibition of 1890, the third that has been held in the Scottish capital during the last half-dozen years, was originally intended to be confined to an exhibition of electrical engineering and mechanical invention in commemoration of the opening of the Forth Bridge. At a later date the scope of the undertaking was widened to include general British exhibits, and also the Fine Arts. The collection of pictures and sculpture has no doubt suffered through the necessarily brief period of time the Director of these Sections was given wherein to make his arrangements; but this, fortunately, does not apply to the Section illustrating the progress of electrical science, which is the most complete and the most varied that has ever been shown in this country.

The exhibits occupy the larger portion of a mammoth hall, seven hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty wide, divided into a nave and two aisles. More than half of the nave is filled with driving engines of various kinds, while the upper portion is allotted chiefly to those firms who are making a *spécialité* of electric-light

fittings. Certain houses have given to this important branch of industrial art a considerable amount of attention; but others only show two or three actually new designs, contenting themselves for the most with adapting to the electric light lamps and chandeliers that have been constructed for oil or gas. Several firms show electroliers in gilt and white metal; but the light, so far as its adaptation to private houses is concerned, seems more suitable in a less

ornate fitting. Messrs. George Dobie and Son, of Edinburgh, have designed a room where the fittings for the electric light take the simple form illustrated in the drawing which forms the headpiece to this article. The globes spring unobtrusively from copper rose reflectors, with switches at easy distance. This firm also exhibit an ingenious combination of a hall light with gong (p. 232). Among the houses who have given the subject of electric-light fittings close attention, and who have produced several designs of a novel and artistic character, must be Faraday and Son, electroliers in oxing three, four, and cellent in design, neral rule we conmetal is more effective display the light. The mahibits are marked fertility of invenmay be taken, in plicity, to a festoon beads threaded on current. The

mentioned Messrs. of London. Their idized silver, bear-five lights, are exalthough as a gesider a brighter adapted for the and distribution of jority of their exby good taste and tion, but exception the interests of simbracket of coloured a wire carrying the smaller designs,



however, leave nothing to be desired, and the colouring of the globes is always harmonious and pleasant. We noticed

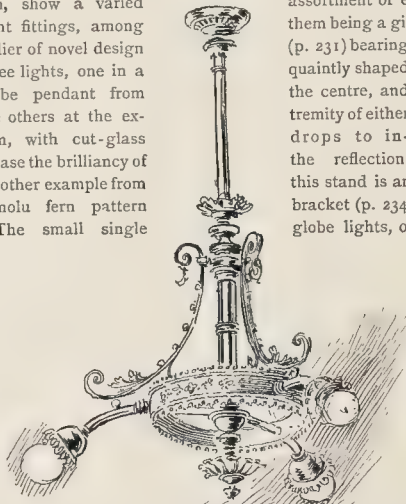
especially a boss of oxidized silver in the form of a boy's face with open mouth through which the light shines, and a silver-plated shell reflector of novel construction (p. 235). Another good design is a small Cupid in oxidized silver holding a lamp aloft (p. 231), and a figure of the Bologna Mercury made of bronze with polished wood base. We have also selected for illustration a dolphin lamp and a hanging lamp of brass and copper (p. 235).



A pendant bracket

by Jas. Powell and Sons.

and a wrought-iron bracket designed for a single light (p. 233). Messrs. W. don, show a varied light fittings, among trolier of novel design three lights, one in a globe pendant from the others at the ex-arm, with cut-glass crease the brilliancy of Another example from ormolu fern pattern The small single



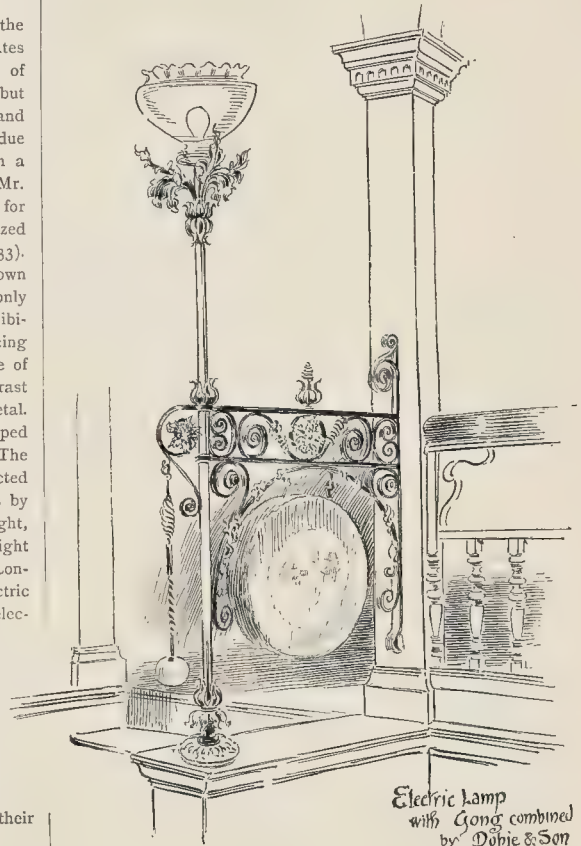
Electrolier
by Ernest Scott & Co.

The inconvenience arising from the necessarily attached cord militates in some degree against the use of moveable electric-light lamps; but where it is more or less a fixture, and the cord can be arranged with due regard to the surroundings, such a table lamp as that shown by Mr. David Foulis commends itself for its simplicity. It is of oxidized brass with cut crystal shade (p. 233). The standard (p. 233), also shown by Mr. David Foulis, is the only lamp of this nature in the Exhibition. It is of brass, the balancing ball between the feet being made of copper, forming a pleasing contrast to the brightness of the other metal. The cup which holds the pear-shaped glass shade is also of copper. The other two articles we have selected for illustration from the exhibits by this firm are a copper leaf drop light,

Höfler & Co., of London, assortment of electric them being a gilt elec- (p. 231) bearing quaintly shaped the centre, and tremity of either drops to in- the reflection. this stand is an bracket (p. 234). globe lights, on their

first introduction to the lighting of interiors, were generally of transparent glass without any attempt at colouring or ornamentation; but later developments have produced a number of designs depending for effect on the harmony of their colouring. Messrs. Monot and Stump, of London, show several examples of shades of various designs. The reproductions on p. 233 indicate a few of the shapes, but, of course, in black and white it is impossible to show any of the charm of colouring.

One of the neatest designs in drop lights, a fitting excel-

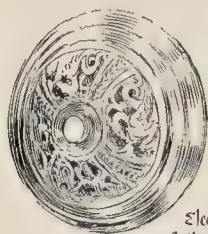


Electric lamp
with Gong combined
by Döpie & Son

lently adapted for reading or writing purposes, is that shown by Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson (p. 234). The globe of opaque tinted glass can be raised or lowered to suit the convenience of the reader. This firm also show a wrought-iron bracket carrying a single light combined with a Jensen bell. The latter is worked by a drop handle at the side, the light being switched on from a point just below the bracket. An ornate five-light arc electrolier of lacquered brass is also among Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson's exhibits.

Little advantage seems to have been taken of the department of bell pushes, in which there should be a considerable field for the designer. Messrs. Gent & Co., of Leicester,

A Group of
Fittings
by
Mr. David Foulis



Electric
Bell Push
by Gent & Co.



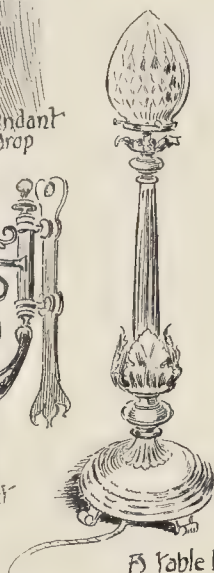
A pendant
drop



A bracket
by Jas Powell & Sons



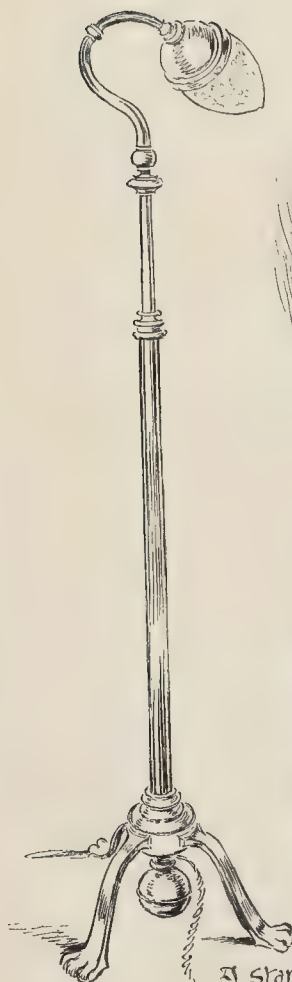
A bracket



A table lamp



Drop
Glasses by Monot & Stumpf



A standard
by David Foulis.



Standard Lamp
by Osbert Henderson

show a varied assortment, among which are several of china.

Osbert Henderson, of Glasgow, and we also illustrate in



Two Brackets
by Mosler & Co.

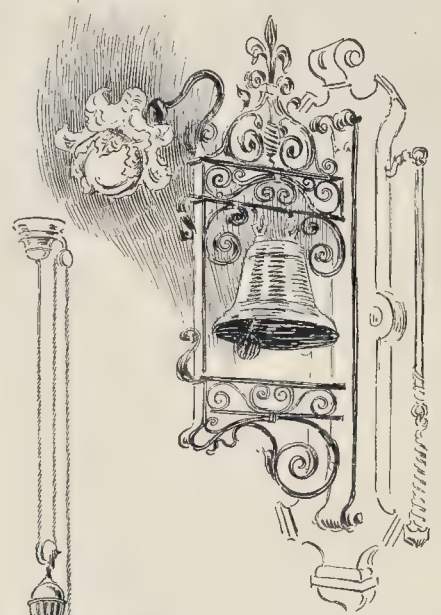
We have selected for illustration a push of pierced brass (p. 233). A white-metal standard in p. 233 is a clever adap-



Table Lamp
by Faraday & Co.



White metal Electrolier
by Faraday



Wall Bracket
with bell & light
combined



Drop
Light
with opaque
tinted glass

by Woodhouse
& Rawson

this column a bracket in copper and wrought iron, notice-



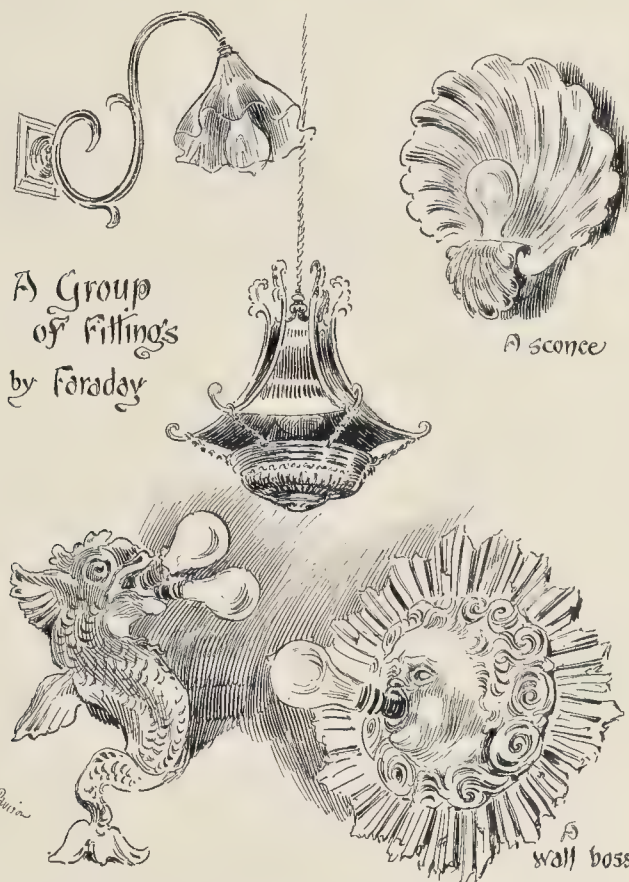
Bracket in copper and wrought iron by
Osbert Henderson.

tation of an old Italian processional lamp shown by Mr. Osbert Henderson, of Glasgow, and we also illustrate in

able for the grace of its lines. Messrs. Poole & Co., of

London, besides a display of ceiling roses and brackets, show a nine light oak-leaf electrolier of burnished brass, and an electrolier of pierced china with coloured metal. Some electroliers of simpler design are shown by Messrs. Ernest Scott & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of which we give on p. 232; and we have also illustrated two graceful brackets (pp. 232, 233) by Messrs. Jas. Powell and Sons, of London.

The next year or two will probably see a very decided advance in designs for electric-light fittings. At present manufacturers have hardly realised the importance of this new industry, and are generally content to reserve their energies till they receive the actual commission to supply fittings for a room or a house. A difficulty lies in the scintillation of the light itself. A thin transparent globe reveals the brilliancy too



A Group
of Fittings
by Faraday

A sconce

wall boss

vividly for the lighting of the low-toned modern room; while, on the other hand, some of the opaque shades now exhibited destroy all possibility of deciphering print easily. Those very dangerous gauze and paper shades now so very much in vogue may become less harmful when they encase the globe of an electric light. One of the most novel adaptations of

this character, especially applicable to conservatories, is the idea perfected by Messrs. Cooper, of Great Pulteney Street, of concealing the globe in an ostrich egg pendent by a cord from the ceiling, thus bringing out the delicate colouring of the egg. At present the subject of illuminating pictures successfully by electricity has hardly been seriously considered.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND'S WORK AND HIS LIFE AS AN ARTIST.*

ON his return to England from Algeria Mr. Richmond took a secluded house in a walled garden at Hammer-smith, where he still resides. More determined than ever to obtain a mastery over form, he made a rule of drawing every day from the model, and entered upon a renewed study of anatomy, drawing not only directly from the skeleton, but also from memory of it.

The Academy exhibition of 1872 showed a distinct advance in Mr. Richmond's art. The life-size picture of 'Ariadne lamenting the Desertion of Theseus,' was marked by largeness of style, by great pathos in the conception, and by conspicuous ability in the treatment of what was practically a nude figure, though veiled by swirls of black transparent drapery blown about by the wind that filled the sails of the hero's departing ship. In the preparatory studies for this picture, Mr. Richmond employed a method, which he has since invariably used, of making a large model in clay, for the purpose of studying drapery, as well as action and structure.

Two years later appeared at the Academy the colossal picture of 'Prometheus bound,' which attracted much criticism,

favourable as well as unfavourable. It ultimately became the property of the town of Birmingham.

After the completion of the 'Prometheus bound,' Mr. Richmond undertook a commission to decorate with frescoes a drawing-room at Lythe Hall, the seat of Mr. James Stuart

Hodgson. The four cartoons for this work, the subject of which is 'The Duties of Women,' were prepared in 1874, and the frescoes were finished in the following spring. In consequence of the success with which Mr. Hodgson's commission had been carried out, negotiations were opened on the part of the civic authorities at Liverpool for a large fresco (40 feet by 20 feet) to be painted by Mr. Richmond in the Council Chamber. Firmly convinced, as he was and is, of the prime importance of monumental painting, not only for the general advancement of popular taste, but also for the development of a noble style in an artist, he gladly offered to



Miss Helen Richmond. From the Picture by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

carry out the contemplated work for such a sum as would barely cover his expenses; and he at once set heartily to work upon the preliminary studies for it. In connection with these studies he undertook a special journey to Italy, and he carried his work so far as to model in wax, in the round, upwards of sixty separate figures, and prepare from them a careful pencil

* Continued from page 198.

drawing, as a preliminary to his cartoon. We regret that, owing to the faintness of the drawing, we are unable to give a reproduction of it. The subject of the design is 'The Triumph of Commerce over Barbarism.' The fresco was to have been surrounded by beaten metal bosses representing Science, Art, and Agriculture; there were also to be two pilasters on either side of metal. Unfortunately the negotiations fell through, and the work was never carried out.

When the Grosvenor Gallery was founded in 1877 by Sir Coutts Lindsay, aided by some of our ablest artists, who thought that Art of a high aim was entirely swamped by the mass of commonplace work which covers the walls of the Royal Academy, Mr. Richmond gave his warm adhesion to the undertaking. With the exception of a landscape and two portraits in 1876, and two portraits in 1877, he was unrepresented at Burlington House from 1874 to 1887. The first subject-picture he exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery was a highly imaginative and original design for a famous subject

from the Iliad, 'Death and Sleep carrying the Body of Sarpedon to Lycia.'

In 1879 Mr. Richmond accepted a commission from Mr. (now Sir William) Gilstrap, of Farnham Park, Bury St. Edmunds, to paint a companion picture to his 'Procession of Bacchus,' which had been at the Royal Academy exactly ten years earlier. The pendant, which is of the same size as the original picture, was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880; but unfortunately it had to be shown before it was quite finished. The subject of this spirited design, in some respects the most complete work of its author, is the triumphal song of Miriam—

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

Of the series of scholarly subject-pictures exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery since 1880 we can afford but very brief notice. The 'Miriam' was followed by a new and beautiful



Venus and Anchises. From the Picture by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

rendering of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, which it would be instructive to compare, did space permit, with Sir F. Leighton's treatment of the same subject, fifteen years earlier, in Lyndhurst Church. We give a reproduction of Mr. Richmond's picture, sufficient to show how skilfully the simple story and its mystic meaning are both expressed, and how easily and naturally forms derived from Greek sculpture are made use of to remove the whole scene into an ideal world, without sacrificing anything of the warmth and life of the conception. Our illustration (see p. 195) is too small to show, as the original does, the artist's delicate appreciation of the relation of classical architecture to the refined beauty of the lines of southern European landscape.

The 'Release of Prometheus by Hercules,' exhibited in 1882, shows some of the best fruits of Mr. Richmond's careful study of the anatomy of the human frame. There is no unnecessary parade of learning, and the fine taste for form, as well as the animation of the design, prevent any reminiscence of posed models, such as is commonly suggested by modern pictures of undraped figures. The moment of the story chosen for illustration is a fine one. A falling feather indicates that the eagle which preyed on the vitals of Prometheus has flown high up into the sky at the near approach of the deliverer. The youthful Hercules has mounted to the top of the cliff on which the victim was chained, and has just sent a winged shaft after the bird of prey, whilst Prometheus, as yet only half conscious of his freedom, gathers his limbs together doubtfully.

In the 'Audience in Athens during the Representation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus' (Grosvenor Gallery, 1885), Mr. Richmond displayed his talent in a new direction. To embody in a processional design the rhythmical movements of the Song of Deliverance of the Children of Israel was, from the intellectual point of view, comparatively an easy task, when compared with the attempt to give harmonious expression to the varied and profound emotions of a Greek audience

3 P

at the supreme moment of a great tragedy. It is no wonder, therefore, that the successful way in which Mr. Richmond grappled with so magnificent a theme, making use unobtrusively, and with full artistic liberty, of his own observations in Greece, and of his extensive knowledge of Greek archæology, obtained due recognition, and led to the picture being

purchased for the town of Birmingham. This, in every sense, honourable work, contains about sixty figures, with elaborate architectural accessories and fine landscape. Its size is about 10 feet long by 7 feet high.

Passing over entirely the mischievous-looking 'Hermes' of 1886, and the graceful 'Icarus' of 1887 (the latter now the



*Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham. From the Picture by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.
To be reproduced in Photogravure by Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

property of the Duke of Westminster), a few words must be given to the large picture of 'Venus and Anchises,' exhibited at the New Gallery this year (see illustration, p. 237). The story of the love of Venus for the father of Æneas, which has been made use of for this poetical design, was suggested by a well-known scholar and lover of the arts, Mr. Watkiss Lloyd,

an old friend to whom Mr. Richmond owes many obligations for his insight into the spirit of the ever-living myths of Greece. We have, however, in this picture no merely illustrative or literary work, but one dealing with a theme as old as human nature and as fresh as a newly-opened leaf—the association of love with the renewed life of nature in spring-time. Nowhere per-

haps is the sudden outburst of spring more lovely than in this England of ours. No wonder then that when an English artist sees the goddess of love, robed in the tints of yellow roses, descend upon the earth, driving before her all things that wear the dull colours of winter, the verdure that spreads itself beneath her feet has a northern greenness, and the flowers that break so profusely into blossom about her are the apple-blossoms of an English orchard, though the deep sapphire of the distant mountains and the gloomy background of pine forest tell of a land of southern passion and romance.

It will probably be thought singular that in the foregoing sketch of Mr. Richmond's artistic career hardly any notice is taken of that branch of his labours to which his working life has almost necessarily been chiefly devoted. This subject has, however, been purposely reserved for separate consideration, in order that its proper relation to other departments of his work may be realised. Portrait painting is a branch of Art which found congenial soil in England at an early date; and how little an artist who has any talent for it can afford to neglect it in our own day will be readily understood from the fact that a painter of such splendid gifts for ideal work as Mr. Watts, owes the opportunity of devoting any considerable part of his genius to the higher branch of Art solely to his success as a portrait painter. The great portrait painters, such as Raphael, Titian, and Holbein, have also been great masters of design. No man who is exclusively a portrait painter can be a fine portrait painter for long, because fine design is of the essence of fine portraiture, and the faculty of design will be atrophied if it is not constantly exercised in a wider field than portrait painting. The unthinking observer knows nothing of the skill in design which goes to the placing of a single figure finely on the canvas, although he may highly appreciate the result of such skill.

Perhaps the foregoing sketch of Mr. Richmond's artistic development may help to explain his success as a portrait painter, by showing how wide is the range of his capacity as a designer. The variety of his work in portraiture is no less remarkable than the amount of it. Out of the long roll of gracious ladies and winning children whom he has painted we cannot select individual names, but we give a reproduction of the portrait of the painter's daughter, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876 (see illustration, p. 236).

Of the many portraits of well-known men it may suffice to recall those of Mr. Holman Hunt, Darwin, Robert Browning, Prince Bismarck, Mr. Gladstone, Bishop Lightfoot, and Mr. Andrew Lang. In December, 1887, Mr. Richmond had the privilege of spending ten days in close intimacy with Prince Bismarck and his family at Friedrichsruh. We are permitted to publish a most interesting record of this visit (see illustration, p. 193), a pencil drawing of the head of the great Chancellor, taken as he was sitting alone with his guest after dinner, smoking the historic pipe and talking with the utmost freedom, as is his wont, on politics, literature, religion, or whatever is uppermost in his powerful and highly-cultivated mind.

We give a specimen of Mr. Richmond's skill as a draughtsman of landscape, a view on the Island of Delos (see illustration, p. 196). This is one of a numerous series of sketches—a large proportion of them in oil—which were made in Greece and the Ægean Islands in 1882 and 1883. In 1885 Mr. Richmond paid a visit to Egypt, and brought back with him a great number of finished sketches in oil, chiefly of Saracen and Ancient Egyptian monuments.

The sculptural treatment of form shown in so many of Mr. Richmond's paintings and drawings, indicate a natural inclination for the highest and least appreciated branch of art—that of the sculptor. Not content with the subsidiary practice of modelling in connection with the preliminary studies for his pictures, he has made two serious and sustained efforts in sculpture. His life-sized statue in bronze of a runner was at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879. His 'Arcadian Shepherd' (see illustration, p. 198), a work considerably over life-size, and designed for execution in bronze, was at the Royal Academy in 1889. The thoroughness with which so large and difficult a piece of work has been carried out by a painter in full practice is as remarkable as the fact that the spontaneity of the design has been preserved, notwithstanding that the labour was necessarily spread over a considerable length of time.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that Mr. Richmond held the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford for three years from 1879, and that he resigned it in consequence of the pressure of other work and a conviction that the Professor should be a resident in Oxford. This is not the place to speak of his lectures and addresses at Oxford and elsewhere. He was elected A.R.A. on 17th January, 1888.

ALFRED HIGGINS.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IV.—THE PARIS SALONS (*concluded*).

IT is far from pleasant to be compelled to note that M. Henner's fascinating mannerism is degenerating into mere routine; notwithstanding which it is impossible to rise altogether superior to the charm of his 'Mélancolie.' Much feebler is his portrait of the Parisian pianist, Mme. Roger Miclos.

The vast 'En Batterie' of M. Edouard Detaille depicts a furious charge of black-coated, mounted artillery, with a life-size equestrian portrait of the commanding officer in the foreground. This effort of the well-known master to step out of his cold precise style and to assume the passion of a De Neuville is signally unsuccessful, and leaves, indeed, on the mind a dominant impression of theatrical vulgarity. A hardness of texture and outline suggestive of the early Flemish and German styles marks the work of M. Eugène Buland; and yet his 'Premier Baiser,' showing two homely and not specially well-favoured lovers as they exchange their first kiss in the presence of their kindred, is marked by a sincerity and pathos which are, we grieve to confess, entirely wanting in the great majority of the productions of contemporary French Art.

The decorative impressionism which is now the key-note of French landscape is more completely illustrated at the new than the old Salon.

The nobler and more pathetic landscape art which will always remain one of the chief glories of France is still exemplified here by M. Harpignies, in 'Crépuscule—Souvenir

de l'Allier,' and above all by M. Pointelin, in his large and exquisite study, 'Le Val-Moussu, Jura'—in all its simplicity of design and quaker-like sobriety of colouring, the finest performance in this style of the year. Very remarkable, in quite another style, is M. Camille Dufour's 'Les Martigues

en Provence,' a Mediterranean coast-scene shown, not under the usual dazzling blue sky, but in an enveloping and vibrating grey atmosphere equally suggestive of great heat: the manner of M. Dufour recalls somewhat that of the Belgian painter M. Clays. Among paintings in which the human figure is combined with marine subjects we may cite M. Albert Lynch's 'En Mer,' and M. Tattelain's 'Pêcheur dans la Baie d'Authie.'

We have already indicated that the exhibition of the Champs Elysées is redeemed from mediocrity by the remarkable display of sculpture, made as usual in the winter garden of the Palais de l'Industrie. Although MM. Dalou and Rodin have gone over to the enemy, the great body of French sculptors of repute remain behind, and these while keeping well in view the monumental character



Drapery Study for 'Solitude.' By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.
Royal Academy, 1890.

of their art, manage to preserve a measure of that modern spirit which the Parisian of to-day prizes beyond all things. M. Chapu shows his usual exquisite finish and grace in many portions both of his 'Monument à Gustave Flaubert' and his 'La Danse'—a female figure wearing the *Coa vestis* of the Pompeian dancer; although in neither

has he produced an absolutely satisfactory ensemble. M. Paul Dubois has a bronze bust of M. Pasteur, and M. Guillaume busts of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and of M. Perrin. M. Falguière's work, while vibrating with life and revealing a thoroughly modern standpoint, remains sufficiently sculptural. His 'Femme au Paon,' which he has wisely abstained from styling Juno, displays a mastery of execution and a vivacious charm which it would not be easy to equal. M. Gérôme's contribution is an exquisitely refined and genuinely classical study of a nude female figure holding a statuette, which he has named 'Tanagra.' The statue is faintly tinted with excellent taste and entire success, in

a fashion very similar to, but more timid than, that adopted by Gibson with his 'Tinted Venus.'

M. Puech's 'La Sirène' is distinctively French in its thoroughness of execution, as in its sinuous mannered elegance. M. Delaplanche is not exempt from vulgarity and over-emphasis in his great 'Monument to Monseigneur Donnet, Archevêque de Bordeaux;' but it is impossible to deny to his work consummate excellence of a kind, and above all, that splendid decorative strength which has ever been characteristic of French sculpture. The eccentric idea of presenting an equestrian portrait of Velasquez could hardly have occurred to any other French master than M. Frémiet,



Surprising a Village. By E. Bontigny. Paris Salon.

who so often wastes his consummate skill on inappropriate subject matter. The court-painter of Philip IV. is shown as he rides in gala attire in the wedding procession of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse at S. Sebastian. M. Fosse's 'La mort d'un Héros' presents with perfect truth, and yet no excessive detail, the fainting form of an expiring hero, done to death by the arrows of barbarians.

THE SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES BEAUX-ARTS.—It may be questioned whether M. Meissonier, when, with a fiery energy and a power of organization which would have been remarkable in a much younger man, he withdrew from the Salon, with sound of drum and trumpet and banners flying, knew that he was to become the titular head of the most complete manifestation, in the direction of *plein air* and impressionism

of every kind, which has been seen in France. And yet that this is the case is made manifest even by a cursory examination of the spacious and beautiful galleries which have been arranged, or rather re-arranged, in the art-palace of the Champ de Mars. In its halls the blue-green, lilac, orange, and purple harmonies of the new school reign supreme, and there is to be found nothing of the type just now styled by the *rapin* of the studio *vieux jeu*, save the works of M. Meissonier himself, M. Ribot, M. Bellangé, and the earlier masterpieces of M. Alfred Stevens, which are with a strange naïveté exhibited by him in juxtaposition with his latest and most unfortunate essays in the modern style.

M. Meissonier's elaborate presentment of the Battle of Jéna under the name of 'Octobre, 1806,' shows no falling

off in technical precision and skill, but is freezingly cold and altogether dispiriting, notwithstanding the unduly melodramatic expression which he has this time given to his Napoleon. The 'Lady Macbeth' and 'Ophélie' of M. Alfred Stevens are deplorable mistakes of a painter who never in his best days possessed even the faintest spark of imagination, but whose 'Une Musicienne'—a work painted evidently some twenty years ago or more—proves that he was once an executant without a rival in his own particular style. From the painter's point of view the most brilliant achieve-

ments of the whole show are M. Carolus-Duran's series of full-lengths and half-lengths. His portrait of a lady in scarlet velvet, relieved by a cloak of black velvet and sable, has hardly been equalled in the treatment of this difficult colour, while, in a more serious vein, the presentments of a white-haired lady in black, standing out on a ground of claret-colour, and of a boy with flowing blond locks treated à la Velasquez, are singularly fine. Extraordinary force, too, is shown in the master's nude study called 'Lelia,' in which the influence of Henner makes itself to a certain extent felt. Pity it is that a



A Doubtful Strad. By Charles Selon. Royal Academy, 1890.

peculiar vein of vulgarity and of indifference to the less obvious but more significant aspects of humanity should mar such splendid performances. M. Puvis de Chavannes occupies a place of honour at the end of the principal gallery with his vast decoration for the staircase of the museum of Rouen—characteristically styled by him 'Inter Artes et Naturam.' Admiration for the great master must not prevent us from affirming that he has this time overstepped all bounds in the infantine naïveté of his individual figures and their want of cohesion as a whole; though, on the other hand, the generalised but not otherwise idealised landscape of Rouen

and its environs which forms the background is magnificent in its decorative strength and simplicity. The larger the dimensions of the works which M. Leon Lhermitte attempts, the clearer it becomes that the peculiar quality of his art prevents him from shining as a painter proper. His big canvas with a group of portraits of men of science, called—we know not why—'Sainte-Claire Deville,' is an unsuccessful effort in the direction of M. Gervex, while the 'Repos des Moissonneurs' and 'La Soif' are rustic idylls in his usual manner, the charm of which is diminished by the want of purity in the shadows and in the colour generally. M. Gervex

himself sins as usual by an undue want of substance in his delineations of the human form. Very dexterous, however, is an over-naturalistic study of a nude female figure, lying, with red tresses unbound, on the white draperies of a couch. The very serious art of that youngest of prominent French painters, M. Friant, commands respect in virtue of a faculty for delicate observation and a real executive skill, which are displayed with more measure than is usually found in the beginnings of an artistic career. His 'Vagabond' and 'Retour de Pêche' are masterly performances in miniature, and the same may be said of his portraits—in the style of Bastien-Lepage—of elderly and uninviting ladies; save that these entirely lack that pathos which his antetype would have known how to

infuse into them. Singularly daring and brilliant is his 'Rocher de Monaco,' in which the projecting rock is seen in the middle distance, sharply illuminated by a sudden flood of sunlight. The 'Lady Macbeth' of Mr. J. S. Sargent—seen here last summer at the New Gallery—has a concentrated tragic force which causes it to stand apart from most of the purely technical exercises exhibited here, although the violence of its white flesh, red locks, and snake-like blue-green harmonies is not less noticeable than before. The same painter's large full-length of a lady in a white ball-dress cannot be regarded in any other light than as an imperfect *ébauche*. The art of that gallicized German artist, Herr Liebermann, shows itself, in a simple open-air study of an old peasant woman drag-



On the Cliff. By A. Moreau. Paris Salon.

ging along a goat, to be of a more serious and pathetic type than is revealed by the great majority of things here exhibited. The distinguished Finland painter, M. Edelfelt, shines this time less as a portraitist than as a landscape painter; his 'Coucher de Soleil, Finlande,' being a charmingly fresh and skilful piece of tempered impressionism. The same may be said of M. Duez, who is quite inexcusable in his full-length of 'M. Georges Hugo,' while he is seen to advantage in a very fresh and original 'Marine.' Among the sea-pieces proper may be cited the noble studies of our own Henry Moore and the masterly yet unstimulating performances of M. Mesdag. To cite a tithe or even a hundredth part of the important canvases here shown would on the present occasion be an impos-

sibility. It is unnecessary perhaps to attempt any description of the too deliberate madness in which that skilful master M. Besnard chooses to indulge. When he moderates his efforts to attain notoriety he can be both original and charming, as in the large pastel portrait of the aquarelliste, Madame Madeleine Lemaire. The lowest depths of vulgarity are touched by the undeniably dexterous Signor Boldini in his portraits of Parisian *bourgeois* and of ladies whom we must inevitably assume from their aspect to belong to the half-world. On no previous occasion has M. Roll—so successful at the Universal Exhibition with his 'Wanda Lamétrie' and his 'Milkmaid'—been so hopelessly pasty and offensive as in the full-lengths of 'Madame Jane Hading' and 'M. Coquelin Cadet.'

In landscape the less extreme course is taken by such accomplished artists as M. Damoye, M. Binet, M. Lerolle, and Mr. Alexander Harrison; the last-mentioned painter winning fresh laurels, and again proving the possession of a marked artistic individuality, in a series of seven landscape studies. On the other hand, Mr. George Hitchcock, in his prettily conceived 'Une Pastorale' (p. 164), is less decorative and less strong in general tone than usual. The Belgian painter, M.

Franz Courtens—one of the Médailles d'Honneur at the recent Exhibition—has a powerful but painty study of autumn woods, the russet hues of which are strongly reflected in a silent pool which bathes their feet. The Provençal landscapes of M. Monte-nard have never been so dazzling in their brilliancy, or so successful in the rendering of atmosphere saturated with sunlight, as on the present occasion. Among the declared impressionists of the more extreme faction, M. Sisley is, in the absence of the arch-pontiff, M. Claude Monet, the most prominent; while noticeable achievements of a much more moderate type are those of M. Cazin, M. Billotte, the Norwegian M. Fritz Thaulow, M. Rosset-Granger, and M. Jules-Alexis Muenier.

Almost all the sculpture exhibited is of the realistic school, founded upon the art of those two illustrious *transfuges*, M. Rodin and M. Dalou. The former has no large work, but exhibits a series of audaciously naturalistic studies, rendered almost heroic by the unsparing character and the largeness of their realism. The most important of these are a crouching female figure, and an old woman (bronze) piti-

lessly rendered in entire nudity. That his influence is in a large measure a pernicious one, is shown by many examples here, and especially by M. Jules Desbois's large group—'La Mort,' a most audacious *pastiche* of his style. M. Dalou affirms his *modernité* in a recumbent effigy of Victor Noir lying dead, a work in which no prosaic detail of modern costume—neither chimney-pot hat, over-coat, kid gloves, nor side-spring boots—has been omitted; the head is, however,

finely modelled, and shows the hand of a master. Very charming is, on the other hand, a tiny bust, by the same sculptor, of an infant a few months old, closely resembling, however, a similar work by Germain Pilon in the Renaissance Gallery of the Louvre. Mid-way between M. Dalou and M. Rodin is M. Jean Baffier, who displays extraordinary energy in a naturalistic style, which does not exclude a sense of architectural requirements, in his 'Danton—Projet de Monument.' Force of will and the very palpitation of life have very rarely been better expressed than in the brutally energetic figure of the Jacobin orator. We may further mention M. Cordonnier's female

figure, 'Electricité,' and a fine 'Head of Christ,' in high relief, by the Finland sculptor, M. Vallgren.

It will be interesting to see what the next exhibition of this, the new and, for the moment, the most popular Salon, brings forth, and whether its success will be maintained. It has already drained much of the life-blood of its elder rival, and indeed any further loss suffered by the parent body must result in stagnation, and, it may be, in complete inanition.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Study for the reflection in the water of the Bath of Psyche. By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Royal Academy, 1890.

BOLOGNA.

THE eight hundredth recurrence of the founding of its University, which was recently celebrated, has drawn public attention anew to the venerable city of Bologna, *Bononia*, *alma mater studiorum*, as the popular Italian phrase proudly has it. Proudly and correctly too, for Bologna is truly the mother of all European Universities, being older even than

that of Paris by several years. The foundation of Bologna city is traced to Etruscan times. In those days it was called Felsina. Conquered by the Gauls, it was called Bononia, after the tribe Boii who took it. This name has in course of time been transformed into its modern appellation, but as Bononia it still lives in proverb, song, and story. The founder of Bologna University was a certain Irnerius. The fame of his schools, founded for the teaching of Roman law, spread so rapidly that, after a few years it boasted as many as

ten thousand students against an average of four hundred which visit it to-day. Irnerius was followed by other noted legal professors, many of whose memorials survive to this hour; notably Accursio, who acquired great fame by his commentary on the law books, fame which was not empty either, but brought him a goodly revenue, so that he was able to build with its results the stately palace, now part of the

Palazzo Pubblico, which is still called by the popular mouth the House of Accursio. Nor is he the only Bolognese professor whose name and memory are still alive among the Bolognese. Besides many monuments existing in more or less conspicuous places in churches and cloisters, there stand free in Piazza San Domenico two curious canopied mediæval

tombs, reminding us a little by their unconsecrated position of the tombs of the Scaligeri at Verona. And if we ask whom they contain, we learn the names of yet two other professors of the law, Egidio dei Foscherai and Rolandino Passageri. The sepulchre of the latter occupies about the centre of this most picturesque square, and is flanked by two tall columns bearing respectively the statues of the Virgin and St. Dominic. It consists of three rows of three shafts supporting a slab. On this are arcades of pointed arches, and within this

upper arcade stands the stone coffin, with a stiff effigy of the deceased, carved as if lying on one of the perpendicular sides. The whole is roofed by a brick pyramid. "The design is certainly striking," writes Street; "it is a very good example of the considerable skill which may be achieved by an architectural design without any help from the sculptor, without the use of any costly materials, and with only moderate



Foro dei Mercanti.

dimensions." The other monument now rests beside a house, but doubtless formerly also stood free. It is of earlier date and is less fine in outline. It too has a canopy supported by arches and roofed with a brick pyramid. From its summit, like that of Rolandino, formerly rose a little cross. Fable tells that Egidio was a usurer and that hence the devil carried away the cross, and since he persisted in this act each time it was replaced, the townspeople at last grew weary of making what seemed a useless expense. In the excellently kept town museum, in which are preserved Etruscan and Roman antiquities found on Bolognese territory, is also a room called the "Sala dei Sepolcri." Here are preserved from

decay a large number of sepulchral monuments, erected at various times by the town or the University in honour of departed professors. All of them are highly interesting, many are of real artistic worth. Without exception the defunct is represented as in the act of teaching, surrounded by his pupils, and it is worthy of note that any religious element or allusion is for the most part entirely absent.

The University building itself offers little of interest. It was moved to its present site, a stately old palace, some hundred and fifty years ago, having outgrown its original limits, and is strictly adapted to its pedagogic purposes. Evidences of its ancient traditions are, however, not quite absent. Thus its



Palazzo Pubblico.

rooms and corridors are decorated with busts and commemorative inscriptions to defunct magnates. It was a notable feature of Bologna University in the past that among its professors it numbered various eminent women, and none of these have been forgotten, from the earliest, Novella d'Andrea, whose beauty was so great that she had to lecture from behind a curtain in order that the students might not be distracted by seeing her charms, to Anna Morandi, who discoursed on anatomy and ably helped her husband to form those wax models of the human figure which are still reverently preserved by their *alma mater*. To this day the University schools of Bologna are freely opened to female students. That the library is rich

almost goes without saying. It has counted among its custodians the polyglot Mezzofanti, whose books and priestly cap have remained to it as a legacy. Its present librarian is a realistic poet, Olindo Guerini, who some years ago mystified literary Italy by the publication of two volumes of verse under the name of Lorenzo Stecchetti, an author who was supposed to have died of consumption at an early age. The ancient University building, known as the Archiginnasio, now serves as a library and as an historical monument. Ancient, relatively speaking, because it would appear that until the middle of the sixteenth century the University of Bologna had no stable site, and we are led to infer, from indications in con-

temporary documents, that the learned doctors expounded either in their own houses or in rooms hired for the purpose. It was Pope Pius IV. who caused the Archiginnasio to be erected, it is said, to hinder the completion of the church of St. Petronio, which, according to its original plans, was to extend over the ground thus pre-occupied and which, if completed, would have been larger than St. Peter's at Rome, a circumstance the Pope thus designedly circumvented. At the same time the Pontiff extended the privileges already bestowed on this University by his predecessors, by kings and emperors, adding to them the power of ennobling and of legitimatising bastards.

The *coup-d'œil* on entering the arched and pillared courtyard of this Archiginnasio, and also that of the Loggia surrounding it, is picturesque in the extreme. Here, as well as in the ancient lecture rooms (now filled with the books and MSS. of the Municipal Library), the walls are entirely covered with paintings and low reliefs, representing the armorial bearings of the various rectors, professors, students, heads of the "nations" who have passed through the academic course in this city. To the student of heraldry there would be endless interest in these thousands of escutcheons; to the ordinary observer

the effect is most pleasing of this brilliant and yet harmonious blaze of colour closely serried from ceiling to floor, with their quaint devices, their old-world mottoes. Over each

doorway still exists the frescoed picture of the Virgin and Child, beneath which it was obligatory to place the professor's cathedra. In the library are preserved mighty volumes called the *Insignia*, in which, term by term, everything of note in politics, science, and art was preserved in painting. Many of these pictures are of intense interest, as contemporary records of costume and manners. In those relating to the University, a leading place is given to the ladies.

The glory of the Archiginnasio is its anatomical theatre; glorious for its traditions, because it was here that Galvani first expounded the famous discovery in physical science that bears his name, and glorious for its artistic character. It is a high square room whose walls and ceiling are of cedar, the odour of which strikes us agreeably as we enter. In niches are full-sized statues of

famous doctors; in the ceiling are carved in high relief the emblematical figures of the Zodiac. Some of these are very beautiful. At one end of the hall is upraised the professorial chair. The baldacchino that covers it is supported by two



Fountain of Neptune. By Giovanni da Bologna.

anatomical figures, carefully and exactly reproduced in lime-wood by Hercules Lelli. These figures are a *capo lavoro*, and there is a curious suggestiveness about the lighter, rather deader colours of this wood as compared with the cedar, which is not without its artistic effect, as a contrast between the dead and the living.

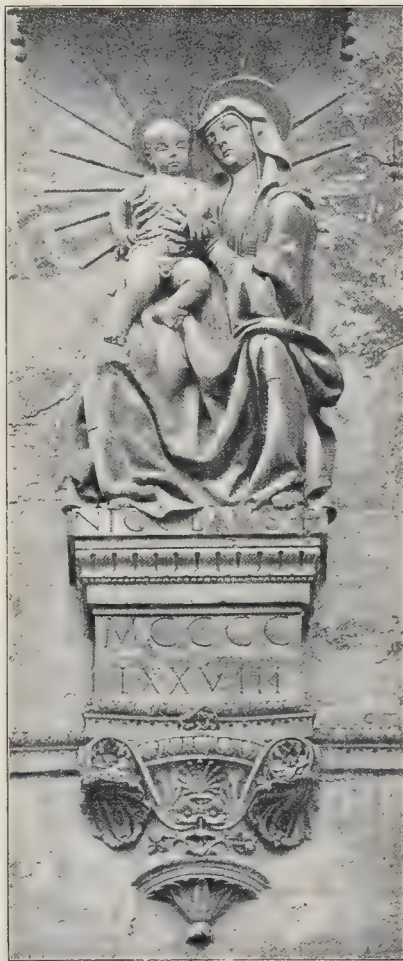
Bologna was one of the first universities to teach anatomy. Curious do the records read to-day. That it was difficult to get bodies for dissection, owing to clerical and vulgar superstitions, is well known and applies to all countries. But in Bologna strange rules prevailed, and these yet more strangely applied rather to the corpses of men than of women. At the anatomy of a male body twenty students were alone allowed to assist, at that of a woman, thirty. Lessons on the male subject were given but once a year, on the female, twice. Further, to be at these lessons was permitted only to students who had already studied for two years. That any progress was made at all in anatomical science under such conditions is marvellous truly.

Yet another ornament of the Archiginnasio is its chapel, known as the Chapel of Penitence, as it was here that the students had daily to hear Mass, and here that they were confessed previous to taking the communion, a function that was imperative upon those about to enter examinations or take degrees. The chapel walls and ceiling are covered by clever frescoes from the life of the Virgin by Bartolommeo Cesi.

In churches, as might be expected, Bologna is rich. Indeed what Italian mediæval city is not? The most conspicuous and also the most interesting among these is St. Petronio, which flanks one side of the great central Piazza. This irregular-shaped square, which is the commercial and social centre of the town, is one of the most interesting and characteristic in Italy, being quite comparable to the Piazza della Signoria at Florence, and worthy to rank beside it. Indeed in one respect it is superior, for it has been less modernized. It is also, perchance, even more rugged and grim in character, the chief buildings flanking it being of unfaced brick, unfinished for lack of means; a feature so common in Italian towns as to have become a characteristic, I had almost said a charm. Thus of St. Petronio only the marble platform of approach and

its basement up to the height of the doors is completed. The rest stares at us, a flat brick surface with holes here and there, which should have held its marble covering. Standing on the church steps we behold the Palazzo Pubblico, surmounted by a clock tower and with a fine Madonna in terra-cotta on its outside, the work of Niccolò dell' Arca (reproduced on this page). This, the more ancient portion of the large rambling building, was formerly the house of Accursio, the commentator mentioned

above. Over the principal entrance is a bronze statue of Gregory XIII., Buoncompagni, who was a native of Bologna. In 1796, in order to preserve the statue from the fury of the revolutionists, the tiara was removed and it was turned into a statue of St. Petronius. Nowadays a curious uncertainty reigns among the populace as to whom it represents, but popular choice goes in favour of the city's patron. Inside the Palazzo Pubblico is a magnificent staircase *a cordoni*, the work of Bramante, which leads to a great ante-chamber containing a colossal statue in terra-cotta of Hercules, from the hand of Alfonso Lombardo, a clever artist whose works in their best period can be studied to advantage in Bologna. Worthy of notice too in the Palazzo Pubblico is a long hall containing frescoes relating to the history of Bologna painted by native artists, a bronze statue of Paul III., and a beautifully decorated door. It is adjoined to the ancient Mint, now the Post Office, a rugged mass of brick with machicolations overhanging the narrow side street and shading the passers-by in the square. In front of this uprises the glorious fountain of Neptune, surmounted by a bronze statue of this god from the hand of that mighty craftsman and master of strength united to grace, whom posterity knows as Giovanni da Bologna, but who was really a Fleming and a native of Douai. Around the ocean



Madonna and Child on the Palazzo Pubblico.

deity disport a quartette of chubby infant boys; beneath sirens of full and luscious forms support the pedestal and spurt forth the water from their lovely breasts. (See p. 247.)

The Palazzo del Podestà, which faces St. Petronio, is a stately edifice of the thirteenth century, though its façade, which curiously enough it possesses, was not finished till the fifteenth. It boasts richly-sculptured pillars and much elegant iron work, also terra-cotta statues of the four saintly protec-

tors of Bologna, modelled by Alfonso Lombardo. Historical and romantic interests cluster around this magnificent palace, whose beautiful tower, known as the *Torrazzo dell' Amigo*, stands out prominent among the panorama of Bologna's towers. It was in this pile that the luckless Enzo, Frederick II.'s favourite son, was imprisoned for twenty-two years, death alone putting a term to Bologna's vengeance. Enzo was but twenty-four years old when he was captured, a youth of rare personal and mental gifts. Little marvel that a fair damsel of the city fell a victim to his charms, his golden locks. From their union sprang a son who became founder of the mighty house of Bentivoglio, that race which dominated in Bologna for so many years, and upon whose traces artist and antiquary come at every turn. The cognomen arose, it is said, from the fact that Enzo repeated again and again to his lady the

pretty Italian phrase of love, *Ben ti voglio*. It is said that Frederick offered to gird the city with a ring of gold if the people would release him his son, but neither promises of gold or of favours melted the stubborn animosity of the Guelfs. Enzo, whose imprisonment was rather tedious than galling, for he had free use of the fine palace, once attempted his escape, hidden within a baker's basket. A lock of his blonde hair betrayed him, and he who beheld him crying, *Scappa, scappa* ("He flees!") received this nickname and became himself the founder of yet another of Bologna's powerful families bearing that name. This story is sculptured on two stones upon the palace walls.

The fourth side of the Piazza is enclosed by what was formerly the Portico dei Banchi, now covering the best shops of the town. These arcades are a peculiarity of Bologna, and



St. Stefano.

to be found flanking all its streets. In consequence it is emphatically the city of columns, "and nowhere can be found a greater variety of richly wrought capitals. This fancy for colonnades has made Bologna a very picturesque city, and renders its exploration much more pleasant to the traveller, who is enabled to pass from church to church in the shade." Thus writes Dean Alford, and he is right; shade is indeed a desirable thing in Bologna, where the summer heat is as fierce as the winter cold is pungent.

San Petronio, the church that was to have rivalled St. Peter's in size, is built in the Tuscan-Gothic style. The first *coup-d'œil* up the nave is imposing; terribly spoilt, however, by the huge fresco in the apse, which represents St. Petronius and the town of Bologna, and which really has no nobler effect than the most vulgar scene painting. A large number of chapels

flank the side aisles, and each one of these contains some object of interest, either fine painting or fresco, a noble sepulchral monument or good stained glass. The handsome marble screens that rail them off are many of them of great beauty, and reward careful attention. Indeed the contents of this noble church repay some hours of detailed study. It was in St. Petronio that Charles X. was crowned, the last holy Roman Emperor anointed on Italian soil.

Bologna boasts a cathedral, though St. Petronio takes its place in popular favour. But this edifice, which dates from the seventeenth century, has nothing to commend it.

Of antiquarian rather than artistic interest is St. Stefano (see above), justly called by Street "that nest of queer little churches," seven churches being here built under one roof, on the site of what was once a temple of Isis. What remains of

this has been converted into a round church, enclosing the tomb of St. Petronius. Beautiful is a word that can only be applied to the open court that forms the centre of the pile, and in which the brickwork of alternate layers of red, yellow, and green tiles is most effective. A very lovely brick structure is the Loggia dei Mercanti (see p. 245), already used as an exchange at the time it was built (thirteenth century), and still employed to that use. It was restored in the fifteenth century by the Bentivoglio family, and bears their arms. In the medallions between the arches are the images of Bologna's patron saints. A projecting canopied balcony in the centre is the spot whence in earlier times bankruptcies were publicly proclaimed; a publicity that must have been trying truly to the nerves of the unfortunate. The interior contains the armorial bearings of all the jurists who taught law here from 1441 to 1800.

I have not left myself space to speak of Bologna's most salient and noted feature, its twin leaning towers—those towers which figure as Bologna's emblem in all official documents. Most singular are these structures, which uprise sharply from the ground in the Mercato di Mezzo, the very centre of the town, and within a stone's throw of each other. The tallest is the Torre degli Asinelli, built by Gherardo degli Asinelli in 1109. It is 292 feet high, and its inclination is over 3 feet from the centre of gravity. Its summit commands a view of the Alps and the Euganean hills. The Torre Garisenda, built by the brothers of that name, is only 130 feet high, but leans 8 feet from the perpendicular to the south, and 3 towards the east.

Indeed, it leans yet more, for since it was last measured it is said to have settled still further.

With its many towers, the fantastic perpendicular, the upright, its churches, its fine public buildings, the city presents truly a venerable and imposing aspect. A visit to Bologna is not complete that does not include this view. And if time remains, the traveller should not omit a visit to the sumptuous pilgrimage church of S. Luca, approached by a perhaps

unique colonnade of six hundred and thirty-five arches, extending three miles in length from the foot to the summit of the hill; a striking feature in all distant views of the town.

Bologna, which is also popularly known as *Bologna la grassa*, on account of the excellence of its cuisine, is a city that is very much alive; perhaps, without exception, the most intellectually active in all modern Italy.

This merely as a word of warning to those who, going there, may expect to find realised for them Ouida's very picturesque and exceedingly fanciful description of the city in "Pascarel," a description

that would lead the unwary to suppose that in Bologna reigns only the spirit of the past. She tells us that there is nothing to recall to us that the ages of Bentivoglio and the Visconti have fled for ever. We should say that what with steam and horse trams, trains, telephones, an active commerce, a devotion to Wagnerian music, the best and most fecund printing-house in Italy, and a few more such things besides, there was everything to tell us that the Middle Ages do not survive in Bologna in other shape than the stately monuments that age upreared.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



Casa dei Caracci.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL MEMORIALS.

CHARLES NODIER, who professed to have in his library eight thousand folios, spoke of them to Dumas (it was in the theatre) with the easy flippancy of a millionaire towards a sovereign. It might have seemed that, given a house large enough and solemn enough, it would be impossible to have too many folios. But the lovers of Elzevirs think otherwise; and no doubt a taste for folios is acquired, like the taste for olives or caviare. Yet when the folio is truly sumptuous, when it is printed on large paper, and adorned with proof plates *sur Japon*, the case is altered. The real lover of books, even the Elzevirist, who likes to be able to put his plunder in his waistcoat-pocket, strikes his flag at once before such a book as "Scottish National Memorials" (Glasgow: Mac-Lehose). So splendid an example of book-making has seldom issued from a British press. Everything about it is of the highest handsomeness. It has the tallness of a folio, and the breadth of a quarto. As a triumph of Scottish printing it is fitting that it should be Scottish to the very end-papers, which are stamped with golden thistles upon a ground of ultramarine. The house of Constable has enjoyed a long fame for the good printing of good books; but it may be doubted if it has ever done better than this.

The "National Memorials" are the wonderful collections of rare and curious things illustrating Scottish history which were brought together in the re-edified Bishop's Castle at Glasgow two years ago. The book is really a *catalogue raisonné* of that exhibition, and is a delightful addition to the lengthening row of books of that class which have been produced of late years in Scotland. It has been edited, with excellent proportion, by Mr. James Paton, with the assistance of such authorities as Dr. David Murray, Sir Arthur Mitchell, Father Stevenson, and a cloud of others. Some few shortcomings even the best of books must have, especially when they deal with so vast a variety of historical and archaeological detail as this: but there is nothing of which we need make a Star Chamber matter. And we may vainly look elsewhere for much that is here set out with clarity and weight, and an admirable quality of literature. Of the illustrations in black and white and in mezzotint, as well as *hors texte*, there can be nothing but praise, while the coloured frontispiece of the Kennet Ciborium is perfectly French in its delicacy and reserve. This vessel, of *champlevé* enamel, on copper gilt, is the most famous piece of old Scottish plate.

It is preserved at Lord Balfour of Burleigh's house of Kennet, and Mr. A. H. Constable writes a description of it, which, despite its learnedness, is exceedingly attractive. This lovely example of the art of the enameller is too familiar to need fresh description here. Mr. Constable agrees with Mr. Way that it really is the work of Alpais, the Limousin enameller of the thirteenth century; and not the least important of his reasons for doing so is that an obvious anagram of Alpais's name has been introduced into the legend below one of the symbolical medallions. The ciborium has a traditional connection with Mary Stuart, but no trace of it occurs in any of the inventories of church property belonging to her.

It is to the section of the book dealing with the undoubted memorials of Queen Mary that most readers will turn first;

for there is nothing more remarkable in history than the spell which this Queen has held over the world for more than three centuries. The very things which usually move love and pity, we know of her either imperfectly or not at all. In her lifetime she was famed for beauty; but the majority of her portraits are not those of a beautiful woman. We are even ignorant of the colour of her hair; indeed, it is certain that in her later years she was bald, and wore wigs of differing hues. Even her virtue has been doubted; and if her accusers have not made out their case, it is not for want of persistency. Undoubtedly there are episodes in her life which are mysterious, which always must be mysterious; but Mary has been treated upon those heads with something less than chivalry. The one certain thing we know of her is that, lovely or plain, virtuous or the other thing, she knew how to make devoted friends and to keep them, and that,

in the midst of her long melancholy, her half a generation of captivity, and all her superlative sorrows, she maintained that splendid courage which has commonly been an attribute of royalty, and was never more fully possessed than by the Stuarts, who, generation after generation, were brave and unfortunate. At two o'clock in the morning of her execution she wrote a long letter of farewell to the King of France. The end of it is facsimiled in the book here; and we may see that in the midst of mental agony, with the brutal refusal of religious consolation fresh upon her mind, with the probability of disaster to her country, and the certainty of death but a few hours ahead, she could yet write with a firm and unflinching hand, without erasing a word or blotting a line with her tears.



Miniature of Prince Charles Edward.
By Sir Robert Strange.

The volume is full of memorials of Queen Mary; and many of the relics described or illustrated will be familiar to those who, although they did not see the Exhibition at Glasgow, were able to visit the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery. Not the least touching of them are memorials of her motherhood: the cradle of her son, King James, the happiest and most fortunate monarch of his house, and the leading-strings with which he learned to walk. Regarding portraits of Mary, there is much to say in the book, and much might be said here, had we not already treated of the subject.

After the stormy life and tragic death of Queen Mary no period of Scottish history can compare in interest with the '45; and that period is naturally dealt with at large. The events of that year are very nearly the most romantic in the romantic story of the kingdom of the north. How nearly the rising headed by Prince Charles Edward came to changing the course of English history we have latterly become aware. To those who had accepted "the Elector of Hanover," and were not

possessed of special information, the Prince's attempt to win back the throne of his ancestors must have seemed the most foolhardy of forlorn hopes. They could not know that the event hung upon a hair, and that George II. had an exceedingly narrow escape of having to fly from London, as James II. had to fly two generations before. Never did Prince leave behind him so many devoted memories, or so many personal relics. Scotland seems, indeed, to have been strewn with scraps from his wardrobe and trinkets from his dressing-table. There is scarcely a family which was "out" for the King from over the water whose halls do not contain relics of him. Here is a letter, there a claymore, a sporran, or a shred of tartan, a ring, or the Star of the Garter. Nor is this surprising when we remember that, although Prince Charles brought much baggage into Scotland, he took very little away with him. When the last forlorn fight was over, and nothing remained but flight, everything had to be cast aside which could help identification or embarrass movement. Thus, no doubt, it was that the highly-ornamented target which Prince Charles, as a true clansman, carried at Culloden, came into the possession of Cluny Macpherson. If as much care had been taken in arranging the details of the expedition as was given to the adornment of this buckler, destined to become historic, the result would probably have been different. The target, here illustrated, is of wood, covered with leather, the ornamentation in silver. The repoussé Medusa's head in the centre is surrounded by trophies of arms and grotesques. It was

the work of a Frenchman, and was almost certainly made purposely for the expedition. But if that be so, it is difficult to account for the similar one formerly at Warwick Castle, which is supposed to have been destroyed in the fire of 1871. It is a bit of military millinery which might perhaps have been done without, but its fantastic grace is not unpleasing. That the Prince was at this time well entitled to be called "Bonnie Prince Charlie" there is abundance of portraits to prove. The most strikingly handsome of these portraits is that reputed to have been painted in 1749 by De la Tour, which the Prince sent to the devoted Sir Hugh Paterson, of Bannockburn. In the book it is exceedingly well mezzotinted. Of equal interest is the miniature (here reproduced) painted by Sir Robert Strange. Here, as in De la Tour's picture, there are the wistful eyes and the somewhat feminine turn of face which went far to earn him the sometimes too tempestuous favour of the fair. In those latter days of his

life in Scotland, when Prince Charles Edward was wandering and hiding, in imminent fear of being tracked, he gave proofs of courage which were never excelled by any member of his house. It would have been pleasant to see in the Glasgow Exhibition and in this book more numerous memorials of those wanderings and of the courage and fidelity of Flora Macdonald.

The old Scottish towns are rich in ancient burghal memorials; and great as will be the pride and pleasure of the Scot at their worthy representation in this catalogue, the enjoyment of them by the Southron of artistic and antiquarian tastes will be almost



Target borne by Prince Charles Edward at Culloden.

as great. These memorials are most varied—seals and plate, old furniture and prints, portraits and documents. Some of them are highly curious: the "siller gun" of Kirkcudbright, the gift of James VI.; the "pirley-pig" of Dundee—the pewter box for receiving fines for absence from the council meetings; the silver club of the Glasgow Golf Club, and so on. Glasgow is well off for memorials of its olden state. The city has grown so enormously, and has so completely lost all likeness to its ancient self, that it is difficult to imagine what it may have been like two centuries ago, long before any enthusiast had dreamed of the possibilities of the Clyde. Happily there exists an excellent old print, which shows Glasgow from the south in 1693. With its many tall and graceful spires and its long river-front, its aspect is strikingly foreign, and vividly remindful of the Antwerp of a few years ago, before miles of quays had driven away much of its romance. The view of the Broomielaw as it appeared so late as 1807 is more busy and hardly less picturesque.

The view of the Trongate here reproduced as it was little more than a century ago has about it the foreign flavour we



A View of the Trongate of Glasgow, from the East, about 1770.

have already noticed in the old print of Glasgow, together with an added touch of breadth and stateliness.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

DIEPPE.

AMONGST all the many delightful watering-places along the coast of Normandy, it would be indeed hard to find one that in variety of attractions, points of interest, and perfection of situation, could rival, or equal, the ancient town of Dieppe. Ancient I may well call it, seeing that it is first mentioned in a map of the year 1030, though it is probable that at that early period of its existence it was little more than the port of the more important town of Arques, which, now dwindled to a hamlet dominated by the glorious ruins of the famous château built by the uncle of William the Conqueror, is situated inland from Dieppe about seven kilomètres up the fertile valley of the Béthune. That Dieppe was founded by the Romans is maintained by some savants, on what grounds I know not, except that the country-side bears many traces of Gallo-Roman remains. William the Conqueror, whom the English have so completely absorbed as almost to forget that he was a foreign master, is also not unknown in the annals of Dieppe, from whence he set sail on his second journey to England, on December 6th, 1067. The early history of the now flourishing seaport shows a record of troublous times. After the Conquest, the frequent communications between Normandy and England were not long in developing and increasing the popu-

lation of the little seaport, which was comparatively so near Rouen; and in less than a century after the Conquest, Dieppe had shot ahead of her elder sister, Arques, standing silent and deserted in her fertile valley. Henry II. of England, and Duke of Normandy, wisely recognising the advantage of such a seaport, did all he could to develop its resources. However, in 1195 Philippe-Auguste surprised the town, sacked it, burnt it to the ground, carried away the inhabitants, and destroyed their ships; a blow from which the hardy little town took long to recover. In 1420 it was taken by the English; who, however, did not keep it long, for in 1435, under the reign of Charles VII., the Chevalier Charles des Marêts, who fifteen years before had been governor of the town under the French king, and who, on its capture by the English, had retired to the surrounding country, was informed by some of the inhabitants that the port was but poorly guarded, and that at low tide it would be possible to surprise the enemy, which he accordingly did under cover of night. Aided by the citizens, he succeeded in not only imprisoning the English garrison, but also in holding his own against many attacks, until the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., came to the rescue, in 1443, with an army of three thousand men.

In 1500, Dieppe was at the height of its splendour, the greater part of which was due to one of her most famous sons, Jean d'Ango, whose country-house, the Manoir d'Ango, is still one of the sights of the environs of Dieppe. Of no great family, his father having been only a man of small means, owner of a few merchant ships, Jean d'Ango began life as a sailor, making many voyages in his father's vessels; but as soon as he had acquired some amount of money, he returned to his native town, where he established himself as a merchant. His vessels were sent on trading expeditions to Africa and India, nor did he hesitate to equip vessels of war and hire them out either to the King or to adventurous individuals, to whom piratical expeditions were attractive as well as profitable. In 1520 he got himself appointed farmer-general of the chief lordships of the country, of the abbeys of Fécamp and Ste. Wandrille, near Yvetot, of the Duchy of Longueville, and of the Vicomté of Dieppe. It is not without reason that Jean d'Ango has been surnamed the Medici of Dieppe; he had the same energy and independence of character, the same boldness in his decisions and enterprises, the same passion for luxury and enlightened love of Art, which combined to make the name of the great Florentines famous in history. In 1525, not finding any house in Dieppe which he considered worthy of his princely self and retinue, he brought cunning artificers of all kinds from afar, who built for him, on the quay, facing the "Avant Port," on the spot now occupied by the College, a mansion of oak, enriched with superb sculptures. This, however, was not enough for him, and as he required a country-house, he demolished the old château of Varengueville, near Dieppe, and on the slope of a hill protected by beech-woods, overlooking a lovely fertile valley, he built the famous Manoir d'Ango, which, with its walls of red brick, diapered with flints, and ornamented with carved medallions (said to be portraits of François I. and Diane de Poitiers), its doorways and window-frames of white stone, carved with the most exquisite Renaissance arabesques, its graceful tower, and, above all, its wonderful circular, Moorish-looking *pigeonnier* standing in the middle of the courtyard, is still, though now a farmhouse, one of the most interesting places to visit around Dieppe.

In 1532, François I. announced his intention of visiting Dieppe, and Ango obtained from the town the somewhat costly honour of receiving his sovereign. No expense was spared to entertain the royal guest either in Dieppe or at Varengueville, where Ango received the King in the long "Galerie d'Honneur," still to be seen at the manoir; and the King, as a reward for his sumptuous reception, created his host Viscount and Commandant of Dieppe. Not long after the King's visit, Ango learnt that one of the vessels of his squadron, having been separated from the rest by stress of weather, had fallen into the hands of the Portuguese, who had massacred the crew and taken the ship to Lisbon. Those were the days when a man could take the law into his own hands to redress his wrongs; and Ango was not behindhand in wreaking his vengeance. Ten large ships of war, and six or seven smaller ones, were promptly under weigh, and it was not long before the coast of Portugal and the banks of the Tagus were pillaged and harried by Ango's men to such a degree that a panic soon arose at Lisbon. The King of Portugal sent envoys to the King of France to ask the reason of this violation of the peace existing between the two countries. But François I. simply told the envoys that they had better go to Ango and arrange matters with him. Ango received the

envoys with his customary magnificence and condescension, and having warned them that they had better respect the French flag in future, graciously deigned to recall his fleet. The fortunes of the King of Dieppe, however, did not long survive the death of his patron, the King of France, for soon after the death of the latter, debts and difficulties besieged Ango on all sides. His lavish extravagance had considerably exhausted his coffers, and once the *débacle* began, ruin was not long in following after. Everything he possessed, including the manoir, was seized by his creditors. For two years more he languished on in the Château of Dieppe, not daring to stir outside its walls, and, overwhelmed with misery and beggary, he died there in 1551, in his seventy-second year.

The Château of Dieppe, which crowns the abrupt end of the western line of cliffs, and overhangs the Casino, is not very interesting from an architectural point of view, though its situation is magnificent. The first Château of Dieppe was built by Charlemagne in A.D. 770, but the present one only dates from the fifteenth century. The view over Dieppe from the Château is really superb. At one's feet, immediately below, is the Casino, a semi-Moorish abomination of extraordinary hideousness, both within and without. Immediately behind it, and facing the gates into the Casino gardens, are the quaint round towers of the Porte de la Barre, also called "Les Tourelles," the last of the old gates of the town. From the Casino at the foot of the western cliffs, away to the entrance of the port right under the eastern cliffs, one overlooks the most charming characteristic of Dieppe, the great wide green lawns that stretch between the Rue Aguado, where are situated all the most fashionable houses and hotels, and the sea-beach. The charm of these lawns is inexpressible. They give an indescribable sense of space, and of freedom from the overcrowding which is such a drawback to most fashionable watering-places. The children and dogs roll on the short turf in boisterous play; croquet, lawn-tennis, foot-ball, and even pigeon-shooting occasionally, are carried on there all at the same time, without annoyance even to the most crusty old bachelor or most vinegary old maid. It is the general playground for all ages and all classes, and the elbow-room is such that even the lovers of solitude can find a corner to themselves.

In and out amongst the groups of children, both on the lawns and on the beach, à l'heure du bain, passes one of the most well-known of Dieppe personalities, the *marchand de guimauve*. Small, slight, burnt to a dark coffee colour by the sun (report says he is an *ex-forçat*, and ascribes his peculiar limp to the erstwhile *boulet*!), attired in a Scotch cap, a large white apron, and a pair of high be-tasseled Hessian boots, this quaint little person is gifted with a stentorian pair of lungs, and a never-failing supply of doggerel rhymes in praise of himself and his wares. His chief refrain—

"Voilà la gui-gui, voilà la guimauve,
Voilà le marchand de guimauve;
Régalez-vous, petits et grands,
De la guimauve en v'là le marchand,"

had a most charming *ritournelle*, and though heard from early dawn to dewy eve, was one of the most difficult tunes to catch correctly that I ever listened to. Another of his ditties was apparently in praise of some hirsute Eléonore to whom he likened the never-failing contents of his tin box:—

"Quand il n'y en a plus, il y en a encore,
C'est comme les cheveux d'Eléonore."

At the end of the lawns and the Rue Aguado is a small fort, and then the western pier, which flanks the entrance to the harbour, or "Avant-Port," as it is locally called, to distinguish it from the other two basins, the Bassin Duquesne and the Bassin Bérigny, both at right angles to it and to each other. The eastern pier runs out from the fishermen's quarter, Le Pollet, under the eastern cliffs. Le Pollet is most picturesque, a good deal more so than the rest of Dieppe, from which it is cut off by the Avant-Port, the Nouvel Avant-Port, the Bassin de Mi-Marée, and the Bassin à Flot. The houses are narrow and high, and every window is adorned with iron stanchions, from which to hang either lines of clothes or lines of fish out to dry. On washing days Le Pollet looks as if it were *en fête*, with the mass of fluttering garments, often of all colours, that wave like flags along its streets. That the fishermen of Le Pollet are superstitious is a foregone conclusion; a fishing population nearly always is, especially if it should be so entirely cut off and separated from its "long-shore" neighbours, as is the case at Dieppe. Once one crosses the drawbridge that forms the communication between the town and Le Pollet, one cannot help being struck by the difference of manner, accent, and appearance. That the fisherfolk "keep themselves to themselves" is a self-evident fact, and it is but little wonder, therefore, if many superstitions should have grown up and flourished amongst them. Like most superstitions connected with deep-sea fishermen, their legends are somewhat grim and ghastly. If a fisherman were to go to sea on All Souls' Day, the family believe he would be followed by his double over the waves; if he hardened his heart and cast his net, he would draw it in with difficulty, owing to some enormous weight, and when he got it alongside, would find it filled with nothing but "dead men's bones and all uncleanness." The night of All Souls' Day all the windows in Le Pollet are carefully shuttered and closed before midnight, for at that hour a funeral car, or *corbillard*, drawn by eight white horses, and preceded by white dogs, passes through the streets, accompanied by the voices of those who died during the year. If any belated traveller should be unlucky enough to meet this vision, he is sure to die within the year, and his voice will swell the ghostly chorus on the next "Jour des Morts."

The rocks of Ailly form the point that shuts in the western horizon of Dieppe. On the cliffs above is the great lighthouse with its revolving light and its fog-horns; which, however, through some mistake, failed, on that night of dense fog three years ago, to warn the helpless *Victoria* from drifting to her doom. Nothing could be more lovely than the views around Ailly. The whole of the slope of the hill is a wilderness of heather, golden "ladies' slipper," "ladies' bed-straw," and cistus. At either side the broken line of white cliffs runs westward to St. Marguerite, eastward to Pourville and Dieppe. The great snow-white tower of the *phare* rises above one's head into the deep blue of the sky, backed with a wide breezy moorland of heather and pine-trees; in front, and on either hand, lies the immense horizon of calm blue sea—so calm that the white sails of the yachts and fishing boats are reflected on the still surface.

There are other warning lights also at the end of the Dieppe piers, but they are chiefly to show the entrance to the port, which, on a dark night, might well be missed; and as the entrance is so near to the eastern cliffs, a ship might speedily come to grief if she did not succeed in hitting off the *chenal*. Up above, on the eastern cliff, is a tiny little modern

church, built of party-coloured bricks in patterns. This is Notre-Dame de Bon Secours, where there is a custom I have never met with elsewhere. Those who come to ask Notre-Dame de Bon Secours' aid in some undertaking, or to ask her to grant some secret desire and wish, cannot simply burn several candles to propitiate Our Lady and gain their ends; Notre-Dame de Bon Secours is much more businesslike, and keeps a ledger in which the pilgrims are invited to inscribe their wish in writing.

The last day of my stay at Dieppe we climbed up through Le Pollet, up the little stairways cut in the cliff, and the crooked little cobble-stoned streets, down which a stream of fresh pure water ran merrily. Birds sang in cages hung from nearly every window, for both the Dieppois and the Polletais are undeniable bird-fanciers. At the top of the last flight of steps, we came out into a succession of grassy fields that run between the edge of the cliffs and the Route d'Eu. We kept to the left, past the little church, which was closed and still in the afternoon sunshine, and down through the thick clover to the edge of the cliff. How beautiful it all was! It was ebb-tide, and the rich brown of the seaweed-covered rocks brought out the brilliant blue of the pools and stretches of sea that had not yet abandoned the land. Here and there were poles and stakes used for nets. The sloping beach shone white in contrast with the brown rocks in the water; the cliffs shone whiter still in the western sun, and between them and the sky came the brilliant green of the rich grass that crowned them. It was all so big, so vast, so peaceful, as we sat there in the clover, with our backs turned to the panorama of the busy town below, and no sound to break the stillness but the tinkling bells of two goats browsing near, and the words of a Tuscan *stornello* which was being hummed by one of my companions under his breath, that the silence and peacefulness of the scene seemed to hold us spell-bound, and made talking impossible. And so we sat there in the clover in happy, lazy, dreamy silence, until the sun began to throw long, long shadows. The *stornello* had gradually died away.

"Fior di Sorriso!
Nel mare immenso si specchia il cielo,
Nel occhio tuo profondo il paradiso!"

was heard no more, and the quaint, passionate words echoed sadly in my ears, raising all kinds of dreamy wonderings, as I gazed out over the sunlit sea. Did "Fior di Sorriso" listen to the tender pleadings, and did she and her suppliant lover reach the Paradise which was "mirrored in her deep eyes," only perhaps to lose it again through one or other failing in steadfastness? Who can tell? My speculations die faintly away out over the sea, even as died the song which gave them birth; until through the silence of earth and air—a silence which seems teeming with radiant possibilities—comes anew the tinkle of the goats' bells as they are led away to the farm over the crest of the down. We too arise from the grass, feeling as if we had been awakened from a deep sleep full of happy, misty dreams. Homeward we wend our way down the hill to the town, over which hangs a canopy of pale blue haze, pierced by the towers and spires of St. Jacques and St. Rémy, and making the round of the quays of that picturesque harbour, we pass, not without a pang, the great white steamboat, *Le Rouen*, which on the morrow is to bear me away from one of the loveliest countries and pleasantest towns in France, fair Normandy and friendly Dieppe.

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

TWO more purchases, in addition to those announced at p. 223, have been made under the terms of the Chantrey bequest—Mrs. A. L. Merritt's 'Love Locked Out,' from the Royal Academy Exhibition, and Mr. George Clausen's 'Girl at the Gate,' from the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. A reproduction of the last-named will be found at p. 167.

The Annual Report of the Trustees of the British Museum states that the number of persons visiting the Bloomsbury and South Kensington sections last year was 504,537; of these 361,046 went to Cromwell Road. Not more than 2,467 persons entered on Monday and Saturday evenings from 6 till 8 o'clock between May 4th and July 15th, and from 6 till 7 o'clock between July 20th and the end of August, all inclusive. 190,025 persons went to the Reading Room in 1889, the highest number recorded, besides 14,524 who used the Newspaper Room. It is said that 20,747 went to the Gold Ornament and Gem Room, and 4,850 to the Print Room. The evening visitors on the alternate evenings of February, March, and April last were, on an average, 635, 367, and 297 per evening respectively. Nearly five thousand prints and drawings were acquired during 1889.

Mr. Henry Tate's generous offer of a collection of pictures by English painters to the nation reached a further development last month, by the publication of a letter addressed by Mr. Tate to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of which the following is the substance. The offer of his pictures to the National Gallery having been declined for want of space, Mr. Tate is willing to present to the nation a selection of fifty-seven of his pictures, and to allow the choice from his collection of any of the others which he possesses, if a suitable and separate gallery be provided for their reception. The gallery must be established on lines similar to those of the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, and the works would consist of paintings in oil and water colours, engravings, works in black and white, etchings, and sculpture, including bronzes which have been publicly exhibited. He considers it is undesirable that any part of the administration should be entrusted to any present Government department, as it would appear that all of them have their own special functions to perform, and therefore are fully occupied in their proper administration. In order that a representation of the arts of painting, sculpture, etc., as practised in Great Britain and Ireland, shall be as complete as possible, the question arises—if the works of British artists now in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, and in the South Kensington Museum, are to be transferred to the proposed new National Gallery of British Art—whether the Royal Academy shall be moved to deposit the purchases made under the Chantrey bequest for public exhibition, as is now done at South Kensington Museum. Nothing as yet has

been definitely settled, but there is a possibility of the collection being placed in the South Kensington Museum.

Mr. M'Ewan, M.P., has given £5,000 towards buying pictures for the Scottish National Gallery. He has long wished to have a Rembrandt for the Edinburgh Gallery, and he has now placed the above sum at the disposal of Sir William Fettes Douglas, the director, and asked him to try to procure one.

The final stage of the architectural competition for the Sheffield Municipal Buildings was lately concluded. The assessor, Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., reported that of the six selected for the second contest, the design which proved to be by Mr. Mountford was the best. The Corporation contemplate an expenditure of £80,000.

A statement of the respective profits of the two Salons shows that of the Champs-Élysées to have cleared from the sale of tickets £8,600, and its rival of the Champ-de-Mars £6,800. The profits on the sale of catalogues were in the one case £923, and in the other £520.

We have to record, with much regret, the death, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, of Mr. Robert Henry Soden Smith, museum keeper of the Art Library at South Kensington.

The South Kensington Drawing Book series has not, we believe, hitherto gone beyond the stage of instruction to beginners. A considerable advance is therefore to be noted in the selection from "TURNER'S LIBER STUDIUM," a work which will appeal to a much more advanced class, and even to those who are interested in the work of the great master *per se*. For not only the reproductions leave little to be desired, but the accompanying letterpress gives in a collected form a *précis* of all that has been written upon this *chef d'œuvre* of the mezzotinter's art as exercised upon landscape. An examination of the ninety-four illustrations which make up the volume proves that there is little to be desired so far as the reproductions of the etchings are concerned. Mechanical processes can now show themselves off at their best on such admirable subjects, and we only wish the days of our boyhood were here again with leisure and energy to copy them. With regard to the full-size photogravures we cannot speak in terms of praise; the subjects have been badly selected, and neither print nor paper is assimilated to the originals. There is certainly no need to mark them so that they may not be mistaken for originals. The price of the volume, £2 12s. 6d., seems somewhat high for a work which should command a large sale, and which is intended for students; we should have thought a lower figure would have been more profitable in the long run. The publishers are Messrs. Blackie, of Edinburgh.





THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, a sculptor celebrated for his busts, was, as has been already recorded, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1771, and a full member in the following year.

He was born in Dean Street, Soho, in 1737; his father, Joseph Francis Nollekens, or Nollikins, as Walpole spells the name, was a painter of some repute, whose father had also been a painter, and both were natives of Antwerp. Young Joseph was sent to Shipley's drawing school in the Strand, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to Scheemakers, the sculptor, in Vine Street, Piccadilly. In 1759 he gained a premium from the Society of Arts, and in the following year went to Rome, where he lived for ten years, working diligently after his fashion; his diligence lying in the direction of learning rather what was profitable than what was honourable or instructive; and yet so great was his native talent, that when he returned to London after ten years he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent sculptors of his age, and succeeded in maintaining that reputation to his dying day. He lived in a house in Mortimer Street, which he bought soon after his return, whither he shortly conducted his bride, Mary, daughter of that intrepid magistrate, Saunders Welsh, friend of Mr. Fielding, who was the terror of all evil-doers in and about Lincoln's Inn and Leicester Fields, and who had from the roof of a hackney coach scaled the stronghold of a noted highwayman, dragging him out of his bed and through the first-floor window.

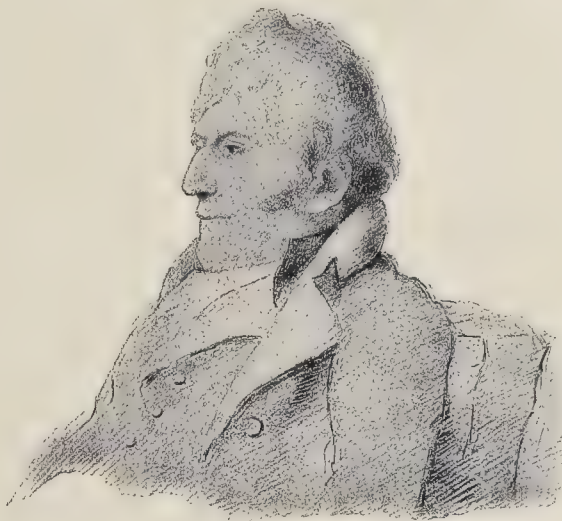
Mary Welsh was tall and handsome; she had had more education than her husband, and could spell and speak her native language correctly—an accomplishment he was quite deficient

in; but she was equally apathetic to all intellectual topics, and had, moreover, a strong tinge of "cussedness" in her nature. The annals of their life, the economy of their household, and their intercourse with friends are set forth in an amusing book, entitled "Nollekens and his Times," by John Thomas Smith, for many years keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, who had been a pupil or apprentice of the sculptor.

This book is not altogether agreeable reading; it brings before us, in a very lively way, all the details of a sordid and miserly household; all the shifts and subterfuges which this couple, so harmoniously united in avarice, had recourse to in order to keep up appearances and save outlay; and some scenes, such as the description of a dinner party given by them, are really funny; but it is written in a bad literary style and worse taste. Nollekens never rises in our estimation; his genius, and he had some, is only hinted at, and not displayed. Throughout the book he figures as a little, ridiculous, and imbecile miser, who had neither manners nor morals, who had no appreciation of what was great in Art, who was utterly illiterate,

who gormandized when he did not have to pay for his dinner, but was content with offal when he did; who, at Academic meetings, pocketed the nutmegs (that, be it remembered, was in the days of punch-drinking); who sat in the dark rather than burn a candle, who never used soap, who mended his furniture with scraps of tin picked up on dustheaps, and whose greatest delight was a Punch and Judy show.

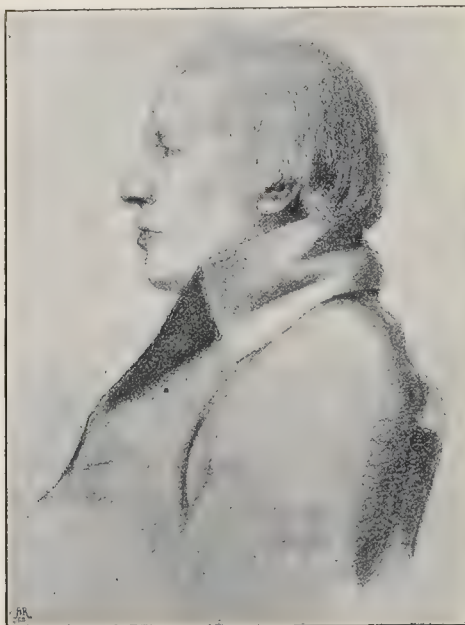
It is difficult to believe in the accuracy of this likeness, and it is probable that "Nollekens and his Times" was an act of literary vengeance on the part of a disappointed legatee. Nollekens ought certainly to have bequeathed more than £100



Joseph Nollekens, R.A. From the Drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

to John Thomas Smith, if the latter had really served him so faithfully as he would have us believe. In his youth he had been his model and his studio servant, for sixty years he had been his companion, had borne with "his want of decent manners," and "his natural stupidity and ignorance in conversation," and one hundred pounds no doubt appeared to be but a miserable dole out of a fortune of more than £200,000 to reward a man withal for so much discomfort and boredom.

Nollekens died on the 23rd April, 1823, in his eighty-sixth year, and was buried in Paddington old church-yard. He had known Garrick, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson intimately. A bust of Lawrence Sterne had first attracted to him the attention of the public; and when his long life closed the history of England and of Europe was turned over to a new page.



James Barry, R.A. From the Drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

JAMES BARRY, R.A.

The life of James Barry forms one of the strangest chapters in Art history, a chapter on which we should be at a loss to pronounce what feeling it most powerfully arouses, whether it be indignation, contempt, or commiseration.

Barry had talents, energy, and perseverance, which he made unavailing by inordinate ambition; he enjoyed the friendship of one of the wisest and the best of men, whose advice he despised and whom he alienated by his ingratitude. He had the good fortune to acquire a position which his achievements in Art hardly entitled him to, which position he forfeited by flagrant and intolerable misconduct; and all we can see in him to admire is, that he had a certain stoic dignity, and bore his sorrows and his hardships proudly.

He was born at Cork in 1741. His father followed the sea, and young James served under him in one or two voyages; but he early relinquished his father's calling for that of an

artist. To be a great painter was the object he set before himself when quite a boy; he followed it unswervingly through his youth, and he fondly, but vainly, imagined he had attained it in his manhood. Some elements of greatness he certainly did exhibit, but mixed up with an astounding fund of obtrusive unwisdom. He had great strength of will, energy, and pertinacity; he had a true perception of the dignity of Art; he saw that it was not only a mechanical achievement, but called also for intellectual culture; he stored up candle-ends and sat up whole nights to the injury of his health; but he was headstrong and intractable, would listen to no advice, and when he got an idea into his head nothing on earth would drive it out; he would have asserted it in the face of King Solomon himself; with the profoundest contempt for everybody else's opinions, he never in his life was able to form one for himself: what he called his opinions being merely conclusions based on imagination and on passionate aspirations.

At the age of twenty-one he painted a picture which attracted the notice of Edmund Burke, who became from that hour his firm friend, adviser, and patron. How miserably the infatuated painter made light of such a privilege, wasted such a splendid opportunity, and abused so much benevolence, forms the really instructive value of his life and invests it with its impressiveness. A correspondence sprang up between Burke and Barry which continued almost to the close of the painter's life, and in the changing tone of Burke's letters, in the cheerful communicativeness with which they started, the solemn admonition into which they drifted, and the melancholy reserve which overspread them at the last, we read more plainly than in the language of facts how blindly and how persistently Barry trod the downward path which led to his ruin and disgrace. His letters in return are indeed quite pitiable. It is hard to describe their tone; they are the work of an empty-headed, self-sufficient coxcomb, who had no perception of his friend's breadth of vision, not the faintest inkling of the enormous amount of tolerance and good nature which he must have trespassed upon with such an intellect as Burke's. He parades his narrow prejudices and childish conclusions with the assurance and pompousness of a thinker who has mastered the whole domain of human thought; and worse than that, the benefits he received, unheard of before and certainly undeserved, he looks upon only as a natural tribute to his merits.

Edmund Burke brought Barry to London and introduced him to Reynolds, who seems to have formed a favourable opinion of his talents; he then sent him to Italy, and maintained him there at his own expense for five years. This fact, taken in connection with another very notorious one, that the finances of the great orator and philosopher were always in a dubious condition, shows us how deep an interest he took in his young countryman, and what confidence he had in his future. In return Barry nobly determined to do nothing whatever to earn his own living; that sort of thing was beneath him, he could condescend to nothing but great monumental art, and entertain no humbler aim than the complete regeneration of the Art of Europe.

What his precise theory and ideal of the art of painting was, it is impossible to determine from his own frothy, incoherent utterances. We may judge that they were tolerably lofty by the fact that he treated Michael Angelo and Raphael with indulgent toleration as bunglers in a good cause. He, probably, in a vague and hazy way, entertained the highest of the highfalutin theories of his day; which mixed up painting, sculp-

ture, poetry and rhetoric, and argued from the one to the other indiscriminately, as our readers may see exemplified by reading through Dryden's Preface to Dr. Fresnoy's "Art of Painting;" and he returned to London filled with the modest and plausible project of planting himself there in the midst of coffee-houses and coteries, of ladies in hoops, powder and patches, of men in bob-wigs and pigtails, in perhaps as artificial a state of society as ever existed, when the *Beggar's Opera* was drawing hundreds nightly, and when Strawberry Hill was supposed to be the latest and finest example of Gothic architecture, then and there to inaugurate a new era in Art which should eclipse the age of Pericles. To do it, was obviously to court failure, and it must be confessed that in this case failure was not coy; she responded to his advances with an *abandon* and a *laissez aller* which left nothing to be desired.

Barry's life in Italy had been a constant series of broils with artists, connoisseurs, picture-dealers, and everybody, in fact, he came in contact with, and the letters Burke wrote to him, when contrasted with his own vain, fussy, fuming existence, seem like messages from a higher world, as indeed they were, an inner world of the mind, where all was harmony and beauty.

In answer to a letter full of abuse of *virtuosi* and picture-dealers with whom he was at war, Burke wrote the following passage:—

"You have given a strong, and, I fancy, a very faithful picture of the dealers in taste with you. It is very right that you should know and remark their little arts, but as fraud will intermeddle in every transaction of life where we cannot oppose ourselves to it with effect, it is by no means our duty or our interest to make ourselves uneasy or multiply enemies on account of it." And again, "I praise exceedingly your resolution of going on well with those whose practices you cannot altogether approve, there is no living in this world upon any other terms." But to such terms, Barry never could accommodate himself. What can exceed the solemnity of the following admonition, or the frivolity which could disregard it?

"That you had just subjects of indignation always and of anger often, I do not doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? but believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves." If space would allow of it, we could continue stringing his precious words like jewels on a chaplet, but we must forego the pleasure and be brief. Barry was quite incorrigible, and Burke foresaw and prophesied his ultimate ruin and disgrace. It must have been a sore grief and disappointment to the good man, and a sorry requital of all he had done for him.

Barry, in London and in middle age, was the same man as Barry in Italy and in youth. • Success of a certain kind he did

achieve. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in November, 1772, and in three months, on February 9, 1773, advanced to the full rank of an Academician; but that was not the sort of success he cared for. The world looked coldly on his merits, and he turned upon the world with fierce invectives and rancorous abuse.

Allan Cunningham is indulgent; he credits Barry with genius, intellect, and culture. He had nothing of the sort; he had only sham genius, intellect, and culture. Artistic genius works from feeling and imagination, Barry painted by receipt; intellect surveys the whole field of vision, Barry saw



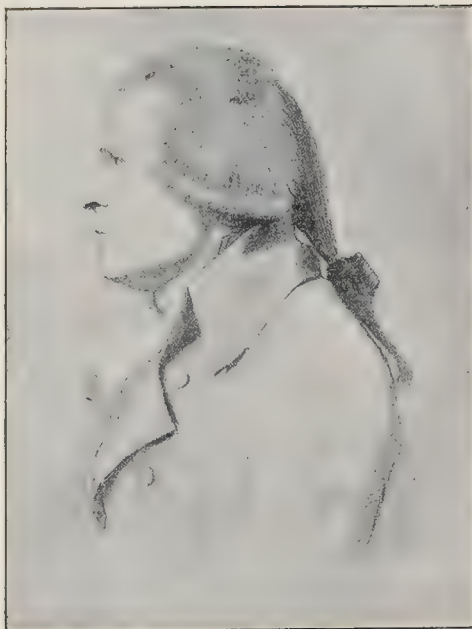
Allegorical Picture, by James Barry, R.A., for the decoration of the Hall of the Society of Arts.

only one narrow segment of it; culture enlarges sympathies, Barry had none for any one but himself.

Our readers will best understand the situation if we explain what it was he proposed to do, and then what he proposed to do it with.

He assumed, as a starting point, that there was but one form of Art, all the rest was merely fit only for anathema maranatha. The Greeks had come near that art in sculpture, but in painting, none, none whatever. For Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian he had the supremest contempt, though he allowed them a certain modicum of credit for having attempted it.

That Art he proposed to practise. He did not expect the besotted idiots who compose the world to understand it at first, but he expected that, in the meantime, every facility should be given him in the way of large wall spaces and ample payment; that the world should look on wonderingly and admiringly at his performances, although they understood them not, until such time as they be educated up to the point of acknowledging him as the great regenerator of Art. So far for Barry's point of view. From our own, these are the qualifications with which he proposed to do it. A very slender artistic endowment, a singularly limited intellect, which seems to have been quite incapable of grasping more than one side of a question, and which in no single instance we have seen, could formulate any proposition logically; a violent temper quite beyond control, an utter contempt of



John Singleton Copley, R.A. From the Drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

the usages of society and the feelings or opinions of others; the manners of a clown, and the language of Billingsgate; and, in addition, an abnormal sensitiveness and an insane tendency to suspicion. The equation is a simple one, and Barry's fate is the mathematical solution of it.

But we must also give him credit for certain qualities. There was a sort of Stoic dignity in him; he had the courage of his convictions and never wavered. He bore poverty proudly, and scorned to borrow. He resolutely curled himself up in his tub like Diogenes, and railed at all the conquerors who chanced to pass. Few lives are more full of melancholy interest, but we must divest ourselves of the idea that his was an instance of great gifts and a noble intellect gone astray; his life was only an illustration of the truism, that you cannot produce great results with insufficient means.

We have already mentioned Barry's election as an Associate, and his rapid promotion to Academical rank. The high opinion entertained of his talents by Reynolds is shown by his having been chosen in 1773, the year of his election as an R.A., as one of the artists to carry out the offer made in that year by the Royal Academy to decorate St. Paul's Cathedral with a series of scriptural subjects. The offer was rejected, but a proposal from the Society of Arts in the following year to certain members of the Academy, of whom Barry was one, to paint a series of pictures for the decoration of the great hall of the building in the Adelphi, though declined by them, was subsequently, in 1777, taken up by Barry alone, who executed six pictures designed to illustrate the theory that human happiness is dependent upon human culture. Of one of these pictures we give a reproduction. Barry ceased to exhibit at the Academy as early as 1776, but his abstinence does not appear to have been caused by any quarrel with the members, but because the public declined to admire his picture of 'The Death of General Wolfe,' in which all the figures were represented nude. That he continued to be on good terms with the Academy is shown by his having been elected Professor of Painting on the resignation of Penny in 1782.

From that moment, however, his troubles began. First of all he insulted the president, who had been obliged to remonstrate with him on the delay in delivering his lectures, he having allowed two years to elapse before commencing them. "If," he replied to Reynolds, "I had only in composing my lectures to produce such poor mistaken stuff as your Discourses, I should have my work done and ready to read." On another occasion he brought forward, in the General Assembly, a proposition that the votes of the members should on every important matter be taken on oath, as only in that way could they be trusted to give an honest and truthful expression of opinion. Once when he was robbed of some money by burglars he posted up a placard to the effect that the Academicians were the thieves. He took every opportunity, both when Visitor in the schools and as Professor of Painting, of abusing the members of the Academy, and endeavouring to excite contempt for them in the breasts of the students.

At last, in 1799, Wilton, the keeper, wrote a formal letter to the Council embodying all these charges against Barry, and subsequently at the request of the Council attended in person and gave evidence in corroboration of the charges, as also did Dance, Smirke, Daniel and Farington, the latter further drawing attention to Barry's published Letter to the Dilettanti Society, containing a number of false and derogatory statements about the Academy. It was resolved to refer the matter to the General Assembly, and a letter was written to inform Barry of the course proposed. The General Assembly was held on March 19th, 1799, Barry himself being present, when it was resolved to appoint a committee of eleven members:—Geo. Dance, James Wyatt, Thomas Banks, Sir F. Bourgeois, Jos. Farington, Rob. Smirke, John Hoppner, Thos. Lawrence, Will. Hamilton, Richard Westall, and Thos. Stothard, to investigate the charges and report. Barry having demanded a copy of the charges, it was refused him on the ground "that in the present state of the investigation a compliance with his demand would be premature," a decision which seems open to question. On April 15th, 1799, the Assembly met again to receive the report, Barry being present, and after hearing it read and disposing in the negative of a motion by Copley

that "Mr. Barry have sent to him a copy of the charges contained in the report," and another by Gilpin to postpone any decision on the report, resolved by 21 Ayes to 3 Noes, "that James Barry, Esq., Professor of Painting, be removed from that office," and then by 19 to 4 to ballot "Whether James Barry, Esq., be suspended from all the functions of an Academician or expelled." On the ballot being taken there appeared: For Expulsion 13, For Suspension 9. The whole of the proceedings were then laid before the King, and on April 24th the president reported that his Majesty, "after a long and minute inspection" of everything relating to the matter, had signified his "approbation of the proceedings of the Council, of the Committee, and of the General Assembly of the Academicians on this occasion, as having been agreeable to the spirit and intention of the laws of the Institution," and that his Majesty to further show his will and approbation had struck his pen through the name of James Barry as signed by himself on the parchment containing the obligations, and had initialled the margin to show that it was his act. A letter was then written to Barry acquainting him with the decisions of the General Assembly and the action of the King; and so ended a sorry business. Whatever excuses, if any, may be made for Barry, it would be affectation to pretend that he had not gone out of his way to meet the fate which ultimately befell him.

His last years were passed in penury, and although an effort was made at the instance of the Earl of Buchan, and a subscription amounting to £1,000 was raised to purchase him an annuity, he died before it could alleviate his misery, in the year 1806.

WILLIAM PETERS, R.A.

The name of William Peters is associated with no definite artistic impressions. Few have seen his pictures, and fewer still remember them; but the bare outline of his career, which is all that exists in printed documents, is very suggestive of romantic interest. In reading it we become conscious of a human soul, possibly of a noble type and with fine instincts, struggling there in the dim distance of the eighteenth century; and we ask ourselves

1890.

vainly, were peace and clearness vouchsafed to it ultimately, as the guerdon of its struggles and sufferings.

Peters was born in Dublin, and began his artistic career in the usual way. He studied Art under a drawing-master; he showed promise; he was sent to Italy, where he copied pictures, which were bought by English noblemen: he came back, and he painted for Boydell's "Shakespeare," also por-



The Royal Princesses, Children of George III. From an Engraving by R. Graves, A.R.A., after the Picture by J. S. Copley, R.A.

traits in the natural course of things. In 1771 he was elected an Associate, and in 1777 an Academician. That is all very intelligible, very respectable, and also very commonplace. What is unusual and romantic is that, in 1784, we find him elected chaplain to the Royal Academy, he having, in the interval, abandoned painting as a profession, entered Exeter College, Oxford, taken a degree and been ordained. He had,

3 X

in fact, developed into a pluralist, holding livings at Woolstorp, in Lincolnshire, and Knipton, in Leicester, besides a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales. His chaplaincy to the Academy he resigned in 1788. It is said that this change of front was brought about by the destitute condition in which he one day found Richard Wilson, the greatest landscape painter of that day, who refused to accept a commission from utter inability to procure canvas and colours. However the change may have been brought about, once it was effected, and the motley garb of the artist finally and de-

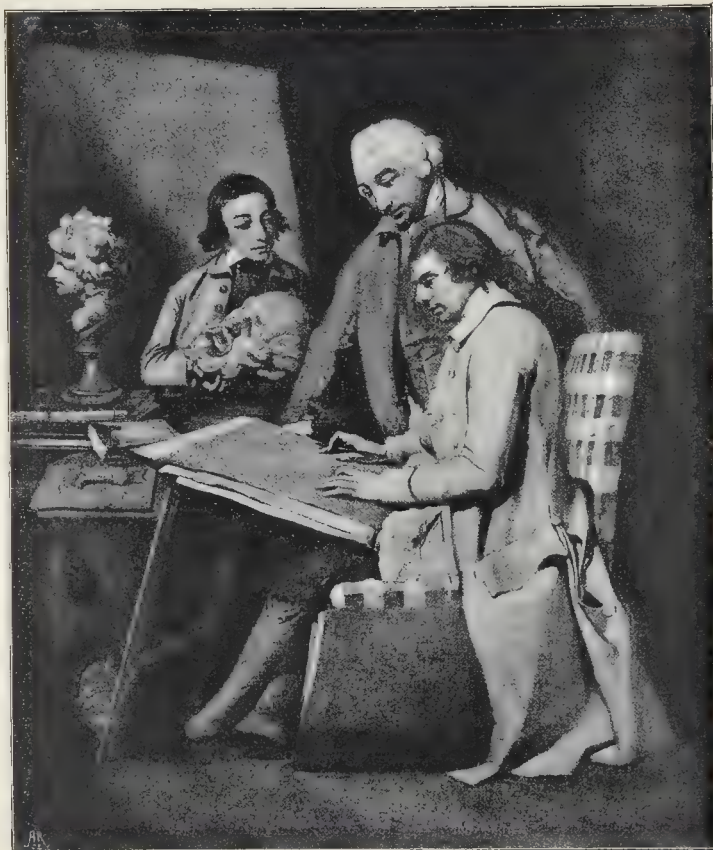
and encouraged by a good wife, who had, in 1811, been his partner for twenty-one years, and who probably understood all about the customs of studios and thought nothing of them. There he finally found rest and peace in 1814.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A.,

The father of Lord Lyndhurst, was born in Boston, U.S., in 1737; and when the great picture of the 'Death of Lord Chatham,' which is now in the National Gallery, had spread abroad his name and fame, and when the American colonists had

declared themselves an independent nation, Copley was claimed by Washington and John Adams as an example of American genius; but his father, John Copley, and his mother, an Irish lady, only emigrated a very short time before the painter's birth.

He was a very illustrious example of that large class of artists, who spring up as soon as Art instruction has become systematized and regularly conducted in any country. We may define that class as composed of men who have no peculiar vocation towards Art; who feel no imperious necessity to express themselves by forms, lines, and colours; who, in presence of Nature, are not overmastered by any one peculiar set of impressions; who are never possessed by an artistic idea which riots madly within them until it finds its vent on canvas. They are men of intelligence and observation, who, by dint of industry, comparison, and analysis, create a style of painting which is their own—which, as in the case of Copley, satisfies the understanding, in no wise offends the strictest taste, but which leaves the imagination of the spectator unmoved. Copley's extraordinary ability enabled him to unravel all the complicated problems which present themselves to the artist, just as the same ability,



Portrait Group of the Painter, J. Wilton, R.A., and a Lad. By J. H. Mortimer, A.R.A. In the possession of the Royal Academy.

finitely exchanged for the black stole of the priest, we might expect things to flow on in the ordinary way. Not so, however, with Peters. In the year 1810 or 1811 we find him in dreadful trouble and agony of mind, which well-nigh brought him to his end. He had continued practising his art, probably only as an amusement, when a certain sketch, and the incidents connected with it, aroused the indignation of the British matrons of his parish. As we gather, the storm was so violent that he had to fly before it, taking refuge at Brasted Place, in Kent, where he lived his troubles down, supported

when transmitted to his son, enabled the latter to clear away all the entanglements of circumstance and casuistry which beset a legal question.

Such art as his is the result of an elaborate education, and accordingly we find that after learning the use of his brushes, in Boston, where he painted portraits, he spent three years in Italy studying the various schools, and that subsequently he visited other parts of the Continent for the same purpose. In 1775 he settled in London at 25, George Street, Hanover Square. The following year he was elected an Associate, and,

in 1779, a full member of the Royal Academy. From that time, almost uninterruptedly until his death in 1815, his brush was occupied with large historical compositions, or with portrait groups, with which he generally contrived to associate some historical event, as in the picture we have already mentioned, and the 'Death of Major Pierson,' also in the National Gallery. This last is probably his masterpiece. It would be improper to apply to it the epithet of great, but it is, unquestionably, a very fine picture. It is thoroughly and elaborately studied, the conception is dignified and in keeping with the importance of the subject, there are no conspicuous faults or blemishes, such as are often present in great pictures; and it may be said that nowhere, either in conception or realisation, in design or execution, in any part or passage, does it fall below a very high level of excellence and attainment. The picture at Buckingham Palace, of which we give a reproduction, is also a very pleasing specimen of his art.

Such an artist does honour to a school, and whatever rival claims between the respective governments of Great Britain and the United States may yet remain for adjustment, we trust that no ministry or minister will ever consent to surrender our claim upon John Singleton Copley as an English artist.

Before dealing with the remaining artists of repute who attained to the full honours of the Academy during the presidency of Reynolds we propose to devote a few words to three painters who, though they never inscribed their names on the roll of the Academicians, nor received the R.A. diploma, were, in the case of two, Stubbs and Wright, actually elected to the honour, and, in the case of Mortimer, only deprived of it by death. They are the only Associates elected during Reynolds' presidency who require more than a passing notice.

JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, A.R.A.,

was born at Eastbourne, Sussex, in 1741. His father sent him as a pupil to Hudson, but he soon tired of him and sought out Pine, the portrait painter; he also frequented the Duke of Richmond's gallery, where he drew under the guidance of Cipriani and Moser, but he does not appear to have followed the fashion of his time and to have betaken himself to Italy to finish his education.

At the outset he painted historical subjects, but after his marriage he seems to have relinquished them, with other dissipations to which he had before been addicted; and, retiring to Aylesbury, painted pictures with a moral tendency. In 1778 he returned to London, having in the early part of that year been elected an Associate, in spite of the fact that he had never exhibited at the Academy, and he would have been speedily raised to the full honour, but for his untimely death, which occurred in February, 1779. He was buried at High Wycombe, in Bucks, and a large picture by him of 'St. Paul preaching to the Britons' still hangs in the parish church of that town. The illustration we reproduce is taken from a picture by him recently presented to the Royal Academy, containing portraits of himself, J. Wilton, R.A., and a lad who used to sweep out the apartments of the Academy at Somerset House. This picture is well drawn and ably and solidly painted, but the colouring is rather harsh and inclined to blackness, and, in fact, throughout it lacks that indescribable something, that compound of sharpness and softness, of suavity and translucency, which are the sign manual of the true painter.

We must postpone our remarks on Stubbs and Wright until the next paper.

'NON ANGLI, SED ANGELI.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY MR. KEELEY HALSWELLE.

NO landscape painter ever began with a more decided intention of painting figures than did Mr. Keeley Halswelle some twenty years ago. The change, nevertheless, is not infrequent. The schools in which the young artist begins suggest the figure as the central point of study, and the more obvious and more romantic interest of subject and composition please the unfastidious young imagination. Moreover, ambition naturally inspires the beginner with the hope of making the highest success in the highest of all high Art—that which our fathers revered under the name of historical painting. Landscape, therefore, not uncommonly gets the second love. Mr. Keeley Halswelle painted Roman subjects—women and children with very large eyes and a more or less conventional kind of beauty—until the Roman skies led him to study the scenery of the clouds and of the earth they overshadow. Since then he has chosen his skies and landscapes chiefly in England. It may be remarked, by the

way, that students of the great world of cloud-forms, so much neglected just at present, would find their best subjects in Italy, and moreover in the Italian summer, in spite of the general prevalence of blue weather. Where there is most electricity the structure, movement, and relation of clouds are at their finest. In 'Non Angli, sed Angeli,' the painter has illustrated—what the story indeed dwells upon—the somewhat reverential admiration of the dark-haired races for the fair, and the celestial associations they attach to eyes that are merely blue. In his group to the right he has gathered representatives of the Rome of the fifth century, including, we presume, a specimen of the Jewish tribes, who shows in his tribal aloofness but a scornful curiosity for the new kinds of Gentiles thrown upon the markets of Rome. St. Gregory, when he made his important pun, had not yet been chosen to wear the tiara. But he bore the little English slaves long in his memory, for he was Pope when the mission of monks sailed at last for Kent.

PARIS COPYISTS.



EVERY great profession has its camp followers, and the camp of Art can boast of as varied a train as ever hung about the skirts of an Eastern conqueror. Chief and most respectable among these stragglers from the ranks of the main body are the great crowd of copyists, a laborious race, who find in copying a decent and even distinguished means of occupation, which while it secures them from the responsibility of individual effort, enables them to pose as artists before the general public.

For the public, or rather that section of it that speckles the shining floors of the great galleries, reckes little of trivial technical distinctions: to it the copyist is an artist in

his own right; it is given to him to be the representative of Art in its eyes, and it honours him accordingly. Long usage has taught him an indifference to the comments of lookers-on, which alone would suffice to raise him to the highest position in their esteem; and apart from the moral effect he produces, they find in his masterpieces a cleanliness and brilliancy quite lacking in the works he copies.

Though the present is very far from attempting to be an exhaustive treatise on copyists, it is well to retain even in the slightest inquiry the scientific method, and before entering into personal detail, some account of their common environment and habits must be given. Nowhere can this interesting type be studied more profitably than in Paris. The French public galleries set apart no special days for students; on Mondays only are they closed, for cleaning purposes, alike to painters and public, and for the rest of the week they are open free to all comers. A request for permission to copy, signed by an artist, or accompanied by a specimen of the applicant's work, must be presented at the bureau of the gallery, and is the only necessary preliminary. This permission is easily obtained; indeed, judging from some of the work, the degree of competency required is very slight.

What is of far more value than talent in the practical eyes of the authorities is carpet. The State readily grants permission to copy; it will lend an easel and stool, it will supply ladders and scaffolding for the more ambitious, but it demands that every copyist shall be provided with his own square of carpet or oil-cloth, on which to store himself and his paraphernalia. Not the most ingenious disposition of stools

and colour-boxes, nor, on the part of lady copyists, the most voluminous skirts, will serve to conceal from the *gardien* the absence of the safeguard that must interpose between the painter and the parquet. There are persons of a predatory sort who in this matter trust mainly to their powers of thieving from their neighbours, and many and virulent are the wars waged over the right of possession to some wholly disreputable rag, with but just enough of its original substance remaining to fulfil the requirements of the State.

There exists, however, a sort of cold tribal friendliness among these *habitués* of the galleries. The outsider may sometimes even notice instances of a chilled generosity in the exchange of "medium," or the loan of a "squeeze" of colour. The younger members of the clan stroll round at intervals and criticise their neighbours' work, and all unite on common ground in contemptuous dislike of the outside world. Dislike is perhaps rather too strong a word for the attitude they assume towards those who look at pictures without copying them. Their more positive antipathies are reserved for their natural foes, the *gardiens*: they merely despise the public.

The *gardiens* are the pictorial police, and in their official capacity are, it may broadly be asserted, both officious and



overbearing. The sketcher goes among them, a quiet stranger, filled with a laudable desire for knowledge, and armed only

with an unobtrusive pencil and note-book. But from room to room his steps are dogged, and all efforts at self-improvement—



and careful study of the great masters and their parasites may surely be ranked under that head—are instantly checked. A despicable habit of cloth slippers enables them to approach with a stealth and speed which it is impossible to evade, and the most furtive sketch is invariably detected and interrupted before more than a fragmentary outline has been jotted down. In the interests of succeeding sketchers a method may be indicated by which the few rough sketches which form the *raison d'être* of this article were made. By interleaving with drawing-paper one of the official catalogues of the Louvre it is possible to draw without interruption, the *gardiens* evidently believing that a harmless overflowing of enthusiasm for the pictures was being registered on the margins of the catalogue's pages. But the scheme cannot be recommended as thoroughly reliable, and the sketcher is warned that if he omits to glaze over his side glance at the copyist with a rapturous gaze at the painting he will probably find his sketch authoritatively stopped with the words "*Cessez ! Il ne faut pas caricaturer les personnages !*"

The relation of the painting to the painter is an interesting point to note. In such a gallery as the Louvre it is natural



to suppose that every artist would be able to select the subject nearest his soul, to find, in fact, his affinity. Arguing from 1890.

these premises, a vast field of surmise is opened to the observer. A little lady of the type generally described as "thoroughly domesticated," is seen engaged in reproducing a scene of horrid carnage, her reckless use of very expensive colours—such as crimson lake and carmine—showing how deeply her sympathies are engaged. Patriarchal old men devote themselves to the frivolous works of the early French school; while a young American girl is found cheerily beginning a life-sized copy of Titian's 'Entombment.'

Many of the *habitués* of the Louvre are old people who have spent a lifetime in copying. One of the familiar features of the galleries used to be an old man considerably over ninety, who had been for years copying the same picture. Tradition says that he started it when a comparative stripping of some seventy summers, and began by getting a considerable proportion of his subject on to his canvas; but as the years drew on a habit of incessant slumber grew upon him, and it is likely that that immemorial copy still



awaits completion, resting with its much daubed face against the wall of one of those dark passages whose mysteries are known only to the *gardiens* and the spiders.

Among copyists small stoutish ladies, of somewhat advanced years, abound. It would be interesting to ascertain what caused the first Bohemian stirrings to agitate their decorous bosoms, and induced them to leave homes, of whose quiet propriety their appearance is sufficient evidence, for the cold publicity of the big galleries. As a class, it is not too sweeping to say that these ladies paint very badly, and with a manner devoid of enthusiasm. It hardly seems possible that they find copying a money-making trade; and yet they have not the air of persons who work for pleasure. They select singularly dull subjects for reproduction, and toil at their chalky Madonnas and morbid purple-blue Greuzes with an industry that would be ludicrous if it was not touching.

A description of one of the sisterhood sufficiently expresses the type, as it is one that admits of but slight variation.

This special example was a small depressed lady, above whose anxious face towered waveringly a tall funereal hat,



much overweighted by a fortuitous decoration of bows. A hampering black mantle grudgingly permitted her little fat red hands and arms to emerge from among its heavy folds, and its jetted fringe swept the colours on a palette not much bigger than a postage stamp. Though copying a life-sized Murillo on a large canvas, she used a brush that matched the palette in size; but the difficulty of covering the canvas was obviated by a steady dabbing action, which—on the principle



of the coral insect—slowly but surely deposited a solid mud-like coating over the canvas.

The Luxembourg, as an essentially modern gallery, has a

very different class of copyists from the interesting fossils who chiefly frequent the Louvre. In the heart of the Quartier Latin, it is generally full of young Art-students of most civilised nationalities, amongst whom, as in the studios, the large proportion of Norwegians, Finns, Northlanders generally, and of Americans, is one of the most prominent features. At the Louvre the French element, especially among the lady copyists, holds its own. At the Luxembourg by far the greater proportion of the ladies are foreigners; independent, resolute young women, who take up an uncompromising stand before the picture of their choice, and resent the least attempt at encroachment. Full of a strenuous energy, they look neither to the right nor to the left, and they only indicate their opinion of their weaker male brethren by the severity that marks any unavoidable intercourse with them.

The young men are a more light-hearted class, the exube-



rance of their spirits finding a vent in constant conversation. Each worker has generally two or three friends clustered round him, all talking loudly, and decorated with so amazing a variety of head-gear that the doubts often thrown upon the sanity of hatters blossom in the bystander's mind into sudden conviction.

On the whole, the average standard of copying work at the Luxembourg appears to be higher than that at the Louvre. The subject of Modern Painters as opposed to the Old Masters is too formidable a one to be ventured upon here; but, judging from the results, it is a question if the former do not inspire the more vigorous and direct manner of painting. Those who copy their work have no discouraging traditions of colours whose secret is for ever lost to contend against. It is not necessary to glaze the canvas with Prus-

sian blue and then bury it in the garden in order to obtain the tone of delicate decay that is admired in the copy. Enthusiasts have been known to rub oil and bitumen over a finished piece of work, and then, while the canvas is still wet, proceed to the extreme measure of sweeping their studios. This method will generally insure a crusted gloom equal to that of any mediæval gem, but it must be conceded that it lacks sincerity.

It is obvious that in copying modern paintings such artifices are useless, neither mud baths nor temporary interment avail anything, and what is called "an approximate effect" cannot be excused on the plea of lost colours, or the lack of the golden varnish of time. The younger school of copyists seem to have realised this fact; their "attack"—to borrow a phrase from music—has an honesty of intention which commands respect, and there is a good deal to be said for their theory that if copying is only looked on as a means to an end, it is better to try to acquire the technique of a first-rate modern painter than to grope in the dark after a lost arcana, for an effect that cannot reasonably be expected to develop itself for some centuries.

It might have been well to have given more practical details of the amount of copies made in the year, of the average number of copyists of the most copied pictures, and other similar facts; but in these slight sketches of a great branch of the painting trade, nothing more serious is at-

tempted than the recording of casual impressions received



from visits made, in the intervals of regular work, to the galleries.
E. GE. SOMERVILLE.

CHURCH FURNISHING AND DECORATION.*

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF TASTE AND COMMON-SENSE.



T. PANCRAS CHURCH, London, furnishes an illustration for an altar-piece to this my concluding article on Church Furniture and Decoration. It is in triptych form, the wood-work planned by Sir A. Blomfield, the decoration designed and carried out by Messrs. Buckeridge and Floyce (p. 269). It is often objected that wood and stone carving, when decorated with colour, look too

striking and gaudy to be pleasant. Of course they must do so, by contrast, however tastefully the colouring be done, if walls and roof and windows are quite bare and colourless. How is it possible then for the general effect to be harmonious? It is absurd to expect it. In these days, when nearly every lady imagines herself, or is imagined by uncritical friends, to be qualified to undertake church decoration, one shrinks from suggesting colour. That the danger is a very real one anybody can witness who has seen, for instance, the vestry of Folkestone parish church, as I saw it a few years ago, decorated in boudoir fashion with sprays of passion-flower or Virginia creeper; nor were the amateur efforts, I fear, confined to the

vestry. Though I recall such a fiasco as a warning, it should not be forgotten that not only the wood-work, but the walls also and the stone carving in the old churches glowed with colour. The building in which our fathers worshipped was at once Bible and Bollandus. On the wood-work the most brilliant and positive tints were employed, while the choice of colours in the distemper decoration of the walls was for the most part limited to simpler shades of ochre, red, and brown. The method was simplicity itself, the colouring matter being earth, the vehicle water, but for permanence it goes far to rival mosaic, and possesses a soft and mellow effect that the latter, from its very nature, cannot boast. Moreover, distemper has the negative advantage that if it is not good it may be painted over or scraped off without compunction, whereas the most unparadonably bad mosaic will be spared because of its costliness. I have seen much of modern mosaics and showy wall paintings, but never anything in appropriateness, beauty, and breadth of treatment to equal the old distemper decorations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—precious fragments, brought to light from beneath layers of whitewash, having survived through the very means that had been used to efface them. But apart from figure subjects, there are not a few modern examples of good diaper decoration, like that by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, *e.g.* on the walls of All Saints' Church, Cambridge.

There is a very fine diaper pattern on the chancel walls of St. Giles's Church, Oxford. In speaking of diaper, I do not mean a network of quatrefoils, monograms, and crosses, but

* Continued from page 215.

a series of wavy bands broken by big rosettes, which, though they seldom resemble either, for want of a better name we commonly call pines or pomegranates. A still simpler type of design, but not less effective for wall painting, may be noticed in the illustration at p. 270.

As in figures, so in diapers, the fewer colours the better, nothing being needed for the groundwork beyond the natural buff of the plaster wall-surface. It may here be observed that there is nothing to prevent ornament being later than the structure to which it is applied, but in the nature of things it cannot conceivably be anterior in style. Truism though this be, it is necessary to insist upon it. I know of no more flagrant instance of the violation of this primary law than the roof and walls of the choir of Trinity College Chapel at Cambridge, decorated within recent years in a manner apparently intended to be that of the thirteenth century, though the building itself is of the very latest Perpendicular, dating, in fact, from the reign of Queen Mary. While on the subject of roofs, I may mention that the low, almost flat roof of the Perpendicular period is the best, for the simple reason that a high-pitched roof is draughty, and makes the changes of temperature more keenly felt than a low roof. It was not, therefore, altogether enmity for the beautiful, certainly not desire for discomfort, that led the Puritans or the churchwardens of a past generation to cover in all open roofs with a plaster ceiling, and we must not think that when we have cleared them of whitewash, etc., nothing remains to be done. It repays well to have a roof properly decorated. A panelled roof, or a roof of parallel rafters, where the surface is much broken up, is comparatively easy to decorate. The greatest difficulty lies in filling a large cylindrical or flat space undivided by architectural lines or ribs. When the interior of

a vaulted roof has to be painted, the decoration should be planned on such a principle that the lines of the ornament may radiate from or converge towards the point of intersection of each groined vault. To treat a long roof as a kind of panorama is a method doomed to failure. A conspicuous instance of this is the nave roof of Ely Cathedral. Any one walking up the nave from the west towards the choir may, at the risk of twisting his neck, get a tolerably clear sequence of

pictures—but only let him attempt the process on his return. Every subject is then seen to be upside down, and an uncomfortable feeling of giddiness is imparted to the spectator. A ceiling is not really the proper place for pictures at all, and our mediæval forefathers knew better than to treat it so. The gross and muscular nudities of the Renaissance fill one with painful apprehension lest they should lose their balance and come crashing down out of the clouds that seem to support so inadequately their massive limbs. When figures are employed in painting roofs, they should be conventional and "imponderable abstractions," such as cherubim with outspread wings. No theatrical grouping should be attempted, but the same form repeated over and over again, purely as a piece of decoration accessory and subordinate to the architecture, so that, should a stray glance light on them, the eye may not be arrested or tempted by any elaboration or variety of



Window in the Old Parish Church of Brighton. By Mr. C. Kempe, representing S. Nicholas, under whose invocation the Church is dedicated.



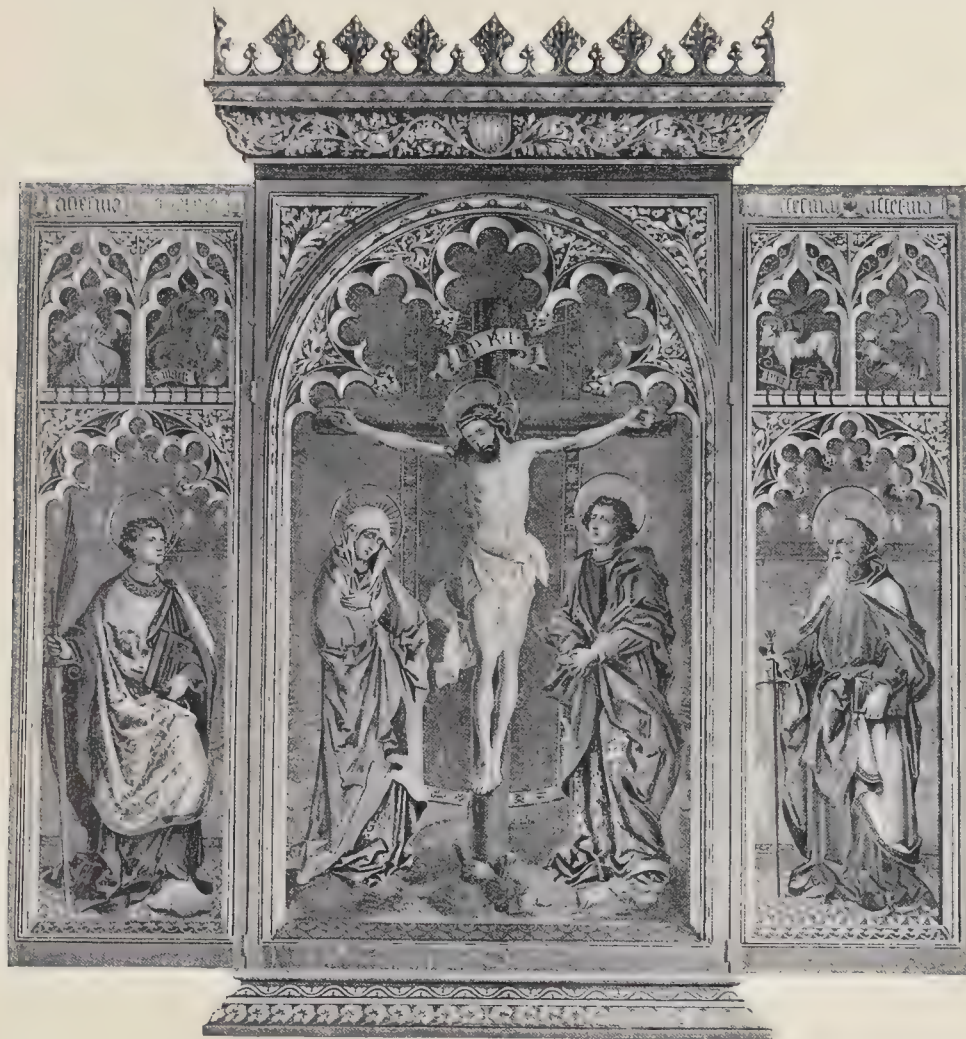
Window in the Old Parish Church of Brighton. By Mr. C. Kempe, representing S. Wilfrid, the Apostle of Sussex.

detail to peer from one figure to another in lengthy examination or curious attempt to identify the different subjects.

Opinions differ as to the æsthetic admissibility of pictures on church walls; but there can be no doubt that all easel pictures, realistically treated, with the illusion of high relief and of backgrounds showing gradations of distance and perspective, are out of place. Still more so are all obtrusive anatomical studies, effects in chiaroscuro, and exhibitions

of archaeological or historic accuracy. We should rigidly exclude all pictures not executed in the spirit of the early masters, Italian pre-Raphaelites, or northern pre-Holbeinities. We do not require to have our attention drawn to the technical acquirements or the research of the painter. In other words, the picture should be but a means to an end, not an end in itself. We want our devotion and faith aided

by emblematic figures suggesting to us holy personages or divine truths. The reverent mediæval artist conceived of Christ as the typical man of all humanity. It never occurred to him to narrow the universality of that type by painting Him with Jewish cast of features or in Oriental costume; or again, that the Mother of Jesus was a simple Hebrew peasant maid, that she never wore jewelled crown or rich brocaded stuffs



Altar-piece painted by Messrs. Bucheridge and Floyce, in Old St. Pancras Church.

was of no consequence at all. To the mediæval artist she was the ideal of womanhood, and therefore he diademed her, as the beloved of the nations, with the regallest glories he wot of; he arrayed her with divers coloured splendours of brodered robe and silken tissue, and set her on a high throne, with the fairest flowers blossoming continually together, irrespective of season, round her feet. In like manner

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the saints were regarded as types of character, no matter when or in what country they might have lived. Their pictures, therefore, were emblematical. St. George was the embodiment of chivalry. What if he never trod a literal dragon under foot? What though the martyrs did not carry about with them their palms or the instruments of their martyrdom, and though none had visible nimbi on their heads? Their

several insignia and attributes were neither arbitrary nor unmeaning, but in the space of one canvas told each one's own tale more delicately and more completely than a whole series of historic pictures, and appealed with a power and directness otherwise unattainable to the imagination and awe of the beholders. The same treatment obtained with groups as with single figure subjects. The angel Gabriel appearing to Mary represented not so much the act of the Annunciation in its external circumstances, which were comparatively unimportant, as the mystery of the Incarnation. All the details were fashioned for that primary purpose. The angel, winged to show him a celestial herald, bears in his hand an olive branch (as in Memmi's picture at the Uffizi Gallery), signifying that his work is to open the door of reconciliation, and help to revoke the stern fiat that of old time placed the angel with the flaming sword to bar the entrance to Paradise. The lily filly symbolises the virgin purity of Mary's life, while she is seated on an imperial throne as one on whose decision hinged the world's destiny. So in turn every subject was treated mystically, not realistically. The Adoration of the Magi portrays not so much the visit of the wise men to Bethlehem, as it is a figure of the breaking down of the old Jewish race privileges and the admittance of the Gentile world into covenant with God under the new dispensation. So the Magi are kings as the heads of their respective peoples, and are made in complexion and feature to represent the most diverse nationalities; or else (as in the frescoes of Gozzoli in the Riccardi Palace at Florence) three knights, the lad, he in his prime, and the old man, are an allegory of the allegiance that a man in every age of his life owes to his divine Lord. A picture of the infant Christ with the Madonna, showing Him, the new Adam, receiving an apple from the hand of the new and faithful Eve, is a book giving in one short chapter the whole history of the fall and redemption of mankind.

It follows, of course, that if our church paintings are of such a character as I have described, all those accessories, without which the ordinary oil painting is considered incom-

plete, are to be abjured—the gilt upholsteries, all rococo work, sham nets and ribbons, cornucopiae, bunches of fruits and flowers. The so-called "Oxford" frame—barbarous device—which enjoys a kind of semi-ecclesiastical distinction, is hardly less offensive. Pictures should not be tilted forward from the wall, but, as far as may be, imbedded as panels on the surface of the wall, so as to fit in with their architectural surroundings. The Stations of the Cross, a series of fourteen scenes in the Passion, seem to be increasingly used. Executed by hand, moulded or printed by various processes, they

are imported from the Continent in large quantities, but, whatever religious ends they may serve, as works of Art they can only fill one with dismay. None but foreign ones are to be had, no firm in this country having had the enterprise to publish any. I do not count Westlake's as an exception, for they are only published in black and white, and too small in scale to be of real use. Those kinds made in plaster or stucco relief are the worst. They present numberless surfaces for dust and dirt to settle on, wash badly, and are extremely brittle, so that they soon come to look shabby and out of repair. For the artist indeed it is no easy matter to maintain an even high standard of merit through an entire series of fourteen subjects, and, when they are executed, to buy the fourteen pictures straight off is a heavy drain on any man's purse. But why not do what has been done at St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens? The Stations there have been put up one by one, and though they are not absolutely perfect,

they are superior to any that I have ever seen.

It is a point of construction, not of decoration, but in nine cases out of ten an east window is a mistake. The glare of light, striking right in the eyes of any one facing the altar, is most unpleasant. It gives a blurred effect, and prevents the altar and other objects near it from being clearly seen. But an east wall, filled up as at All Souls, Magdalen, or at New College, at Oxford, the light being thrown from either side, not only gives rest to the eye, but also enhances the dignity and prominence of the altar. It seems strange to have to say it, but the object of a window is to admit light, not to obscure

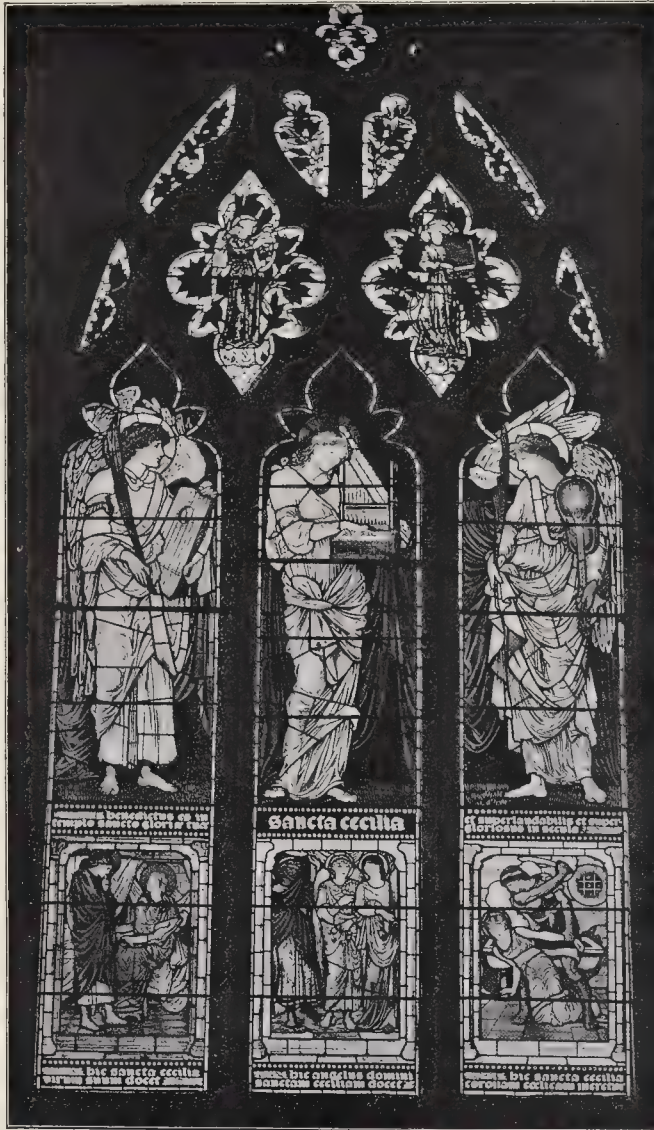


Woven Wool Tapestry. By Messrs. Morris & Co.

it. In southern countries, exposed to a glaring sun, the aim performance is to subdue the light. The windows are comparatively small in size, and in pattern kaleidoscopic. Thus we find that the earlier Norman buildings in this country, being directly derived from the Romanesque, have only the small windows of the parent style, and are very dark. But as a native architecture developed and gradually freed itself from foreign influence, it was found that, in a climate like ours, small apertures did not admit sufficient light. So then, with the growth of Pointed architecture, windows increased in size and importance and lightness, until they reached their crowning glory in the Perpendicular period. The best glass is three-parts, or at least two-thirds white. It is most unwise to imitate in modern glass those gaudy little medallions, crude in drawing and cruder still in colour, that we all know so well, much-admired examples of which are to be seen in the windows round the choir at Canterbury. Neither should one subject be extended over several lights divided by mullions, except in very rare cases, e.g. a tree of Jesse, or where the group is of a nature that admits of simple division, like the Annunciation, when the two figures may fitly occupy separate lights without the unity of the subject being destroyed. Each light should be

as far as possible complete in itself, connected with the rest only by community of scheme or motive. New College Chapel, at Oxford, contains at the same time some of the richest-coloured old glass and some of the worst modern glass to be

seen anywhere. The choir windows, for which I imagine Wyatt to be responsible, are bad enough, but the large west window of Sir Joshua Reynolds is a model of all that a window should not be. To begin with, it is not of pot-metal at all, but is simply enamelled on the surface of colourless glass. The mullions are there because he could not help them, but in the composition he has defied them as far as he could. Without the depth and power imparted by lead-lines, the window is merely a drabby translucent picture, having none of the brilliancy, transparency, nor indeed any other beautiful quality of ancient glass. Its one use is to serve as a foil—though they need none—to the other windows in the same ante-chapel, magnificent glass, exquisite in drawing, and in colour unrivalled. The architectural character of windows is a very important point.



Window in Oxford Cathedral. Designed by E. Burne-Jones, and executed by Morris & Co., representing St. Cecilia with attendant Angels, and Scenes from the Life of the Saint below.

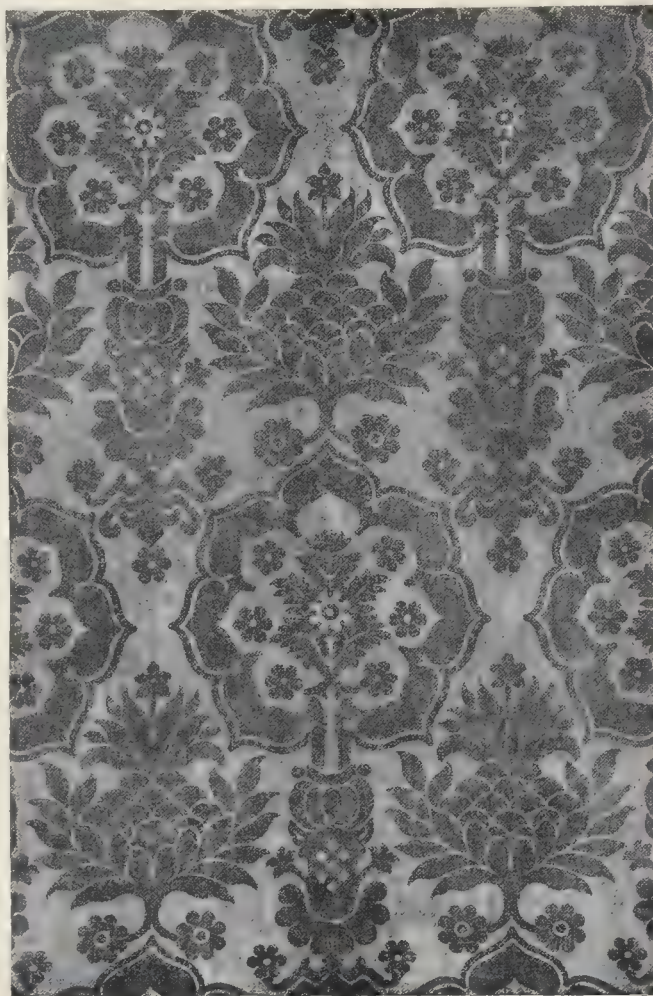
An earlier style of glass should never be inserted in a later stonework. Who has not felt even the surpassing beauty of the cloisters at Gloucester to be dimmed by the insertion of (sham) decorated glass in some of the perpendicular traceries?

The canopy is a very beautiful feature in glass. Nothing can be compared, for grace and fitness, with a single figure against an architectural or diapered drapery background, standing beneath a towering canopy, mainly of white and yellow stained glass, in which the mysterious intricacy of crocketed pinnacle and flying buttress rises tier above tier to the very summit of the light. Unfortunately he does not employ canopies, otherwise glass designed by Mr. Burne-Jones, and executed by Messrs. Morris & Co., is beyond compare the finest modern glass. Indeed, I am not sure that the Burne-Jones-Morris windows in the Cathedral at Oxford, or in Jesus College Chapel at Cambridge, are equalled even by old glass. After Morris & Co. is Mr. C. Kempe, particularly happy in the use he makes of spoilt ruby. His canopies also are peculiarly rich and graceful. Mr. Selwyn Image, too, has designed some glass of great character and beauty.

Nothing looks worse than a church filled with stained windows by miscellaneous glass-makers of varying degrees of merit and demerit. In an old church where there are any remaining fragments of the former glass they should be carefully preserved. If enough is left (which, however, will rarely be the case) to reconstruct the window or windows from the indications they furnish, it should certainly be done; and a guide and standard for the remaining windows will be thus given without further difficulty. It is always best, however, to have a fixed plan drawn up by a competent artist, showing how all the windows are eventually to be filled, and then, when prospective donors of

windows arise, they can be given their choice of the different windows in the plan, until all are completed. Great tact is needed in dealing with would-be benefactors, who in offering windows, or indeed any object to a church, often think to kill two birds with one stone, to lend a helping hand to some struggling protégé, and at the same time to erect a standing monument to their own piety or generosity. It is no easy

matter to prevail upon them all to give the right thing, but it can be done. Often it is mere ignorance, or shyness in asking what is really wanted, that makes people present useless objects; and for fear of hurting their feelings the clergy often accept the most objectionable offerings for their churches. But it is obvious that there are many things which could under no circumstances be accepted, and such that no vicar could be blamed for refusing—things which he must refuse, whether he wounds tender feelings or not. It is clear then that the incumbent possesses, and ought to exercise, a rigid censorship of every offering in kind made to the church of which he has the charge. The way, then, for the people to know what to give and what not, is for



Printed Velvet. By Mr. Thomas Wardle, of Leek.

the vicar and an artist (not an amateur nor a lady) to draw up together from the two points of view of religion and of taste, a list of objects wanted for the complete furnishing and decoration of the church. This list may then be put up in a conspicuous place, the objects being merely named, full information and particulars offered on inquiry. Then in a private interview between the vicar and the benefactor the matter can be fully discussed and an agreement assured.

AYMER VALLANCE.

THE EXHIBITION OF CERAMIC ART AT ROME, 1889.

THERE is naturally some diversity of opinion respecting the utility of general and universal exhibitions. Possibly too much was expected from them; certainly the anticipations of their promoters in the past have been scarcely realised in the case of Industrial Art. Something of their

failure may have arisen from the difficulty of classifying an almost unlimited collection of the different arts; more perhaps that with the majority of visitors the impressions follow each other so rapidly as to be mutually destructive, and this being known to the exhibitors, they too frequently sacrifice intrinsic beauty of design while striving after striking effect. Therefore, seeing the very doubtful advantages of these gigantic gatherings, it must be considered that the artistic authorities of Rome are acting judiciously in promoting biennial exhibitions of special departments of Industrial Art. And they are particularly to be commended for including examples of the Art of the past, as well as the productions of the present day. The Exhibition has thus a genuine intelligent interest for many classes. It affords valuable material for the student of Art history; it sets before the general public a presentation of a special branch of Art, which can be traced through its various stages without fatigue; and it offers to the practitioner examples of the masterpieces of his art, which he can compare with his own work; and the lessons thus learnt are likely to make a lasting impression. The system has

only been instituted within the past few years, too short a period to judge of its results; but there is little doubt that it will exercise a valuable influence on the public taste, and also be of the greatest service in raising the standard of excellence in the various artistic industries of Italy. Exhibitions of this nature are not so showy as some of our

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English exhibitions, nor do they give occasion for such a flourish of trumpets: the important question, however, is, which will be more likely to promote the permanent interests of the arts of the respective countries?

The courts of the Exhibition at Rome showing the Art of

the past, contained cases of Greek and Italian terra-cotta vases, terra-cotta figures, and architectural ornaments; examples of Persian, Rhodian, and Damascus wares, and, naturally, a considerable quantity of Italian majolica; the representation terminating with the art of Dresden and Capodi Monte. It is perhaps doubtful whether the Committee of Management acted judiciously in including glass and enamel in the Exhibition. We should have thought that, considering the wealth of Italian collectors in this direction, ample materials would have been found for a separate exhibition, taking also into account that the modern manufactories of glass in Italy would furnish a large contribution. As it is, the small groups of ancient glass dispersed among the cases, although including some beautiful specimens, failed to produce their due effect. In the department of ancient terra-cotta vases the most important series was that of Prince Torlonia, who sent his well-known collection of vases of all periods, including many examples of great beauty. Prince Odescalchi's collection of Tanagra figures was represented by only one example, that being the seated

Venus. The dainty little figure occupied a place by itself in the centre of the room devoted to antique Art, its fresh delicate flesh tints being relieved against the sombre hues of a case of Etruscan terra-cottas of antifixes and other architectural details, excavated at Cervetri, and exhibited by the Fratelli Jacobini. Unfortunately their artistic value has been destroyed by a



Fourteenth-Century Glass Cup. Exhibited by Sig. Torquato Castellani.

wholesale restoration, both in the form and colour. The Archæological Commissioners of the municipality of Rome



Caffaggiolo Plate. Exhibited by Sig. Torquato Castellani.

filled two large cases with ancient objects found, we presume, within the city. There were terra-cotta reliefs and vessels, Roman and Christian glass, together with an extensive series of lamps. Gatherings like these especially need explanatory labels, indeed the two cases might even have had a separate catalogue;* failing to furnish either the one or the other, their interest was much lessened for the majority of the visitors. The Comm. A. Castellani filled a large case with specimens of ancient glass, terra-cottas, and a shelf of large vases of stately form, one bearing some important archaic decoration in black upon a light ground.

The post of honour in the majolica room was given to the truly superb pieces contributed by the Casa Barberini. The principal object was a large deep bowl, or *jardinière*, supported by a couple of grandly modelled satyrs, worthy of Cellini; a grotesque mask of the same character forming the central ornament of each of their sides. The interior is decorated with a pictorial representation of a fight of Roman galleys. There were bottle-shaped vases, the bottom of a large dish in the form of a tortoise (the cover, we believe, is at the Louvre), with a naked child, which may well have been designed by Raphael, depicted in the inside, and half-a-dozen magnificent plates with well-known Raphael-esque subjects, as the 'Marriage of Alexander and Roxana,' and the 'Choice of Paris.' All these vessels have been de-

corated by the best Urbino artists, and are masterpieces of drawing and deep, rich colouring; in fact, they represent the most powerful effort achieved by the Art of Urbino. Two other cases completed the representation of the Barberini collection, one filled with Oriental porcelain, in blue and white, the other containing last-century European wares,

including a selection of Capo di Monte figures of the best period. Cav. Vincenzo Funghini evidently aims at forming a representative collection of the fifteenth and sixteenth-century Italian wares, some of his early Caffaggiolo jugs being even of the fourteenth century. We give an illustration of one of his fifteenth-century plates, which he classes with Diruta ware, but which we should have been more inclined to think came from Pesaro. The subject is painted in pale blue for the rider, olive-green for the horse; the ornament on the lip, enclosing the central design, is in bright green. An Oriental influence is here very apparent, the artist having been inspired by Persian or Damascus plates that had found their way into Italy. Two of Cav. Funghini's Diruta plates are decorated with designs by Raphael, one being the same as that found in a drawing at Oxford, representing a woman and a child. His collection also includes four specimens of the rare but never remarkably artistic Medicean porcelain. Signor Torquato Castellani's case was distinguished by a variety of objects, all of high character. The fourteenth-century glass Murano cup (see illustration) is brilliant in colour and naïve in design. The fifteenth-century Caffaggiolo plate, of which we also give an illustration, is distinguished for the vigorous drawing of animals in its



Majolica Plate. Exhibited by Cav. Vincenzo Funghini.

* There was the usual delay in the publication of the general catalogue, which probably appeared when the Exhibition was closing. The only cure for this intolerably vicious habit, will be for the Minister to forbid the opening of the Exhibition until the catalogue is printed and ready for sale.

quaintly conceived hunting scene. These two choice examples were accompanied by some admirable antique vases,

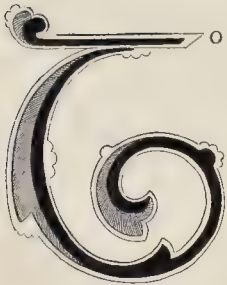
terra-cottas, Maestro Giorgio plates, a rare Cinque-cento Venetian vase in majolica, and other wares. The Museo Artistico Industriale of Rome filled one end of the room with tiles of various epochs, valuable as models of design, together with a varied collection of Italian pottery, the principal piece being a Maestro Giorgio plate signed "*M. G. Daugubie*," and bearing in the centre the arms of Cardinal Antonio Ciochi del Monte, Conte di Monte S. Savino, uncle of Pope Giulio III. It is in fine condition and splendid in ruby lustre. The ground of the ornamentation in the border is a rich blue. This superb plate was recently purchased by H.M. the King of Italy, and by him presented to the Museum.

We have said enough to indicate the character of the examples of the past Art in the Exhibition. We may perhaps be permitted to suggest that at future shows it would be desirable in the interests of students to arrange the objects according to their different classes, and in chronological order. We are inclined to think that with a people so public spirited as the Italians, and also so devoted to the true interest of Art, the contributors, if properly appealed to, would permit their collections to be dispersed during the time of the exhibition. The Italian Exhibition of 1887 at London has familiarised the British

public with the modern pottery of the Peninsula, it is therefore unnecessary to describe it on this occasion. We may mention, however, that the Marquis Ginori sent specimens of the fabric made at his establishment from its commencement in 1735; collectors might value the earlier pieces on account of their sobriety of colour more than those of to-day. The case of Signor Torquato Castellani's modern majolica has a regretful interest, since he has ceased to practise the art. His uncle, the Comm. G. Castellani, contributed a number of large dishes and vases of bold and vigorous design, the colour of those in brown and umber being particularly good. Especially worthy of notice was the court filled with the works of the pupils of the National School of Pottery at Naples, which, under the direction of Signor Palizzi, bids fair to produce really fine work, if only he can eradicate the tendency to extravagance and realistic puerilities which break out, for instance, in the vase of basket-work, having modelled fish hanging about it. But the large majority of the examples are pure in outline, with the ornamentation well designed and carefully drawn, and, what is so rare in modern Italian pottery, colour that is delicate and brilliant, and free from violent contrasts.

HENRY WALLIS.

SIGHT AND MEMORY IN RELATION TO ART.



GOLD in the memory that which has been seen by the eye long enough for the hand to create a semblance of it, is obviously the first subjective faculty required by the artist. Reduced to its final cause this is broadly what all imitative art originates in. Whether he be painter, sculptor, or sketcher merely, it is clear that while the artist's eye is directing

his hand he is exercising his memory for the moment; inasmuch as at that moment he is not looking at the object or observing the fact he is endeavouring to perpetuate either with paint, crayon, or clay, it is clear that he must be carrying in his mind for the time being the impression made on his sight. Now on the power he possesses of extending this effort of the memory to a greater or less degree largely depends the facility with which he can turn to good account such technical skill as he has at his command. Only by the aid of this mysterious gift of mental retention can he make use wisely and accurately of such imagination as nature has endowed him with. Nay, without the exercise of this power in its minutest degree, he cannot delineate anything; he cannot draw at all, in fact, any more than a child can speak, if it cannot repeat after its tutor the sound of the word dog or cat. Just, however, as the child can be taught to exercise its memory to the extent of repeating half a dozen consecutive words in their proper sequence, and so on to half a dozen consecutive sentences, and finally whole pages of sentences, so can the memory of the artist be trained to carry in it whole sequences of facts, objects, and effects. The

training of the memory is therefore indispensable to the painter or sculptor, and he is in a fair way of becoming an accomplished artist who, whilst endowed with natural graphic gifts, can cultivate his memory to a high state of perfection; at any rate no great artist ever had a deficient memory.

Yet we are told that up to quite recently in this country little attention has been paid to the training and exercise of this same faculty in schools of Art, and that even to this day there exists a school, and that a leading one, where it is still neglected. Mr. Stacy Marks, in the admirable little preface to his 'Bird Show' at The Fine Art Society's, thus delivers himself: "Bitterly have I lamented the want in my earlier artistic education of being set to draw objects in motion, or to cultivate the memory for forms and lines. And here I must make a protest against the way in which drawing is ordinarily taught in schools and academies. In my time at least no attempt was ever made to train the memory, and I can conceive of no system more baneful, or one more ingeniously contrived to teach a student how *not* to draw in the larger sense, than setting him down before an antique statue and allowing him to spend weeks and even months in its delineation."

Mr. Marks' experience is not exceptional, as almost any student of drawing, professional or amateur, of his period will testify. For instance, to take the lowest form of instruction, not one drawing-master out of a dozen, at either a young gentlemen's academy or young ladies' seminary, ever thought of making the pupils do a *recollection* of the simplest lithographic copy of cottage, trees, windmill, shipping, what not. And yet unless some such rudimentary attempt be encouraged, no matter whether the subject that has been studied is from the flat or the round, the first step towards cultivating the artistic memory is neglected. Without some such training

none but the extremely gifted will be capable, or will ever think of attempting, to make what is called a drawing out of their own heads, no matter how well stored that crown of the human edifice may be with imaginary facts, or facts acquired by constant copying and observation. No matter how well a child may copy the lithographic or pencil example set before it, it will not be able to reproduce the faintest semblance of that copy from memory unless encouraged to do so at first by the reproduction of the simplest lines, and so on by degrees to the more complex. Thus much may be safely asserted, but when we come to students on a more advanced scale, students, that is, capable of drawing accurately any stationary objects at which they are gazing, we find their difficulties intensified a thousandfold. To wit they are all but incapable of giving an idea by outline of a figure or animal in motion. In fact they cannot convey the appearance of action of any kind, for it goes without saying that as all action is momentary, a semblance of it can only be reproduced from memory, the memory of what has been seen. It stands to reason that if they have not been trained to remember the forms of stationary objects, so as to represent them with some degree of accuracy in the absence of the original at which they have been looking perhaps for hours while delineating it, they are not likely to be capable of representing a movement which they have seen only for an instant. Untrained in this respect they can only draw what is actually before them; "in the larger sense" they cannot draw at all, for as Mr. Marks says, they have only been taught "how *not* to draw."

Nor is the case altered when sight and memory are considered in their relation to landscape art. On the contrary, it becomes an imperative necessity for the landscape painter to work from memory. Without it his labours are most restricted, and from this reason it would seem that he undergoes a far better training than the figure painter. Unless this were so, it is not too much to say that we should never have had any of the magnificent pictures which make such names as Turner, Constable, Cox, and the like, household words in the world of Art. No, nor even any of the thousands of sketches, simple or elaborate, which serve to recall the beauties of nature in her multitudinous variety of aspects. How otherwise could have been preserved the transient beauties of sky and sea? What would have become of the sunsets, the wind-whirled storm-rent clouds, the ever-moving mists, now hiding, now revealing the hill-sides and mountain crests, the passing shower, the shifting shadows? What of the tumbling waves upon the shore, the mighty billows bursting into myriad foam-flakes and spray against the opposing rock, and the rippling, swirling eddies—indeed, of all the ceaseless, changing effects presented by the elements in every mood, not to speak of the moving human incidents consequent thereon? Were it not for the landscape painter's memory, apart from his graphic technical ability in imitating what he sees, we could have none of these things. The fact is so self-evident that it seems superfluous to insist on it; yet after Mr. Marks's experience one would fancy that from the very circumstance of its being so self-evident, it is generally overlooked in the English artist's training—at least in the figure painter's.

One is also tempted to ask, in connection with this subject, if due consideration be always given to the influence which the physical difference in sight must have on the quality or style of the student's workmanship? That the eye must be quick and the power of observation keen, of course is under-

stood; but since quick eyes and keen observation exist both in long and short-sighted people, such difference as we find in the detailed finish of pictures may be attributed largely to this physical difference of the artist's vision. The sight which is long and searching inevitably sees much more than does that which is short. In the latter case greater emphasis will be laid on all the broad and leading features of a subject than in the former; or at least it appears to be so, because they are less interfered with, less cut up by small details, which are not seen indeed by the short sight until very carefully sought for, and therefore never receive so much attention from the painter. The long sight usually sees too much, and consequently it may be supposed, at least in sketching, a very long sight is not an advantage. The salient lines, the forms and masses, the blocks of light and shade, etc., which really tell the story, so to speak, are not caught with the same rapidity by the long sight as by the short. The short-sighted eye, which has to look deeply into the subject to find the minutest facts, at first only sees the larger.

To rightly balance these physical variations in the power of seeing is not the least of the difficulties which the tyro has to contend with. Until he has acquired the art of seeing justly, he will not know precisely how much or how little he has to omit or to retain for his purpose. He is not conscious of the relative value of things either to one another or to the whole. Until, in a word, he can make his natural physical gifts subservient to his mental, he cannot produce entirely satisfactory work. He will be led away, inevitably, in one direction or another; he will be tempted to realise detail to the sacrifice of the broad general effect, or he will do the reverse, according to the character of his sight.

In this way, perhaps, we may account for the exaggeration of those two very opposite methods—Impressionism and Pre-Raphaelitism. According to the spectacles, as it were, through which nature is seen, will brush or pencil interpret her. It is fair to conclude that, in the first instance, Impressionism must have arisen at the hands of very short-sighted people—people whose optic discs could only reflect to their brain the merest idea or impression of a scene or object; whilst none but those endowed with strong, far-reaching, and microscopic eyes could have produced some of the marvelously finished works of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school. That extremes of this kind should give rise to affectation, and establish for a while a fashion, is inevitable; but the followers of either school, who are only induced to take it up by such considerations, do not count in the argument. Empiricism in these cases is unavoidable, and does not affect the fundamental question, or the really honest thinkers and believers.

Be this as it may, however, the training of the artist's judgment in the use he makes of his natural gifts is all-essential: and it will be quite legitimate for him to adopt any artificial means that will aid him to counteract such of these gifts as are disqualifications. The long-sighted, to wit, may often, with advantage, blur the vision slightly by allowing the eyelid to droop somewhat, so that, with the half-shut eye, excess of detail may be lost, whilst, on the other hand, a field or other glasses have to be used, that some, or as much as is wanted, of detail shall be perceived. Especially in landscape painting this may be done. Processes of this kind, if not scientific, are exceedingly practical, and often produce results not otherwise attainable.

But again to revert to the use and training of the memory. By the habit of exercising it to look at things broadly to begin

with, immense facility is gained in the art of catching the action of rapidly moving objects. The eye which is accustomed to take in at first only such lines as express most forcibly "the go" of a galloping or trotting horse, of a walking or running man, the rise and dip of a boat, the swaying of a sail or tree, the curve and swirl of a breaking wave, or gusty sky, or what not, will have acquired a graphic facility of the highest value. It is just this power which makes the brilliant sketcher; and in so far as "impressionism" leads to such a result, it may be counted as a valuable school, precisely as Pre-Raphaelitism was valuable in the opposite direction, viz., in inducing students to treat the beauties of minute and stationary objects with becoming reverence. The mistake is to maintain that the one style or the other is the only right one; to suppose that either "Impressionism" or Pre-Raphaelitism is the be-all and end-all of Art. They are but means to an end, that end being completeness. Impressionism leaves off where a score of difficulties begin, and Pre-Raphaelitism, in its search for the smaller truths, skims over and fails to catch the larger, such as suggestion of space and the pliancy or mobility of nature. Each has its merits and beauties, but each is only a step towards the goal, a step towards the true adjustment of the balance. That disciples and partisans of either school should insist on theirs and theirs alone being the only true one is natural enough, remembering that in all probability (unless they are solely guided by affectation) their predilections are largely governed by the physical characteristics of their sight, for it may be taken as granted that there are few short-sighted Pre-Raphaelites or very long-sighted Impressionists: and not until they rationally commingle and both by experience have matured their higher intelligence, and through it corrected or held in check their natural impulses, so as to understand what is necessary, do they come to produce entirely satisfactory work—that is, entirely complete and finished works of Art.

The foregoing reference to the galloping horse, etc., suggests that a word might be said in conclusion as to the capacity of even the quickest sight in enabling the memory to hold what has been seen. Photography, by its recently discovered ability to arrest in mid-career the action or movement of an animal or object so as to far exceed the capability of the sharpest sight, has revealed facts hitherto undreamed of. Hitherto the effect of a horse at full gallop has been produced by drawing him with his front and hind legs stretched out as though for the instant all four feet were off the ground, whereas the camera shows that such is never the case, and that his action at full speed is really very different to that by which the artist expresses the idea of it. Yet we may venture to doubt, if it were delineated precisely as it is, it would convey the idea of the galloping motion,

simply because the human eye is not as swift to see as the artificial one of the photographer's lens.

On the same principle, the rapid rotatory motion of a locomotive or carriage wheel is suggested by the draftsman by blurring the form of the spokes because they are blurred in their effect upon our optics as we watch it spin past. That is how we see it; but the camera sees infinitely more. The vision of that wonderful instrument is so incalculably sharp that it defies the utmost speed of rotation to blur the spokes to its all-searching gaze. Each separate one of them is reflected and reproduced as clearly as if the wheel were at a standstill, the consequence being that to our comparatively dull senses the wheel has lost all effect of revolving. These examples are sufficient to show that the mind, therefore, does not grasp what the eye fails to detect, and hence we have confirmation of the fact sometimes disputed by purists and fanatical realists, that the graphic art has only to deal with things as they seem rather than as they actually are. The memory cannot retain what has never been confided to it by the sight, and consequently no demand is made upon it to reproduce that which if it were reproduced would not be recognised as the truth. Whether or not our ideas of the truth, as in the case of the galloping horse to wit, are derived from a certain sluggishness of observation begotten to some extent from a conventional or inherited tendency to accept the outstretched front and hind legs as the real appearance the action presents to our eye, is a question perhaps. And whether or not hereafter a more strictly accurate delineation of the motion will not supplant our present conventional notion is another question. Artists are already beginning to set us right on this point, and although the hints derived from the camera which they are beginning to put into practice, strike us as queer and odd at the first blush, it remains to be seen whether the mind will not gradually become sufficiently enlightened to demand the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and to regard the present outstretched legs, etc., as a fiction and an error no longer to be endured. The chances are that it will, and that the draftsman will thus further add to his function of instructor by teaching us to look at the motion of figures and objects with far keener and shrewder eyes than has been our habit hitherto.

Apart from these questions, however, it cannot be disputed that the artist's memory should receive a training and cultivation that should readily enable him to perpetuate whatever his eye perceives. When he can perpetuate it, he can use it or not, according to the necessity of his subject. How or why this vital element in his education has been overlooked or disregarded in our academies and schools is incomprehensible.

W. W. FENN.

NUNGATE OF HADDINGTON.

THE interest that attaches to Nungate of Haddington is not of an ordinary kind. It is not famous, nor is it beautiful. Nor is it at all to be compared in age with many of the places near. Indeed, it is not a place that requires respectful treatment. It is dirty and malodorous beyond belief; it is half ruinous, and of no repute whatever. If you went to Haddington and lived in the Nungate thereof you would be considered almost beyond the pale of decent society. For the Nungate is to Haddington what Seven Dials is to London, and the Cowgate to Edinburgh. Yet were Nungate to improve itself, each step upward would be, from my point of view, more fatal than its predecessor, till the whole culminated in complete artistic suicide. If that day should come in my lifetime, I may still visit Peckham Rye and Brixton, and the new streets that lie in bewildering variety of rawness

between Willesden and Kilburn; but Nungate of Haddington shall know me no more.

Let me take the reader there and show him where the interest lies. About twelve miles from Edinburgh, on the Berwick line, there is a very small junction called Longniddry. The through express trains for the south make no account of it whatever, pass it by with "snort dubious," and with much shrieking of whistles and scattering of dust, and general disdainful clamour. But the local trains stop here and you alight, and with half-a-dozen or so other people get into a little local train, and go at a most leisurely pace through between four and five miles of as good and well-cultivated corn-land as you have ever seen in your life, intermixed with patches of wood, and labourers' houses and farm-steadings and mansions, with a circle of hills in the near distance, till you



Nungate Bridge, Haddington.

reach Haddington, which (let us assume) all the world knows to be the county town of East Lothian.

Of Haddington itself I shall say as little as I can; but its situation merits a word of description, since it also is the situation of Nungate. It lies deep in a hollow of the hills, and through it flows gently and sinuously the River Tyne. No doubt you see it from the hills—a part of it, for there are many trees mixed with it, and in summer time their leaves well-nigh hide the houses. The hills are not rocky and terrible, but great rounded masses of a mild disposition, suffering the plough far up their slopes. These are the great features in a landscape which, without them, would be indeed monotonous. They are "everlasting," no doubt, but they seem ever changing. Sometimes they look quite close, and gather round the very precincts of the town, as if they were about to invade and crush it. Then in other lights they

recede into the far distance. Occasionally they are lost in mist, but then there is something wanting till they appear again. Then their colour varies not merely from season to season, but from day to day. Such are the Lammermoors to Haddington and Nungate of Haddington.

Now, if you come down from the railway station, you will first pass through the best part of the town. Here there are county and burgh buildings, houses, I might even say mansions, with pleasant gardens; nay, there are also statues. But all these attractions are not for us. Go farther, till the houses become nearer, and you reach the river-side. Here there is the old church, *Lucerna Laudoniae* (though the local antiquary denies its claim to the title), but even that is only indirectly to be noticed. You have come to the end of Haddington proper, but across the water there is a mass of houses, old, ruinous, and crowded together. That is Nungate, and

its great interest is simply this, that it is by far the most perfect specimen of an old Scottish town that I know of. All the quaint and almost vanished features of old Scotch town architecture are to be met with there in profusion, and there is hardly anything else. That came about, I imagine, in this way. A long time ago, perhaps about the time of the Reformation, or the union of the crowns, Nungate was quite a respectable place, and even fairly thriving and well-to-do, with some approach to manufactures therein. Then its houses, as we know them, were built. As for its narrow streets and lanes and passages, I would put them down to a much earlier period. It seems difficult to think that even three hundred years ago they would have been so sparing of

space. But the houses followed the old lines of street, and for their time they must have been really good houses. However much they may have been divided internally, yet externally they are of fair dimensions. They are solidly constructed, with great thick walls. In fact, they were built to last on as they have lasted. The years rolled by, but they left hardly a mark on Nungate of Haddington. But little that happened then was impressed on written record, or preserved in the memory of man and handed down through tradition. But I suppose a certain level to have been kept up till the rising of 1745. A great change came on Scottish life after that—a change so great that perhaps the Scotsman of to-day scarcely realises it. The wealth of the country grew with



Bothwell Castle.

ever-increasing rapidity, and people very soon changed their habits, and of course their houses. It was then that Nungate fell behind in the race. The better-class folk migrated to Haddington, and the place went by swift gradation from bad to worse. I suppose that up to 1745, or thereabouts, the houses in Haddington were like the houses in Nungate, but they soon began to go. Even twenty-five years ago there were some curious ones that have since gone, and a few yet exist; but in Nungate it has been worth nobody's while to pull down and rebuild, and scarcely worth while to repair. A house is let for some trifling rent; small as is the rent, it is difficult enough to exact; and if the house won't let, then the windows are boarded up and the place goes to ruin.

The people who live in Nungate of Haddington to-day are to a great extent Irish. Both in the town and country districts of Lowland Scotland a large part of the rough unskilled labour is done by bands of Irishmen. To them falls the lowest and the worst-paid toil, and so they live in the lowest and cheapest houses. There is another Celtic people of whom Nungate of Haddington reminds us, and that is the French. During the centuries when the French and the Scots were banded together against a common enemy, it is natural that in many things the Scots should copy the French. In everything that had reference to Art or grace and comfort of living, the stranger was so much superior that any improvement must have taken the form of imitation. This was specially true of

architecture, and most of all of houses like those we are considering. I have walked through old parts in many English towns, but I have seen nothing similar. I remember, on the other hand, one not very cheerful spring day wandering up and down the old part of the town of Boulogne—that part which is built on the hill and inhabited by fisher-folk, and which you climb up to from the quay by those curious staircase streets like the Rue du Fort en Bois. Architectural reminiscences of the Nungate met me at every turn. The same thing occurred at Blois. There is an old mansion there I specially noticed called Le Château des Médiçi, which strongly reminded me of one of the best houses in Nungate. It is difficult to describe a Nungate house, because it is usually called after the name of the tenant for the time being. The same system is applied to the “closes,” which are named after the proprietor or chief inhabitant. However, this house is or was called Farmer’s house; around is a very old and fruitful garden, and it must have been long ago the residence of a laird or proprietor, ecclesiastical or otherwise, of some part of the neighbourhood.

One thing that has always helped to keep Nungate distinct from Haddington, and something more than a mere suburb, is not merely that the river draws a distinct and definite line of demarcation, but that legally Nungate was not part of Haddington till a few years ago. It was a sort of territory or “baillierie,” and has a history of its own, but finally came under the dominion of Haddington, which appointed, and still appoints, an officer known by the not uneuphonious title of “Baron Baillie of the Nungate,” to rule its destinies. Within the memory of man this officer had, I imagine, nothing to do; at least if he had, he never did it. A masterly inactivity is his policy. Like everybody else, he let Nungate alone. It moulders and crumbles surely, but somewhat slowly. The oldest native does not remember the time when it looked the least different from what it does now.

What that appearance is at present is better shown by the illustrations to this article than could be done by words of mine, but it may be useful briefly to point out some of the more marked peculiarities of the architecture.

Most prominent of these is the *roundel*, that is, the “round tower or turret with conical top.” This is only attached to houses of some pretension. It contains the entrance to the house, though sometimes not to the ground-floor, which may be quite apart from it, and a staircase from which access can be obtained to the other floors.

A roundel seems to me both a picturesque and dignified addition to a house, but I confess it is much too irregular to do for a street, so that one cannot reasonably object to its disappearance from the modern Scotch town. There are two very good roundels in Nungate. One is attached to Farmer’s house, the other is in a “close” at the north end of the “Brig.” A simpler and ruder way of disposing of the stair is to make it outside the building. Thus you get two independent houses out of one two-story house, the stair of course belonging to the second floor, or “upper story.” This is very common. The “close,” a narrow passage running up from a street, with houses on both sides, is a common feature in other than Scotch towns. It has here, however, a peculiar appearance, and is specially marked by a “pend.” This is the entrance of the close, which is built over, so that the opening to it seems to run through the middle of a house. A variety of this is an arched entry to a yard, or, it may be, close. Sometimes, too, the close dwindles down to a passage

so narrow that two people cannot pass without difficulty. It seems difficult to account for such sparing of space.

When the plan of a place like Nungate was first arranged, the object was, no doubt, to keep the dwellings as compact as possible, for thus they could best be defended. When that is no longer necessary, still the plan is there, and is adhered to from custom or convenience, and thus the thing has remained. As to thick walls, low doors, and very small windows, it is not necessary to speak. No doubt, combined with crumbling and discoloured stone, they do give an impression of age, but they are marks belonging to all old houses. There are, however, two works of stone connected with Nungate of Haddington which deserve some special mention.

At the East-gate end there stands the remains of the old church of St. Martin. Four walls are left, but they are seamed and cracked in every direction. It is built of somewhat small stones, in which seeds of plants must have found a lodgment, for bushes grow on the top. I never saw a place that gave one the impression of such hoar antiquity and absolute desolation as this. An old graveyard stands round it. One or two illegible gravestones are in it. Here they laid and buried strangers who died in the town. A few years ago the place was left absolutely uncared for. The very wall round it is an old ruin. Standing where it did, it presents an absolutely perfect picture of desolation.

But the *Zeitgeist* (I think that is the appropriate expression) is abroad even in Nungate of Haddington, at least where ecclesiastical buildings are concerned. A strong wall now runs round the graveyard, and old St. Martin is plastered up a little, just to prevent it going altogether to pieces. What age it is no one knows. For well-nigh three centuries it has been a ruin. It did not long survive the Romish faith, but some think it was before that faith, and that the impulse to its builders came from Iona, and not from Rome. But let us leave this to the antiquaries.

In front of St. Martin’s there is a green lane called the “Bullet Loan;” here one or two affairs of honour came off in times when there was only one sort of satisfaction that an outraged gentleman could demand from another. I should not have cared to fight a duel there. The church would be a mute protest against the proceeding, and the graveyard must have been horribly suggestive of the possible end of the affair.

The other old structure to which I refer is the “Nungate Brig” which joins the two places (illustrated on p. 278). A beautiful old bridge this, of fine red stone, and graceful curve in its four arches. Very little has ever been done to it in the way of repair, but it stands perfectly strong and serviceable. It is a little narrow, and the ascent on one side is a little steep; but it is quite fit to do all the work demanded of it, especially as there is a ford close by passable for most months of the year. What is the age of the bridge? Here again we are at a loss. Five hundred years perhaps; but at any rate there it stands, and not all Tyne’s flows have flawed it.

I have only made reference to antiquarian records sparingly and where they seemed to illustrate the subject directly; but, indeed, there are few of any kind, and these usually of the driest, about Nungate of Haddington. It is impossible to look at these old houses without vaguely wondering and guessing at their secrets. You see steps bent and hardened by the tread of many generations, door-posts bent with use, chimneys blackened with an endless succession of fires. Men have been born here, loved and hated, joyed and suffered. The whole place gently mouldering away tells you this, but it does so in

an indistinct and perplexing style. A great curiosity fills you to interpret these mute, pathetic, but broken evidences. There are historical records and traditions that incidentally throw light on the matter, but they are not individual. They lose their particular interest, and they are old, unhappy, far-off things, monotonous records of constant toil, trouble, and suffering, so removed from the things that trouble us that it is difficult for us to have any sympathy. It is all so clean gone and distant.

"Oh, for the ills half understood,
The dim dead woe
Long ago
Befallen this bitter coast of France."

Well, we know that Nungate has been vexed with many terrible floods, for the river Tyne, though usually quiet and slow flowing ("Tyne tortoise-like that flows," says Drummond of Hawthornden), now and again is liable to fits of perfectly

terrible fury, rising far beyond its banks and descending in great noise and violence to the sea. The chief street in Nungate faces the river, and though the embankment is quite enough for ordinary times, in floods all is submerged. In 1358, 1421, 1659, 1755, and many other years, there were great inundations; houses were carried off, lives lost, and damage of all sorts happened. Of these old floods in mediæval times one personal incident with some touch of quaintness survives.

There lived in Nungate, the better half of a thousand years ago, a citizen named John Burley. The flood of 1358 made a clean sweep of Nungate, every house in it "went by the board," so to speak. The attack on John's house was somewhat unexpected. As he was unwilling to give up possession, he clambered on to the roof, whither his cock, his dog, and his cat accompanied him, sole survivors of his household.



Farmer's House.

All through the night the flood roared. The grey light of dawn showed a howling wilderness of waters that ever grew fiercer, till at last Burley's house went to pieces, and the roof holding together as a raft, rushed at a fearful pace down stream. The dog howled, the cat mewed, the cock crew his shrill clarion, all apparently for the last time, but John guided his bark with a long pole, which he had acquired I know not how, till they were at the "Brig," of which the top of the arch was well-nigh level with the water. As they swept up against it John managed to seize some projecting buttress, and fixing his pole in somehow or other, held on like grim death.

"Row we merely (merrily),
Quo John Burley."

Thus, with somewhat unseasonable mirth (were not, O John, thy household drowned, thy worldly possessions destroyed, thy life as yet hanging but by a hair?), and in the rudest

rhyme did this ancient citizen celebrate his own deed. Well, he was saved along with his cock, his cat, and his dog from the stream of Tyne and from the stream of Time, too, for he has such dim and dubious immortality as a doubtful passage in Fordun may be supposed to bestow. The chronicler tells us that in Nungate of Haddington the saying is, to this day, a proverb. I never heard it, but then the chronicler is gone also, and his "this day" was long, long years ago.

Then Haddington was burnt at least four times by the English, a fate which Nungate shared. When the pest visited the neighbourhood, as it regularly did, it must have fallen with special severity on this damp and low-lying quarter. In the troubles of the Reformation the whole district had its full portion. It took the change very indifferently. Not Haddington and Nungate combined could produce a hundred persons to hear Mr. George Wishart, and he bitterly complains that a "vain clerk play" would have collected

two or three thousand. Hence he threatened them that "for their contempt of God's messenger, they should be visited with sword and fire, with pestilence, strangers and famine." All this came shortly to pass. The dwellers in the Tyne valley, however unwillingly, were involved in conflict.

"'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betwixt the fell opposed fronts
Of mighty opposites."

In 1548, the English occupied and fortified Haddington. The French and the Scots (somewhat divided) besieged it. These last occupied Nungate, which lay outside the town boundary. It was a terrible time for all parties. Inside the town was "a pest so contagious, that with great difficulty could they have their dead buried." In 1549 the English left the place, and Haddington and Nungate of Haddington were left "with a mean number of the ancient inhabitants to rebuild and venture as best they could."

So in a few graphic touches, as is his wont, John Knox tells the story. He does not linger over the place, as one might have expected, for in sooth, it was in Nungate of Haddington that this very eminent Scotsman was born. In Knox there was, however, no local patriotism. The interests he had to struggle for were too great, and the fight too continuous and severe, for him to indulge in sentimental luxuries. There was a strain of hardness and coarseness, too, in him—witness the gross and animal satisfaction with which he narrates Cardinal Beaton's death, that the humour of the account does not quite atone for. In that rugged nature there were, indeed, soft spots. Water did flow from the rock. His prayer on the death of the Regent Murray is to me one of the most pathetic of human compositions, but there was nothing in Nungate to call this sentiment forth. You reach his birthplace easily. Cross the bridge and descend the steps to the river-side street already mentioned. Follow this a little till it leaves the river and becomes a green lane, deep set in between high banks. This is Gifford Gate.

Gifford is a village four miles off, where some misled by the name would place the Reformer's birth-place. But constant tradition with other evidence fixes it a house that you pass on the left side. The house is long gone, but a tree marks the site.

Let me go to one other house and one other memory. We again cross the bridge, eastward, and descend the steps to the river-side street, but it is to the north this time. We go along till we come to a mill, and then the road suddenly dips down to the water towards a ford. Across the river you see parts of the old town wall, and a magnificent old house called Bothwell Castle. It is from Nungate you can best see these things, so it seems naturally enough to come in here. The

Castle is a large old house, or as it seems collection of houses, of some breadth and very considerable length. A passage through the length, to which access is gained by some steps, leads up from the river. It is still partly inhabited by some very poor people, and still outside and inside there are marks of ancient splendour about it. It is the town-house of Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, and here especially Francis, Earl of Bothwell and Duke of Orbury, lived. This is Mary's Bothwell, and some distant tradition of her connection with it still hovers about the walls. She was now and again in Had-



Old House near Birthplace of John Knox.

dlington, and when there she must have stayed in Bothwell Castle. At the very crisis of her fate, during those terrible months between the murder of Darnley and the imprisonment at Loch Leven, her connection with the place takes almost a distinct and definite shape. At the best it is obscure, however. On that account perhaps the more interesting.

The last time I saw Bothwell Castle from the Nungate was on a night in August by moonlight. No lights were visible in it, but in a house that seemed a little way down the bank a candle in a window made a faint illumination. The water in the river was low, and slipping on half in shade and

half in shine, only just audible. I came up through the Nungate. The strange bent lines of the half-tumbled-down houses loomed fantastic in the moonshine. It was not late. Some children were singing and dancing at a close

entrance, and after a little trouble I caught two verses of their song:—

"Take the ring from off my finger,
Off my finger, off my finger,
Take the ring from off my finger,
Isabella, Isabel."



An Old House.

"Take the brooch from off my bosom,
Off my bosom, off my bosom,
Take the brooch from off my bosom,
Isabella, farewell."

I could make out no more, though it seemed endless, for I heard it when far away. A true *Volkslied* that, simple even to inconsequence, but with indefinite suggestions of romance

in it—the rude expression of some tragic tale. It is some such rough fragment that inspires the best of the songs of Burns, in which the vague feeling is put into verses, and made fully articulate. But such has never been the future of this song, for though Nungate of Haddington has had its John Knox, it has never had its Robert Burns.

FRANCIS WATT.

A GROUP OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

MODERN Art is rather oligarchical than monarchical in its little societies. Few of late have been the single leaders of any reform, the single teachers of any new methods. No man has earned the right to have a school called after him, and thus we distinguish such schools as there are by the name of a place, and by preference the place is a village—Barbizon by the forest of Fontainebleau, Newlyn over against St. Michael's Mount by the grey sea of Cornwall. Or, in literature, we give the clamorous a date and call them the men of 1830, even though 1885 saw the greatest of them laid to rest in extreme old age. The "School" of Barbizon was no school in the sense implying mastership and discipleship, but it was a division, a distinction, a grouping. It expressed the revolt and renewal without which nothing can be achieved corporately by men bringing enthusiasm to the arts. Lovers

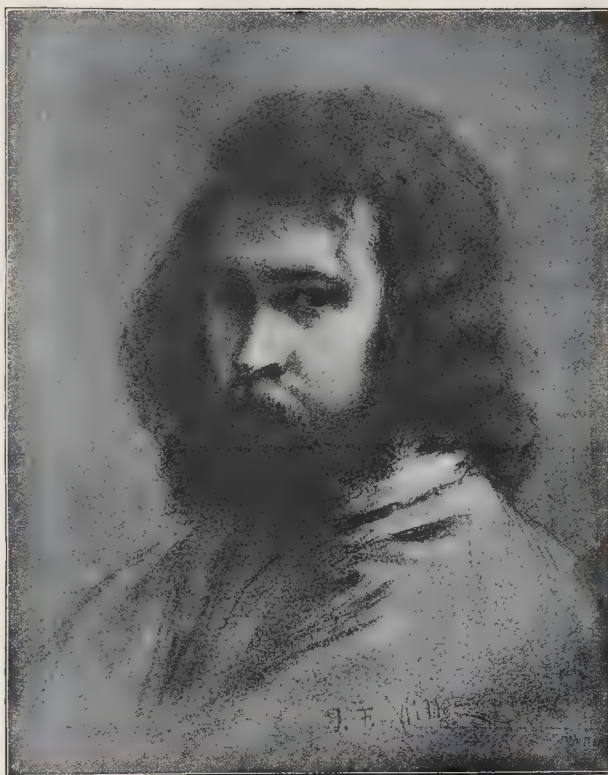
of convention—and obviously there is no Art without convention—are bound to admit that these renewals have always taken the form of a "return to nature." The very reason of their occurrence is that conventions have become dull and inexpressive, and that they have to be rearranged; that the relations of Art to Nature must be readjusted—the readjustment always taking the form of a *rapprochement*. Perhaps the single exception to this rule is to be found in the case of the Impressionists, who may be said to have a new convention—a convention without tradition. But even here a return to nature on the point of truth in illumination was the very motive of the first modern Impressionism. Perhaps the men of 1830—if we may give a share in that chiefly literary and dramatic title to the contemporary painters—made their revolution more demonstratively than such a movement had been effected before or has been effected since. So it seems when we look back at them, as the distance shows them, in masses.

* "The Barbizon School of Painters," by David Croal Thomson. (Chapman and Hall.)

But we must separate the groups, the painters from the poets, to begin with; the men who so elaborately, in a delirium of Romance, walked away from the theatre after the first performance of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, and went on walking until they came to themselves in the open country, as they told the other men of 1830 afterwards; these we can dismiss singing on their way, and their comrades the painters remain, by no means a noisy company. And when we come to the individual painters and separate them one from another we find simple men, generally devout, bent indeed upon making a change in the world, but bent upon doing it for truth's sake rather than

defaced as well as despoiled, but he would have preached with more profit to the landscape-painters. They had scared the spirit from every leaf of their scenery until in Père Corot's pictures it flitted back to the woods at his beloved hour of dawn. Mr. Thomson places him at the head of the Barbizon School, because it is generally held that the pictures he exhibited at the Salon in 1824 were the first of the modern French School. But since, as is well known, the whole of that school derives from the inspiration of Constable, we should look rather to Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré, for the effectual leadership. Corot was a man apart; we can hardly

call him first, inasmuch as there were then none to follow. For a following, his art has had to wait until some few years after his death. Incomparably the most exquisite genius of his time he was also the most original, and it is impossible to assert that he derived from Constable, except as every artist is inevitably the heir of his great predecessors. Of his life Mr. Thomson gives a picture that is singularly attractive. Most people have read—and none who have read can have forgotten—Corot's description of daybreak in the fields; but except for these childlike words we know little of his mind save in his own art, and we need a biographer to tell us that he who "set free the dancing nymphs among the silver poplars of France" lived a happy life, a life of virile innocence, religious, liberal, lowly. The pain that Corot was gentle enough to feel and to confess at the small honour in which his art was held was mitigated in his old age. True, even in 1867, when his wonderful work had been for forty-three years before the world, and when to slight it was to confess ignorance, he received a second-class medal from the jury of the last International Exhibition of the Empire, but he knew by that time that the hands of a thousand painters would have given him the medal of honour—nay, that in the minds of many Corot should have had a crown unique, a distinction unpartaken whether by M. Gérôme or another. In the process of his work he was supremely happy, a gay soul, soliloquising in snatches of childish improvised song. Not Régnault, who died in his youth—so that in the mud and snow of the siege of Paris the blackness



Portrait of Millet. By Himself.

for the change's sake, and as little conscious as modern men can be of anything, of the epoch-making character of their own mission. It is thus as separate and single figures that Mr. D. C. Thomson presents five of the chief French painters of that eventful time in his beautiful volume, "The Barbizon School."

The place of honour is given to Corot, the good "père Corot," whose tenderness was the translation into the painter's art of Wordsworth's words:

"With gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods."

Wordsworth was reproving the boys who go a-nutting and care little how they rend the boughs, and leave the thicket

of his hair amid a heap of slain caught the eye of a comrade and made a record of that most wasteful death—sang more persistently as he painted in the beloved Algerian light, than did the white-haired spiritual man working in the morning twilight in the forest. He loved music, Beethoven in particular, so much that he chose the symphony in A (No. 7) for his own burial. And when the funeral day came one of the movements was sung by Faure, to the words of the "Pie Jesu," for his soul's repose. Having sketched his life Mr. Thomson gives a valuable summary of his technical method, and closes with the story of Corot's deaf-and-dumb pupil. The afflictions of such a student stimulated the teacher to summarize his lessons, as they had to be written. The word by which Corot conveyed



La Tricoteuse. By F. F. Millet.

the heart of the matter was "conscience," and he underlined it three times. And though behind the scenes of the painters' world in Paris we hear too much of the *Corots de commerce* for which American dollars have been so ready, the master himself is not to be reproached with any unworthiness that is to be found in them. He was good-natured, and finally the dealers prowled about his studio and took away his failures while he worked. The people, by the way, who have been repeating for fifteen years past Théophile Gautier's commonplaces about the sufficiency of Art to itself, should be told what this consummate master considered "the most beautiful thing in Art." It was, he held, the delight of selling a picture and giving the money to a friend in need.

Corot translates most delicately into etching, and the best illustrations to "The Barbizon School" are some very beautiful

renderings of his work. Most influential work it was. Not that of Velasquez has been more fruitful, or has a greater achievement still in store.

Théodore Rousseau, too, was a man of 1830. Succeeding painters have left him so far behind as an artistic revolutionist that in some points of arrangement his convention or tradition seems, to later eyes, somewhat insistent. Nevertheless, he was steadily refused by the Salon, as an innovator, for at least a dozen years. Rousseau's art has a certain quality of greatness which not many painters have attained, a quality absent, at least in its fulness, from the most serene of Daubigny's landscapes and the most vigorous of Dupré's. In spite of the lack of impulse in composition and in colour, Rousseau, no less than Corot, was a vital painter. "For God's sake," he has himself said, "and in recompense for the life He has given us,



Return of the Flock—Moonlight. By Daubigny.

let us try in our works that the manifestation of life be our first thought. Let us make a man breathe, a tree really vegetate." From Rousseau, Mr. Thomson passes to Diaz, more emphatically a colourist than either of the two greater men before named. He was also less exclusively a landscape painter. He, too, dwelt on the fringes of the forest, and framed his daring skies with the oak-tree boughs.

The life of Millet has been often written, but never with a greater fulness of record than in the volume before us. The heroic plain soul, nurtured by the Bible and Virgil by the teaching of the village priest, by the morning mass, the evening hymn, the daily toil, makes, indeed, a noble centre to the dull story. "A liberal nature and a niggard doom"—never was the sad line proved truer—"A difficult journey to a splendid tomb." There is, we think, something in the present posthumous homage paid—and it is paid almost frantically—to the work of the great peasant-painter, that resembles the ardour with which the most frivolous of congregations are apt to gather round the pulpits of the most rigid of ascetics. The thousands paid by millionaires for the poor painter's

noble 'Angelus' do but accentuate his eternal separation from a world he never loved.

Mr. Thomson's work is admirably produced. A misprint in French, on page 196, is regrettable, however; and in the passage on Corot's funeral the French phrase, *monter en chaire* (to go up into the pulpit) has misled somebody into translating it "getting upon a chair." Elsewhere, a French idiom has gone wrong in the English. These, however, are slight blemishes in a most valuable volume of artistic history. Of the illustrations to the volume we are able to give three examples: 'Return of the Flock—Moonlight,' by Daubigny, from the picture in the collection of Mr. Drummond; 'La Tricoteuse,' by Millet, and an autograph portrait of this painter. In appearance Millet is described as "stout and sturdy, rather over the medium height, with a head like a bull, and with hands like a peasant. His eyes were deep blue and not very bright, except when he was particularly animated. His forehead was high and intelligent, and, as may be seen from his portrait, he was interesting and attractive in appearance."

ALICE MEYNELL,

ART GOSSIP.

THE purchase by the National Gallery of the three finest pictures in the collection of the Earl of Radnor, at Longford Castle, is now complete. These are Holbein's 'Ambassadors,' the largest known work of the painter, who has hitherto been entirely unrepresented at Trafalgar Square; the 'Admiral Pulido Pareja,' of Velasquez, which is considered one of his principal works outside Spain; and a portrait by Moroni. The total price for the three is £55,000, towards which £30,000 has been guaranteed by certain gentlemen in the City of London, leaving £25,000 to be provided by the Treasury.

Among recent additions to the National Gallery are two pictures recently bought at Christie's by Sir F. Burton. One is called 'Portrait of a Young Man,' by Bernardino Licinio, who painted between 1524 and 1541. It is inscribed "Stephanus Naniabavro XVII., MDXXVIII., Lycinius Pt.," and represents an effeminate face. The other, 'Ecce Homo!' hangs on a screen, and is assigned to Giovanni Bellini.

The revised rules for the admission of students to the schools of the Royal Academy have now come into operation. At the examination held last month, the Council selected seventeen competitors from sixty candidates, who were called upon to produce test works, a drawing of a head, arm, and hand from nature, a partially draped figure from nature, and a monochrome sketch or composition. These drawings the President and Council examined, admitting those who showed most ability. Of the works admitted for this test, fourteen were by male students, and three only by female students, and all of them are under twenty-three years of age. In 1887 seven men and fifteen women were admitted, in 1888 eight men and twenty-two women, in 1889 fourteen men and eighteen women, and this year, as we have said, fourteen men and only three women. This immediate effect of the new rules is quite remarkable.

The *Times* has been the recipient of letters from several gentlemen advocating the foundation of a National Gallery of British Art. Practical sympathy with the movement has been shown by Mr. Agnew and Mr. Quilter to the extent of £10,000 and £2,000 respectively. The site most generally favoured is a plot adjoining Kensington Palace.

The following British painters have received awards from the jury of the Second Annual Art Exhibition of Munich. *First-Class Medal for Painting*, Mr. James Guthrie, of Glasgow. *Second-Class Medals*, Mr. John Reid, of London; Mr. Walton, of Glasgow; and Mr. Lavery Crawhall, of London. Mr. Onslow Ford received a second-class medal for sculpture, and Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Anderson, second-class medals for architecture. There were but very few British exhibitors.

The artists of the new Paris Salon have decided that the rewards of the society shall consist of titles of Sociétaires as well as of bursaries. The first painters elected as Sociétaires are MM. Muenier, Picard, Prinnet, and Sisley. Madame Cazin is the sculptor. In addition several Associates were elected. This year seven bursaries of 3,000 francs have been awarded in the following proportion: four painters, two sculptors, and one engraver.



Queen Cleopatra, as represented on the English stage in the Eighteenth Century.
From "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare."

M. François, the landscape painter, has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in succession to the late Robert Fleury. The candidates who offered themselves were MM. Detaille, François, Harpignies, J. Lefebvre, and Emile Lévy. The names of MM. Benjamin Constant, J. Blanc, and Olivier Merson were afterwards added by the Academicians.

We regret to record the death, at Paris, of Sir Richard Wallace. He was a Trustee of the National Gallery, and one of the Commissioners of the Paris Exposition Universelle, 1878.

REVIEWS.

"THE Gospel according to Saint Whistler," by which we might aptly entitle the recently issued volume of his writings, would not bear the cachet of an authorised version, unless it was distinguished by some originality in its method of publication. Accordingly, we have, first of all, Mr. Sheridan Ford starting upon the pleasant task of collecting the material in conjunction with the author, a resultant split, and the volume appearing in a cheap guise, with a prefatory note, and with a title, which is presumably a copyright of Mr. Ford's, "THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES." Naturally enough, the material was too valuable to hand over to an avowed enemy, and Mr. Whistler at once endeavoured to squash the unauthorised edition; this he was apparently unable to do, for it is still procurable at the moment of writing, and so he has taken the more effective step of publishing the greater part of the material used by Mr. Ford with additions, including the Ruskin action and the Ten-o'clock Lecture.* Whilst there is no denying that some portion of the contents has a too restricted and ephemeral interest to warrant its rescue from obscurity, the remainder is so full of satire and wit that its place on the pages of the Art library of the period is a necessity.

One thousand and forty novels were published in England during 1889. With so vast a public interested in fiction an English translation of M. J. J. Jusserand's work, under the title

* "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," Heinemann, London.

of "THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE" (London, T. Fisher Unwin), may be fitly said to meet a want. The subject is so large, and its branches are so numerous, that even in a volume of four hundred odd pages M. Jusserand has been obliged to leave many byways unexplored. He has told us nothing of the popular tales of Robin Hood, of Tom-a-Lincoln, of Friar Bacon, or of those collected by Whetstone and

others, but there is plenty about Lily and Nash, and Greene, one of the most original specimens of the unfortunate men who, in the time of Elizabeth, attempted to live by their pens. Greene, who first shouted the cry of plagiarism, and on his death-bed advised his friends Marlowe, Nash, and Peele to stop publishing, for then this "upstart," Shakespeare, obviously unable to invent anything, would have his career cut short. Of new matter and new discoveries there is not very much in this book; but it is pleasant to meet again Sir Philip Sidney, and to read again the dirge—although it may not have much to do with "The Novel in the Time of Shakespeare,"—



Interior of the Swan Theatre. From "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare."

"Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatch'd mind,
When she his counsel keepeth,
Till due desert she find."

M. Jusserand devotes a long chapter to Lily and his extraordinary 'Eupheus,' and the thousand and one imitators that its success provoked. And what foolish stuff this 'Eupheus' and its imitations now seem! But they secured their end, and they are now dead, they and the reputations they made; but the seed was sown, and to-day we reap the benefit.





GEORGE CLAUSEN.

IT is impossible to think of Mr. Clausen without taking some account of the late change in the aims and methods of British Painters. This is not the moment to attempt a history



George Clausen, R.W.S.

of such an important revolution in Art, or to argue at length with those who still disbelieve the accomplished fact, or, believing, deplore it as an unmitigated misfortune. But we must say enough to show our idea of Mr. Clausen's place in the movement.

Since Constable died, Englishmen have done little to affect the taste of the world. The forties, fifties, and sixties were, broadly speaking, the centre of an

evil epoch for our country. Painting, as a Fine Art, seemed dead by the temporary disappearance of that special gift of the artist, perception of the intrinsic character of forms and arrangements of colour or of tone, apart from their accidental coincidence with some view of a well-known object in nature. To the inartistic vision it would seem that a line, or arrangement of masses, can only show character when it happens to serve as the contour or other expression of a familiar object which has a history, and perhaps some association with words. For instance, many people fail to see, or rather to be impressed by, a line which embraces the limits of several acceptedly separate objects. Place a silver snuff-box upon a dark cloth, and they will remark the oblong form which means box. Distribute several boxes touching one another at random; every one will count five or six boxes, while few will note the jagged figure which encloses all the boxes, although it is as prominently relieved against the cloth as one box. Still fewer people observe the contours of light and shade falling on several different objects grouped together. Even though this pattern may be much more evident than the outlines of the objects, these last will be remarked more readily than the more defined borders of the light and shade. Here are very simple cases, and the puzzle-picture, whether in comic papers or in a gold frame in the Academy, is another example of the possibility of looking and not seeing.

In the more complicated questions of painting, you can only be sure of those things that you have seen and felt; and it does not follow that the most emphatic definitions in

your picture are quite intentional. To put it broadly, you may be blind in two ways—the realistic and the decorative. Some men overlook the large pattern which natural effects paint on the face of scenery; others overlook the quality of ugliness or beauty (the character, in fact) of such arrangements as may occur in the treatment or handling of a picture.

The majority of the English painters of the schools immediately preceding our time seem to us to have been too often blind in these ways. No one resented incongruities and contradictions; no one divined the real meaning of style, or knew whether he was employing all its resources for or against his general intention. Grandeur, simplicity, the shock of truth may have been aimed at, but they were lost sight of in glassiness of surface, over-crowded composition, niggled workmanship, and tight handling. Through blind persistent labour, wiry patterns grew and spread over the canvas, choking the real aspect and natural effect of a scene. The range of values was run through before the main reliefs of the picture were reached. Moreover, it was the custom to focus several separate points of view, and combine them arbitrarily under one frame, so that, as it were, lists of objects or figures all unconnected and of equal importunity were submitted at once to the eye.



Study from the Artist's Sketch-Book.

People learned to read a picture bit by bit as a book, without receiving the impression of the whole. Thus the pictorial art, which presents its matter simultaneously, was asked to work

on the laws of arts which present their contents to the mind in succession. Pictures were plentiful; some men worked purely for commerce; some preached sermons or told stories; others, again, by force of routine continued in the habits of old conventions which they had ceased to understand; and here and there men of genius were prodigal of real feeling in ill-directed efforts. Palaces and public galleries, therefore, are full of works that condemn themselves, and spare us the trouble of drawing up a full indictment of the age.

It is pleasant and proper to say a word on the other side, and to admit that there were gifted men in those days, and that

reform has not come all at once or only to-day. When the present reaction has subsided, later times will be able to judge more fairly than we can of the age that preceded us. At any rate, no one can deny the genuineness of the pre-Raphaelite movement, the original genius of Rossetti, the vigour of some of Sir J. Millais's canvases, the curious research of Mr. Holman Hunt, the noble aims and large achievement of Mr. G. F. Watts, and the elegance of Sir F. Leighton's decorations. Out of these times too comes Mr. J. C. Hook, perhaps the only Englishman now alive equally unimpeachable by both past and present standards.



Digging Potatoes.

Later we have the contributions of the Frederick Walker and Scotch schools, decided steps in the right direction. Yet later developments of English Art are mainly due to French influence, directly or through Legros, Whistler, and others. And this is not surprising, when we consider the enormous mass of fine work that France has produced in this century, during the long and continuous evolution of her Art from the bastard classicism of the first Republic and the first Empire. In the course of this growth her artists have respected the material conditions of their art, and they have profited, even when working in a modern spirit, by the great

technical principles laid down by the old masters. And so if the present revolution in Art has effected anything, it has certainly effected an improvement in technique. It has brought about some consensus of opinion as to the methods best suited to different mediums. Oil painting can be no longer practised with success by processes derived from the use of the point and the water-colour brush. Moreover, painters have been led to consider more closely how we see nature, and how visual impressions affect us. Realistic painters feel bound to determine what particular limits, lines, and proportions produce the effect of a given impression,

upon what strengths and softnesses of tone, definition, and colour, the perceived character of an ensemble depends. They understand realism less as a blind striving after what is fact, and more as the realising of how we ourselves feel nature. In fact, painters are led to exert reflection and choice, and to determine, in any field of sight, what is of chiefest importance to the due rendering of the impression they have received. Through this effort they have reached breadth of expression, which is the wit and intellect of painting. Furthermore, thanks to the habit of thinking about the effect of spots and definitions, and determining when they are hurtful, and how many are necessary, the feeling for decoration has

developed. We have learnt to see the aspect of a picture, and so refuse to sacrifice its unity to a welter of dots and scratches, or the modelling of its large shapes to a stupid insistence on small and often contradictory detail. Style is the statement made by the decorative pattern of the picture, and it should always suit and enhance the force of the main realistic effect.

This may seem a somewhat long and impertinent introduction to the discussion of Mr. Clausen's work; but it is in reality too short and too general for the purpose. It would have been well to show more clearly the vast extent of the movement in which he has a part, its early start, its many causes, lest we



The Little Haymakers.

should seem to exaggerate Mr. Clausen's influence. He came late into the field, and though he has individuality, he was able after all to stamp it upon but a small corner. He has not the consuming originality of men like Rossetti and Edouard Manet, who, although fed, the one on early Italians, the other on Velasquez, burst out in the most pointed expressions of modern feeling. It was in the seventies that modern French Art began to affect England. It was only in the eighties that Mr. Clausen began to be known. There was a moment, however, when Mr. Clausen's example was of great weight with many young men. He was a leader trained in England, who had caught no more from short visits to France than the spirit of the new movement, who felt little more than that there was

need for new, personal, and genuine investigation of one's own feelings about nature, if one ever wished to do good work. He himself was uncompromising in his pursuit of truth, in his examination of how and why he felt things. He knew that much grubbing in nature, much ardent study of the ancients, the advantages both of competition between schools, and also of some consensus of opinion on principles, had been necessary to the development of French Art; that French artists had lived in their work, that their surroundings had been suitable and sympathetic, and their opportunities altogether more favourable, their history in this century more consequent, than ours. Therefore, he felt the necessity of real mental exertion for any one who would assimilate the new ideas of Art and

apply them to the expression of his own genuinely personal feelings. It is as unoriginal to copy the outside manner of Sargent, Whistler, Claude Monet, or Degas, as to revive Botticelli, Titian, Constable, Millet, or Corot. Mr. Clausen's stiff-neckedness was necessary, and his determination to learn from Nature and to go no farther than he could feel for himself, was of support and service to many. Honesty of that kind was needed in England, which, with its usual want of sincerity and intellectual courage, was too ready to pass from one form of false *chic* to another without going through any of the hard mental training of realism. Mr. Clausen felt that he must search personally, as the French nation had searched, before he embarked on paths of facility and impressionism. The painter must see how much fact he can carry along with him without making shipwreck. He must not readily reject any of the baggage of truth that might add to his stores and enrich his art without weakening it. Should Mr. Clausen go no farther and develop nothing new, he will have done well. He has held up a sound view of Art, and he has helped to steady the course of progress by his personal sincerity and the genuineness of his work.

Mr. George Clausen was born in 1852, in London, of Danish parents, which makes him in no way a foreigner in these islands. He is a Dane who has arrived more lately than most of us. His father worked as a decorator, so that he was early accustomed to Art and began life as a draughtsman and designer in the large firm of Messrs. Trollope. He remained in this employment from 1867 to 1873, attending classes at South Kensington in the evenings. He had always a great desire to paint pictures, but as he had his living to earn, he hesitated to throw up his work as a draughtsman and give himself over to the necessary professional studies. It was not until Mr. Edwin Long expressed a favourable opinion of his work that he ventured to take the plunge. Thus encouraged by Mr. Long, to whom he considers himself indebted for much good advice and other kindness, Mr. Clausen entered fairly upon the studies connected with pictorial Art at South Kensington. From 1873 to 1875 he was fortunate enough to hold a national scholarship at that school. During this period he exhibited a small water-colour at the Dudley exhibition of black and white, and this drawing, to his great encouragement, was purchased by Mr. Marks. At this time also he spent his holidays abroad, and thus saw something of continental Art, though he received regular training in no country but England. Holland pleased him greatly, both in its landscape and in the appearance and habits of the people. It is not wonderful then that his first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy was 'High Mass at a Fishing Village on Zuyder Zee.' This work already shows some of his great qualities of observation, pluck, and sincerity. The observation is not well-regulated throughout, many details are hard and injudiciously emphasised, but there is no show off, no cheap facility, or any wish to escape from difficulties that he has fairly recognised. Elected an Associate of the Institute in 1877, he began to exhibit steadily and to attract the attention of artists. He thinks himself that it was not before 1881 that he began to do good work. That is to say, that only then did he begin to please himself and to express something of what he as an individual felt about the appearance of the world. It was then that he married and settled down to live in the country amongst the scenes he likes to paint. Since he has occupied himself but little with town life, with general society, or with the quarrels of cliques. Like many French artists he thinks it necessary

for the painter to live as much as possible as part of the life he paints, and to worry himself as little as he can with the politics and social conventions of other sets in society. Before he fell under the habitual sway of nature and was perpetually face to face with the same sort of impressions, his work and his aims varied, and he often felt inclined to accept the style of other men. Thus a dark low-toned portrait of a girl exhibited in the Grosvenor of 1880, manifests the influence of Mr. Whistler. It was not until his impressions began to run in a certain channel that they were important and consistent enough in their clamour for expression to force upon him the research of a manner of his own. Certainly by 1883, when he exhibited his 'Field Hand' at the Institute, Mr. Clausen's work was readily recognisable upon the walls of an exhibition. This picture was admired by some and hated by others as a piece of thoroughgoing realism, unusual in England at that time, when peasants were represented as unnaturally clean, coquettish, and simperingly pretty. In this case the artist endeavoured to give the figure of the old woman its right relation to the landscape whilst omitting nothing of her natural wrinkles, tan, and griminess. People objected bitterly to the black rims round her nails; and, indeed, there is some doubt whether from over-attention to dirt and wrinkles the painter did not prejudice the due envelopment of his work. Mr. Clausen has not always laid himself open to the charge of painting ugliness, as one of our illustrations of 'The Hay-makers,' painted in 1885, goes far to prove. He thinks, however, and justly, that there are many kinds of beauty besides that of the received human ideal of a face. Indeed whatever has subtlety of shape, and is exposed to a favourable light, must of necessity produce delicate and beautiful modelling. Mr. Clausen is a man very careful in his progress and very unwilling to risk falling into trickery, conventionality, or slovenliness. He considers a beautiful type of face in the model as apt to distract one from the serious pursuit of artistic qualities. One becomes sentimental and careless of construction and modelling. "I consider my work tentative," he says; "I may see other beauties in nature and I may yet tackle beauty of face." There is little doubt, should he try, that his long and severe practice of careful modelling will preserve him from the dangers he fears. Meanwhile he finds peasant life interesting, if for no other reason than that it is the bottom crust of society, and he refuses to seek a meretricious interest by painting foreign scenery and costume pictures. The first, because "to paint a thing properly, you must be intimate with it;" the second, because there is nothing he dislikes more than pictures where the whole interest lies in unfamiliar costumes or strange and striking incident. He thinks that the mere portrait of a character, whoever he may be, ought to have sufficient interest, if the painter has feeling and ability. It is often these nameless studies of heads by Rembrandt and other old masters that we like best in a gallery.

Mr. Clausen's creed may be summed up as follows—to refuse to float oneself into recognition on the stream of any special clique; to acknowledge no easy road of system; to accept no ready-made theory, and no idea of beauty which excludes any part of one's own feeling for fact. The defect—if it is a defect—of a strenuous cultivation of these merits is a late blossoming of grace and manner. A sincere man, when he has attained a graceful facility of style in one picture, often goes back to a laboured manner when he approaches a new view or an unfamiliar subject, lest he should be tempted to treat his impression with less respect than his brushwork.

Notwithstanding Mr. Clausen's extreme conscientiousness, he has at times reached a fine completion of style, and notably in his 'Ploughboy,' perhaps the best canvas in the Grosvenor of 1888. This boy reappears in the large picture, 'Ploughing,' of which we give a photogravure reproduction as the frontispiece to this number. The larger and later picture has not the elegance and ease of the smaller and earlier canvas. The arrangement of the figure on the canvas

in this smaller picture was very favourable to a successful rendering of the problem of the figure in open air. Some people were inclined to detract from the merit of the work on the score of its resemblance to Bastien Lepage. For that matter almost every modern idea in Art has had its prototype somewhere in French work. Certainly the proportion and place of the figure on the canvas induce a sort of composition undoubtedly in vogue with Bastien Lepage and other



The Stone-Pickers.

Frenchmen. But we see as much resemblance as that in the contemporary work of any one epoch. The mere fact of similarity of subject goes for little; every one who does genuine open-air work in the country has painted peasants. Given the mere title of a picture, such as 'Ploughboy' or 'Digging Potatoes,' no treatment, no modelling, no aerial development is given with it. All these each artist must contribute afresh for himself in this sort of close realism. These quali-

1890.

ties Mr. Clausen attained in this 'Ploughboy' with more breadth, more freshness, and more envelopment than Bastien Lepage. Mr. Clausen has always admired good work of the French school. The men whose ideas have chiefly stimulated him are, in fact, Bastien Lepage and Mr. John Reid. On seeing Lepage's work he felt prompted to do in England what the Frenchman had done in France. Peasant life according to him has as much character in this country as abroad.

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Taking Mr. Clausen's work altogether, it must be admitted that he has been true to the character of English subjects, and that his works show only the general resemblance that always exists between works of the same movement, when Art is progressing upon any sound principles and any healthy

consensus of opinion as to main points. It is now ten years that Mr. Clausen has been exhibiting work really characteristic of his talent, chiefly at the Institute, Grosvenor, and New Gallery; and this year he has the satisfaction of seeing his picture bought by the Chantrey Bequest. The purchase



Studies from the Artist's Sketch-Book.

is one that will be generally approved of, and it helps to show that the trustees are really trying to make the collection fairly representative. The Chantrey picture, painted in 1887, has already been reproduced in the *Art Journal* for this year, p. 167. It shows the same model as appears in our

illustration of 'The Stone-Pickers.' Both figures occupy the same relative space of canvas, but the girl in the Chantrey picture stands in a garden and is relieved against the wall of a cottage.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

BRITISH INSTITUTION SCHOLARSHIPS.

AT a recent meeting of the trustees of this fund, Scholarships of £50 a year tenable for two years were awarded: In painting, to Frank Joseph Mackenzie and Charles March Gere; In sculpture, to Henry Charles Fehr.

As this is the first competition it is not possible to say whether the small number of competitors is owing to the fact of the scholarships not yet being sufficiently known, or to the limit of age and the qualifications being too strict. The successful works, however, reached a fair level of excellence, and we understand the trustees are by no means anxious to sacrifice quality to quantity. There was no candidate for the engraving scholarship, which perhaps is not surprising, and only one for the architectural scholarship. The designs submitted

by this gentleman were good, but he had not unfortunately the necessary qualification. Eight of the thirteen trustees were present and voted at the award of the scholarships, viz.:—Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Hardinge, Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., Sir James Linton, P.R.I., Mr. H. Doyle (of Dublin), Mr. Calderon, R.A., Mr. T. Armstrong (South Kensington), and Mr. J. H. Middleton (Slade Professor, Cambridge). The absentees were Sir Julian Goldsmid, Mr. Franks (British Museum), Mr. Lockhart, R.S.A., Mr. S. Colvin, and Dr. Boyd, Prin. of Hertford College, Oxford. Each scholar was chosen by an absolute majority of the trustees present. Two of the scholars, Messrs. Mackenzie and Fehr, are students at the Royal Academy, and one, Mr. Gere, is from the Birmingham Municipal School of Art. Mr. Fred. A. Eaton acts as secretary to the trustees.

ART IN COUNTRY INNS AND LODGING-HOUSES.

DOES it ever occur, I wonder, to any of the numerous summer visitors to country inns, as they lounge wearily in their sitting-rooms on wet days, with only the splendour of wax flowers and crochet mats to beguile their imaginations, that they have exactly succeeded in transporting themselves into the *milieu* in which most of their grandmothers, if not their mothers, lived and died? It is not given to all of us to have been born and brought up in old ancestral homes, amidst Vandykes, Reynoldses, and Gainsboroughs, with oak presses of the date of the Armada, and inlaid bureaux straight from the workshop of Sheraton. Younger sons go away to seek a fortune and found a family in a new place. They have never greatly heeded or cared for, perhaps, the old treasures with which they have been too familiar. They marry wives without the traditions of beauty, which are as well partly the tradition of sentiment; they adopt the fashion of the hour, which is somehow not the development of the old, but the deliberate contrast of the new; and the result is the Art which even yet lingers in our country towns and inns, and which finds an even more congenial home in many of our colonies.

How strange it feels to summon these ghostly chambers from the past, and wake up the dim memories of one's childhood. The white and gold papers in the drawing-room; the vistas of round tables unfolded to the view; the heavy mahogany chairs, with their seats and backs grounded in scarlet Berlin wool by the industrious mistress of the house, the scarlet background being used as a foil to huge bunches of white Annunciation lilies with large, bright green leaves. It was the era when glass shades reigned supreme, and in many mansions monumental structures of wax fruit and flowers reposed on little mats of beads or shaded wool; but these, it must be truthfully said, were, as a rule, only present when the family did not care for books or cover the tables with them. In those days the making of wax flowers was considered one of the elegant accomplishments of a lady, and held the place that carving or brass repoussé work does in modern times. The prompt answer of a clever, energetic lady of the year of grace 1889, desiring to snub the curiosity of an aggressive female philanthropist, who had put the question, "And what do *you* do with your time?" by the reply, "I make wax flowers," would have been neither funny nor mendacious fifty years ago; wax flowers would have been the natural employment of her leisure hours. These poor wax flowers! I have often wondered what became of them when they succumbed to whatever form of decay besets their plastic material, or were banished by the angry disgust of a new generation. I have scanned the tops of dust-carts in vain, expecting to see them going to their doom in the congenial society of a wedding-cake ornament, but I watched in vain. Now I know! They are given to a cook or housemaid "on the occasion of her marriage." Affairs prosper with the happy couple. They take a country inn, and instal the wax flowers (always with the shade) in the centre of the best sitting-room.

But it was not on the drawing-room tables alone that the artistic taste of our ancestors ran riot. The husbands sur-

passed themselves in the ornamentation of the dining-room. Besides the heavy silver trays and covers (only brought out at dinner parties) of which they felt justly proud, they hankered after something less utilitarian and more ideal, which found its expression in an epergne. With what skill and ingenuity were these centrepieces adapted to the tastes and position in life of their owner! If he happened to be a Scotch laird, he had before him a carefully compiled scene of mountains covered with stags, and sportsmen hiding behind rocks to take a shot at them. If he was a successful general who had won his laurels on the banks of the Nile, his enthusiastic friends presented him with a memento of his battles and their affection in the shape of a heterogeneous mass of sphinxes, pyramids, Arabs, and palm-trees; if he was an earnest philanthropist, the offering took the form of an allegory, with Mercy stretching out its hand to a group of little street boys, and Faith pointing upwards. But whatever might be the subject of these pictures in silver, the articles had one thing in common, a vase for flowers at the top, generally covered with a wire netting, and intended to hold sand. And this brings me to the saddest part of my history. These vases were not filled with branching roses or trailing orchids, which might have gone far to redeem the elaborate ugliness of the landscape underneath. They were carefully decorated with artificial flowers kept for the purpose; flowers of every kind and hue, arranged to the best advantage by the daughters of the house, and flanked at either end of the long dinner-table by a silver urn containing a stiff artificial heath, and intersected by lines of pink paper roses.

In the matter of pictures our grandfathers were scarcely more happy than they were in their table decorations. The old engravings of last-century beauties had gone out of fashion (except in rare instances), and a new school had arisen which knew not the lovely Anne Luttrell or the fascinating Miss Ramus. In exchange, the walls were hung with chromo-lithographs of Mont Blanc or Lucerne, with bad prints of Landseer's early pictures, with portraits of Wilberforce, with lithographs from Ary Scheffer; and a little later, with gigantic copies of that strange work of Art, the 'Wellington Banquet,' where half the guests sit up as stiff and stark as if they were contemplating Medusa's head, and the other half lounge about in the most unsophisticated manner. Everything in those days was symmetrical. The chairs were as much fixtures in certain spots as the piano; books were piled tidily on the centre table; work was folded up and put away in the basket. If the family happened to have a garden, and flowers were accessible, a tight nosedgay of different colours, with "a little yellow to brighten it up," was usually to be found in the room in summer; but sprays of clematis, trails of briony, or clusters of autumn leaves, would have been considered messy and out of place. It is curious, by the way, to note how entirely the love of flowers is of modern growth, at any rate with the English nation. In modern tales written about the last century, a great deal is always said about the heroine walking in her beautiful old-fashioned garden, gathering blossoms as dainty as herself; but in con-

temporary literature, as a matter of fact, it is hardly too much to say that they were never mentioned at all. Clarissa talks of her poultry, Mr. Knightley of his strawberries, Mrs. Elton of the laurels at Maple Grove, but except for the gathering of rose-leaves to make pot-pourri, the flowery kingdom in which we take such delight is absolutely ignored in last-century literature.

Now that we have arrived at a clear knowledge of house decoration fifty years ago, we can the better understand the adornments of the smaller country inns of to-day.

These inns differ from many of the larger hotels in which we break our journey, in paying no attention whatever to the spiritual needs of their visitors. In place of the huge Bible with large clear type, and strings of texts suspended on a roll, we have a modest card with a request not to smoke, and a tariff of baths, meals, and beds. There is something peculiarly irritating in the sight of this card to the guest who intends to make a sojourn of some weeks, and if he is a person of spirit he at once tears it down. Unless one's instincts are very mercantile indeed, one prefers to keep up, as far as possible, the fiction of the manna and the quails, and not to know the price of every cup of tea one orders in a moment of exhaustion. It is, by the way, a noticeable fact, that in spite of the fierce capitals in which the statement forbidding smoking is blazoned about the establishment, a smell of smoke, which is certainly not that of peat, pervades the whole house from basement to garret.

If, as is probable, the scene of this summer outing is in a romantic or picturesque neighbourhood, one is bored to death by every conceivable device to rivet the attention on what, after all, every man can see and judge for himself. Quotations from local poets are printed on the menu cards; the writing paper has hideous little views of the green hills opposite or the cascade round the corner. Photographs are offered you at every turn, and the most select specimens are hung up over your mantelpiece. These, however, are generally harmless, and one should be thankful for them as long as they do not include facetious groups, with a foreground of a young man in flannels with one hand resting on a bicycle and bearing in the other a foaming beaker, and a mingled and not very distinct background of fir-trees and tents.

But the oleograph is the great *pièce de résistance* of the country innkeeper, and it has wholly displaced the chromolithograph of an earlier day, and in a great measure the common, bad engraving. Pictures that might have been clever and interesting enough in the original, become grotesque when contemplated through this medium. I can call to mind such a picture now. From the bare look of the landscape, and the presence of a number of men in kilts, all more or less wounded, one conjectures that the scene represents Culloden. A person imperfectly acquainted with history might take the robust, red-faced elderly gentleman seated on a white horse, with the Blue Ribbon of the Garter over his scarlet coat, for George II., or at any rate for the Duke of Cumberland, but never for Prince Charles at the age of twenty-five. A remarkable feature of this composition is the air of leisure about everybody, the wounded men included. No one would think they were retreating after a bloody battle, with an implacable foe on their track. There is no suggestion of exhaustion or desperation among the men who are sitting on the ground, while those on horseback are twisting themselves round in their saddles for all the world as if they too were at the Waterloo banquet.

When the dweller in the tents of Shem has got all the satisfaction that can be obtained from Culloden, he seeks fresh fields, and finds them in a snow scene on the opposite wall, and a view of Windsor town and castle, where the angle at which all the buildings contrive to stick together would put the Leaning Tower of Pisa to shame. The snow scene is a unique composition, and as difficult to understand as Sordello. Let me try and place it before my readers.

Picture a sort of pavilion, like the Petit Trianon, built close to the high road, with a gloomy background of firs behind it, and a strange little kiosk to the right. Out of the pavilion come a short, stout man, and a woman carrying a baby. These persons are making their way through the snow to join two sportsmen (one dark and the other fair, with guns fastened behind them and soft billicocks), and all four appear to be sauntering towards a sledge drawn by two very lean horses, in which sit a lady and a little girl, with a servant behind, waving his hat madly towards the red smoke of a distant city. Is it the burning of Moscow? Is it the sacking of the Winter Palace? But whatever it is, the servant is the only one of the seven who shows any animation, and he is evidently the one who holds the real key of the position.

Added to those tributes to nature which are only proper in wild romantic spots, there are four other distinct classes of feelings at work which inspire the device of pictures—patriotism, feudal loyalty, the domestic affections, and religion. The patriotism shows itself, in Scotland any way, by prints from Landseer, or by Highland subjects passed through the mind of a German artist. In these works of Art such a vast crowd of men, women, and children are to be found going fishing or deer stalking, that a short-sighted person might easily take it to be the migration of the Israelites from Egypt. The men are all of one type, and that a type more usually found in South Germany than in the Highlands of Scotland. They have high, large foreheads, and curly whiskers extending down their cheeks in straight lines from their hair, and they all crowd round the boat (if the ostensible business is fishing), or round the dead stag (if it is stalking), where stands the chief of their clan. This chief is the apotheosis of the delicate beauty of the rest of the tribe. He is modestly conscious of his responsibilities as he lifts his eyes upward—ignoring the superb stag or salmon at his feet—and is happy in the possession of a perfectly unequalled plaid. Every fold of this garment hangs symmetrically, and the whole ends in a separate fringe, which has been carefully sewn on by his female dependants.

Sometimes the very names of the pictures are offered to us in a Teutonic solution, and present a form calculated to puzzle the grammarians of the future. A signal example of this statement exists at the present moment in a fashionable lodging in one of the most fashionable streets in Mayfair, where one of Landseer's most popular works is exhibited to the public gaze under the title of 'The Bayed Stag.'

Then we have the well-known series of pictures representing the local Duke, the Prince and Princess of Wales on their wedding day—the treatment of the spots on the Princess' veil is not always quite happy—or their sons on board the *Britannia*. Owing to the well-known passion for "balance" (which once caused an innkeeper to hang two exact duplicates of the same landscape in his parlour), this last group presents some difficulties. The young Princes are very unequal in height, and strict attention to truth would produce

a crooked and uneven effect. But this obstacle is finally overcome by the interposition of the helm between them, and by the skilful device of bending the knees of the elder till the two heads are reduced to the same level.

Religious pictures and family portraits fill up the vacant spaces on the walls. The ancient daguerreotypes are often amusing, with the men in enormously wide duck trousers, and the women in many-flounced muslin dresses, black mantles, banded hair, and silk bonnets. Every one looks the same age in these daguerreotypes and in the early photographs that followed them, or, to speak more correctly, nobody looks less than fifty-five. Yet they have, from their very absurdity, a kind of interest that is entirely lacking to their modern equivalents, the landlord's relations in plush frames, on the table, or depicted on huge canvases, with their broad, wrinkleless, expressionless faces surrounded by heavy gold frames.

Mingled with these, or taking their place, according to the taste of the owner, are the religious pictures; Eliezer and Rebekah at the well is one of the favourite subjects in English country lodgings, perhaps because it appeals at once to the religious sense and the domestic virtues. The infant Samuel is another, for the same reason; but occasionally something more soul-stirring is needed, and the human affections are set aside in favour of the Last Judgment. What a strange mind the man must have had who could take comfort in painting such a picture! The angels in hoops and perukes carry one's thoughts involuntarily back to Hippolyte and Phèdre in the same inappropriate garments, and the only person who does not wear a flowing wig is the Pope, whose tonsured head is exposed to view from the falling off of his mitre in his downward flight. One curious feature of this composition is that while the angels and the redeemed have the same foolish conventional faces, those of the devils and the lost are drawn with the utmost care and are evidently portraits. Indeed, Satan himself is an especially handsome man. How the artist must have gloated over the feeling that he was conferring unenviable immortality on the patrons who had disdained him and on the friends whom he detested!

The mantelpiece of the ideal lodging-house room is a museum in miniature. Above it hang memorial verses, and funeral cards deeply edged with black, and surmounted by a female leaning on an urn, and sheltered from the elements by a weeping willow, all in perforated cardboard. The verses do more honour to the composers' hearts than their heads. This is one of them, which is to be found in a remote cottage in the Border country:—

"Farewell, dear friends, remember me
When Spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
For I have wandered far and free,
In these bright hours, the violet-hours."

In spite of the faulty versification, there is a rough pathos about them which causes us to turn our eyes away without criticism to the glowing ornaments underneath. What a strange medley of objects, hideous enough to our eyes of course, but no doubt representing something beautiful to the person who bought them! The large black and white china cat which guards one end of the mantelpiece, and is matched at the other by a red and white spaniel, are the lineal descendants of the valuable ducks that used to gaze superciliously at our grandmothers, and the ancestors of the carefully executed elephants who condescend to ornament our own staircases. Black cats and red dogs were not wholly unknown a few years ago in more luxurious homes than

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country cottages, and many a reluctant bath they have shared with their small mistresses. Now they are out of date in modern nurseries, like other playthings of one's youth, and only the few children who care to know "what you did when you were a little girl," are likely to give a tender thought to them.

Next the cat and dog, if the cottage is anywhere near the sea, or the son is a sailor, are probably some large shells, which, in their beauty and mysterious colouring, must always lend a grace to the commonest surroundings. But, alas! shells are only considered naturally ornamental when they are of a sufficiently majestic size. At other times they are mounted on velvet and tortured into hideous little watch-stands, pincushions, paper cases, and similar horrors, for which the small shells always used are absolutely unfitted. Occasionally large fan-like shells of a particular kind can be employed with advantage by *themselves* in making certain articles, and on the window-ledges of a lovely cottage at the head of Moffatdale are flower-boxes whose wooden surface is completely and prettily hidden by some of these big shells, collected doubtless by a sailor-boy in distant lands.

In the south of England the shell mania is apt to give way to one for Tunbridge ware, and this is infinitely more serious, as the material is not only frightful in itself, but is capable of being fashioned into an infinite variety of forms. The result is a standing peculiarity in lodgings (and even dwelling houses). The bedrooms are so crammed with little useless "ornaments," that it is absolutely impossible for the visitor to make room for anything, and it once happened to a gentleman who was spending the night at a farmhouse during an electioneering tour, that he positively could not find a spare inch on his dressing-table to lay down his watch.

No, the invention of Tunbridge ware was certainly a great step downward in the history of English Art. It was cheap, it was durable, it was easily worked, and the country was flooded with stamp boxes, rulers, inkstands, blotting books, and every sort of working apparatus made of this most frightful of materials. What child of twenty-five years ago does not remember gazing ruefully at the brown and yellow patterns of some ugly little box brought her as a present by an aunt, with more good will than judgment, and striving hard to think that her own instincts were wrong, and that the object in question was really the thing of beauty represented by her elders? Perhaps she even went the length of praising it out loud, with a view to convincing herself of its intrinsic charms; but a few days at most saw the unlucky box consigned to the limbo of forgotten treasures, unless, indeed, as sometimes happened, it had the good fortune to be lined with cedar.

Still, the reign of Tunbridge ware is, after all, a limited one in area, and north of the Trent, at any rate, one may hope to escape. Here the watch-stands are replaced by roughly-made china shepherdesses, or by pink and white flower-glasses, wreathed round with white convolvulus, or even by vases of purple spar—perhaps the very ones which ornamented Rochester's dining-room, and were so much admired by Jane Eyre. This spar, which is occasionally to be met with in the cottages now, held the same place in the estimation of our parents that cloisonné does in our own. There was only one substance they thought could surpass it, and that was malachite, which might probably be found on their writing-tables in the shape of a ruler or a candlestick, "handsomely set"

in ormolu. Mercifully malachite was easily chipped, and so it has disappeared more wholly and certainly than the less offensive spar.

Unluckily, however, mistaken efforts at decoration are not confined to the walls and chimney-pieces of country inns and lodging-house parlours. In that case their state would be all the more gracious, for, after all, pictures can be turned with their faces to the wall, and the smaller and more meretricious of the mantelpiece ornaments can be shut up in the rickety rosewood chiffonier with the looking-glass back. But who can dispose of the gaudy carpet, with its white ground scattered over with wreaths of brilliant flowers? of the blue rep chairs, or of the stiff curtains to match? It is the sight of these fixtures that cools the spirit of the most enterprising, and leads him to feel that half measures would be no good; that as long as carpet and curtains remain, everything else may be endured with equanimity. The trophy of wax flowers may be suffered to abide unmolested on the shelf, the little wool mats may retain their places on the table, the white china lamps, with decorations of pink and gold, may be left undisturbed. As long as the lamps neither smoke nor smell, and the carpets and curtains keep out the cold, the wise lodger will possess his soul in silence and in patience. In time he may even learn to feel mechanically at his coat-tail buttons when he is going for a walk, in case a crochet "tidy" may happen to be clinging to them, and to skirt the table where the plaster church with the coloured glass windows reposes in dignity, if he comes to search for a book in the dark.

But it would be doing the innkeeper an injustice if we allowed it to be imagined that his desire to minister to the intellectual cultivation of his guests ceased outside the door of the sitting-room. In large hotels furnished by a company, there is a distressing monotony and lack of individuality about all the arrangements. But the country inn-keeper is a free man, with no one to consult but himself, and nowhere throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain have we found such hospitable greetings scattered broadcast as in the toilette apparatus of country inns. Indeed, the welcome is so profuse on all sides, that the only thing at all to be compared to it is the reception of a prince in a fairy tale, where a thousand detached hands are stretched out eagerly to do him honour and to offer him service. Turn where you will, some pleasant remark is addressed to you, some poetry is infused into the most prosaic objects of daily life. When overcome with weariness you prepare to seek your couch, you find standing on a table in the passage a china candle-

stick painted with wreaths of roses, bearing the legend "Good night" in letters of gold in the middle. When refreshed by sleep you leave your bed, you have the inestimable advantage of washing under the eyes of a black-haired mermaid cunningly depicted on a straw splash-cloth, the less pleasing part of her body concealed under a profusion of lilies and roses, with a scroll containing the words "Good morning" waving above her head. The spiritual part of your nature too is not forgotten, and texts nearly smothered in masses of ill-executed flowers beam at you from the walls.

Yet many of these things, as has been already said, held honoured places in the houses of a large proportion of well-educated English people less than fifty years ago. Must we then draw the conclusion that our forefathers were hopelessly vulgar? A good many of our æsthetic reformers would probably declare that they were, but in that they are mistaken. Human nature is the same in most essentials from one generation to another, though it takes different ways of expressing itself in its house decorations. More than half the world are too lazy, too ignorant, or too indifferent to think for themselves. They adopt the fashion of the moment, and are happy in it, whether that fashion inculcates the possession of horsehair chairs, Morris curtains, or the suspension of blue bows on every picture, cord, and bell-rope. They take what is there, what their neighbours have, and what can be got with the least trouble. Their eyes become accustomed to the ugly shapes and forms, as we become accustomed to the faces of our brothers and sisters, till we are incapable of telling how they strike other people. Sometimes the argument is put forward that in dress, at any rate, there is no such thing as absolute beauty—that everything is relative, and a question of fashion. If this be so, how is it we all recognise instinctively the extreme grace and elegance of eighteenth-century costume, and rebel against the early Victorian coiffure, or the strange sugar-plum cases ladies wore on their heads in the days of the Plantagenets? For the last twenty years, since reviews have multiplied, and it has become possible for people to reconcile their laziness with their vanity by picking up a smattering of many things, interest in pictures and decorations has largely increased, and the word "Art" is dinned into one's ears till one hates the very sound of it. "Art" colours are advertised in the shops, when the owners merely mean to convey that they have an assortment of peacock-blue dresses. "Art" coal-boxes hold high revel in the next window, and the public is offered some ghastly abomination in wood and brass, out of which it would be impossible for the chilliest person to extract a lump. Girls fritter away their time and money in all sorts of messy occupations, under the impression that they are being "artistic," while they are in nothing superior to the damsel who made the ill-fated filigree basket in the days of Miss Edgeworth. If many crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, they are nothing to those that are daily perpetrated in the name of Art.

LEONORA B. LANG.

* Since writing the above, I have just received a letter from a friend, telling me of some seaside lodgings that she has lately occupied, where the curtains were looped up with strings of pearl. They were kept by a courier and his wife, and it was the rule of the family that the baby should always be called after the place where the father happened to be when he heard of its birth. Hence there was a St. Petersburg and Naples; the twins were Kattegat and Skagerrak, while the only daughter was named Vienna.



The Royal Palaces. RICHMOND AND KEW

WE are so much indebted in this generation to the rapacity of bygone kings who provided large and beautiful parks and palaces for our enjoyment and recreation, that we are quite ready to forgive the oppressions they inflicted on our unhappy ancestors. But for Henry VIII., we should not have had St. James's Park or Hampton Court; Charles I. gave us Richmond; William III., Greenwich; and George III., Kew. In many cases very high-handed proceedings led to the formation of these vast pleasure grounds; and even the latest of them was not laid out without much grumbling on the part of people who thought themselves aggrieved when George III. determined to lay Richmond and Kew together, and to cover the Deer Park with Merino sheep. Most of us have forgotten where the Deer Park was, and the name of Richmond recalls a fine stretch of woodland on the summit of a breezy hill far enough away from Kew. But the real Richmond was between what is now Richmond Green and the Thames, and the Park extended along the river in a northerly direction towards Kew. A few relics and remnants of the old buildings may still be made out, and one house, which seems to mark the site of a principal gateway, bears the high-sounding name of "The Palace." The old palace was in its prime during the reign of Elizabeth. Here, in 1603, on the 24th March, the last day but one of the old year, as it was then reckoned, the latest and the greatest of the Tudors, Queen Elizabeth, died. The history of Richmond, as Richmond, only extended before her time to that of her grandfather, Henry VII., who, when the old palace of Sheen was burnt, changed the name of the place to Richmond, as a memorial of his own early title, and rebuilt the palace. This was in the last year of the fifteenth century; and we can judge, from an engraving by Hollar, here reproduced, and other views still extant, that it must have been amongst the finest efforts of the old Gothic style which the artists of the Renaissance were about to supersede.

Of the older Sheen there is not much to be said. The name is a standing puzzle to topographers, and has been the

cause of much futile guessing. The derivation most commonly to be found in modern books refers to the "sheen" of the Thames as viewed from the summit of Richmond Hill; but against any such derivation there are two little facts, either of them fatal. The summit of Richmond Hill is not in Sheen, but in Mortlake. In fact, only a corner of the Great Park, close to the town, is within the boundaries of Sheen. Secondly, the earliest form of the name which has come down to us, points to a very different meaning. Sheen is not mentioned in Domesday, but occurs very early as Syenes, and a little later as Schences. The final "s" in names of places in Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Surrey, and some other counties, would denote a house or habitation, or would at least refer to the name of an owner, perhaps Syene, or Schene. Skepe as a modern surname is not unknown, especially in Scotland; and Shaen is not more uncommon in that kingdom than Shane and Shine in Ireland. It is rather amusing to see antiquaries willing to interpret Shene as "shine," and yet, like Thorne, rejecting as "unsatisfactory" the straightforward derivation of Kew from the two English words "quay" and "hough."

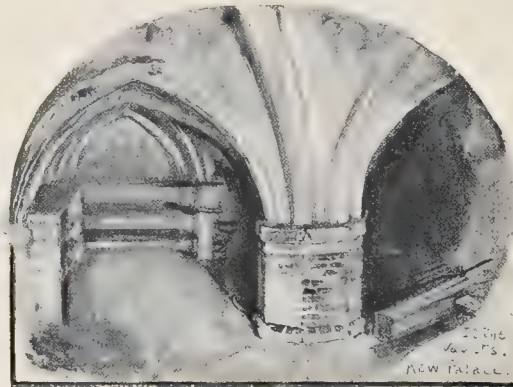
As to this last we need not have the slightest doubt. The trees which formed a hoo, hough, or how, were generally on a

Passage in the
OLD PALACE
RICHMOND.



hill; but they figure more or less disguised in a large number of local names and surnames. I suppose Greenough, Stokoe,

Kitto, Chatto (unless it means *château*), and Hough, are all derived from them, and we have Hoo both in Kent and Hert-



fordshire. Lough may well be Low-Hough; but I have not met with High-Hough. As to Kew, besides such conjecture as the evidence above adduced leaves possible, we have the early spelling of the name. Thorne himself, although he calls this obvious derivation unsatisfactory, quotes a court roll of the manor of Richmond in which it is written Kay-hough, and mentions subsequent records in which it is called Kayhow, Keye, Kayo, and Kewe. The situation answers admirably to the name. It is, like Richmond, on the southern or Surrey side of the Thames, bordering closely on the water's edge; it consists of low-lying, yet fairly dry land; and must have always been remarkable for its abundant vegetation. In the last century and earlier, this kind of situation was looked upon as the most wholesome imaginable, and kings who had such a park as that in Mortlake, which we call Richmond, or that of Eltham in close proximity, preferred such places as Hampton Court, Greenwich, Kew, and Richmond for the site of their palaces. From the accounts that have come down to us and from the terrible bust by Torregiano showing Henry VII. in his death agony, it is all but certain he died of acute rheumatism, a complaint which such a situation, coupled with the early sixteenth century notions of sanitation and drainage, must have aggravated to the utmost.

Richmond Palace stood south of the extensive tract which we call Kew Gardens, at the side of Richmond Green. Very little of it was inhabitable after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Although it covered some ten acres or more, and although the Great Hall must have been comparable to that of Hampton Court and nearly as large, as described by the Parliamentary commissioners in the time of the Commonwealth,

it has almost disappeared. Wolsey, when, after his fall, he repaired to Richmond by the King's command, lived in the lodge, a small house in the park—that is the Old Park, as we shall see presently, between Richmond Green and Kew. This lodge survived the palace, and its site may still be identified near the Observatory. Between it and the river was a village called West Sheen, where were the ruins of a priory of Carthusians, originally formed by Henry V. in 1414. In this priory Dean Colet built himself a house, and lived out his last years in religious seclusion. Here, at a later period, Sir William Temple also spent many years of retirement from public affairs, cultivating a wonderful fruit-garden—the region is peculiarly favourable for all sorts of horticulture—and here, also, numbered among his dependants, one who has made his retirement and his gardens memorable, namely, Jonathan Swift. It was here at West Sheen, in the Dutch Garden, when Temple had the gout, that William III. walked with the future author of "Gulliver's Travels," and showed him how to cook and eat asparagus. It would be interesting if we could see the gardens as they were, and as we can see Dutch William's

Hampton Court: but, in 1769, when George III. was engaged in an endeavour to lay Richmond Old Park and Kew together, and when a lane crossed the park to the little hamlet—it only consisted of eighteen houses—an Act of Parliament was obtained, the houses were pulled down, the whole site of the priory was obliterated, and, in short, if the young King had been a modern architect bent on the "restoration" of a church, he could not have made a cleaner sweep of everything interesting or ancient in West Sheen, the name of which alone survives. Nor was this all: the Lodge fell also under the Royal displeasure, and was destroyed even more completely than the palace adjoining; and George, when he had killed or removed the deer from the Deer Park, and placed some Spanish Merino sheep on the green pasture, must have felt like the Oriental sovereign celebrated by a poet and an historian, who made a solitude and called it peace. The Lodge, inconvenient as it probably was, had its merits. Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., had



Richmond Palace. From an old Print by Hollar.

made the gardens and a beautiful terrace by the Thames, and from what we remember of her good taste at Kensington, we

may safely conclude that even her hermitage and her "Merlin's Cave," at which the King, her august husband, poked his



Temple in Kew Gardens.

fun (for which see Mr. Thorne and Lord Hervey), might have been worthy of preservation. But all went down before the Merino sheep, and Thorne is driven to a theory that "George III. is said to have hated his grandmother." As Queen Caroline died about six months before George was born, we may pronounce Thorne's reason for the wholesale ruin inadequate, to say the least. These changes and the throwing together of Richmond Deer Park and Kew Gardens were not effected without much trouble and litigation; and at Richmond, at all events, certain rights of way were upheld by the law courts against the Princess Amelia, whose monogram still appears on some of the buildings in Kew Gardens.

Kew Palace must be one of the oldest houses in Surrey. Over the door is the date 1631. It was formerly known as the Dutch House, and was probably built by a wealthy merchant named Fortis, on the site of an older mansion in the Tudor style, portions of which are still to be identified in the vaults. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his wife, the French Queen, the sister of Henry VIII., probably lived in it. A public road ran in front, separating it from Capel House, afterwards called

Kew House; and when George III. became the owner of both, and had diverted the road, they were equally royal residences. The Dutch House became the favourite residence of Queen Charlotte, who, indeed, died here in 1818. It is said that the old staircase had to be shored up to sustain the weight of her coffin. As seen at present, denuded of the wings which a royal residence made necessary, and one of which, that on the west side, is said to have contained chambers padded for the occupation of George III., during his years of insanity, it is very picturesque, and may well have been designed by Inigo Jones. The three tall red-brick gables are in curious contrast to the classical buildings of the Botanical Gardens. The contrast must have been still more marked when Capel House stood opposite, the site of which is marked by a kind of monument bearing an inscription, from which we learn that the house was taken down in 1803, and that here, in an observatory which apparently crowned the eastern wing, aberration and nutation were discovered. Bradley, afterwards Astronomer Royal, was a friend of Molyneux, who had been secretary to George II., and whose scientific experiments are mentioned by John Locke, and Capel House belonged to Lady Elizabeth Molyneux, his wife, who was a grand-niece of Lord Capel, after whom it was called. Here Bradley observed the displacement of a star, γ Draconis, and by that means obtained the first direct proof of the earth's motion. After the death of Molyneux, the house was inhabited by Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his widow began to form the "Exotic Garden," as it was called, which has gradually grown into the world-famous Royal Botanic Gardens. Although George III. removed Queen Caroline's improvements and buildings at the Richmond end of the grounds, he approved of those of his mother at the Kew end, and employed skilful collectors to bring him plants from all parts of the world. Even in the private garden, now run wild, between the old Dutch House and the river, there are some curious and



rare shrubs, probably of his planting; and it must have been here that Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay,

almost ran into his arms when he was walking with his keepers, as she so amusingly tells us in her entertaining



diary. He was then rapidly recovering from his first attack. The destruction of Chapel House must have opened a very much improved view to the palace, but it was removed rather as part of a plan for building a kind of Gothic castle, the site of which is still pointed out; and we may be glad the old house did not come down too. The architect of this castle was Wyatt, and he designed a grand embattled stone front towards Brentford, with turrets and loop-holes and all the features then thought necessary to a Gothic effect. But the King's illness returned. The building was never finished, and Queen Charlotte found the old gabled palace with its wings large enough for all her wants. George IV. pulled down Wyatt's building, of which not even a vestige remains. Kew Palace has now been empty for more than half a century, but it is kept in repair. Close to it, and partly facing the Green, is another old house in a good, plain "Queen Anne" style, in which the Duke of Cumberland used to reside. It now contains a magnificent collection of botanical books; and with the addition of a spacious reading-room, is in the occupation of the authorities of the Gardens, to whom, by the way, I am greatly indebted for information kindly given.

This is not the place for any account of the botanical wonders of modern Kew. The grounds are ornamented with some pretty classical buildings of, unfortunately, a very fragile character, designed by Sir William Chambers. When we have passed through the Gardens we reach the Pleasure Ground, which is part of King George's sheep farm, and adjoins the fine stretch of level meadow on which once stood Sheen Priory, and which was known as Richmond Old Park. It is not until we have left it and the site of Richmond Palace behind and have ascended the hill that we reach the newer Rich-

mond Park, with its splendid view up the Thames, whose "sheen," as noticed above, was supposed to have given a name to a place really half a mile off, from which no such sheen could be described.

Richmond Park was formed by Charles I. from waste lands and commons belonging to Ham, Kingston, Petersham, Putney, and Mortlake, only some seven acres, near the Richmond Hill Gate, being in Richmond. Aubrey, in his "History of Surrey," notices the New Park as being one of the best in England, and as having a wall "eleven miles in compass" round it. This wall has now been removed in many places, especially on the south, where Petersham Park is practically united with its greater neighbour, having been purchased at the suggestion of Edward Jesse, whose delightful writings are familiar to every one. This was in 1834, and the house, which had become ruinous, was pulled down; which, as it had been designed by Lord Burlington, we

cannot but regret. The great park, covering 2,357 acres, was one of the causes of the unpopularity of Charles I., for he built the wall and enclosed the land in defiance of the rights of a number of tenants, farmers and others, who occupied houses within it. After the King's death on the scaffold at Whitehall, the Parliament presented the park to the city of London; and on the restoration of Charles II., the city made a merit of returning it to him, the loyal Lord Mayor averring that it had only been held in trust for the King until his coming again. As the historian remarks, "it was worth accepting in their own manner, whether he believed them or not."



Archway of Henry VII's Palace at Richmond.

Within the grounds of Pembroke Lodge, a house in which the first Earl Russell died in 1878, and which is marked on

old maps as the mole-catcher's, is an artificial barrow, known as "Henry VIII.'s Mount." Hence, it is said, that monarch watched for the gun which was to tell of the death of Queen Anne Boleyn, his second wife. There are many difficulties about this legend. Even then, when the surrounding ground was probably open and bare, it is doubtful if the Tower of London could be seen, or the reverberation of the largest gun of the period heard at such a distance. Moreover, it is all but certain that Henry was at Windsor on the day of Anne's beheading. Another mound stood some six hundred yards to the eastward, and was known as Oliver Cromwell's. There are other mounds and fragments of mounds in the Park, all probably of remote antiquity, and possibly sepulchral barrows. Besides Pembroke Lodge and White Ash Lodge, there are several private houses in the park, of one of which, the Thatched House, the anonymous author of an amusing history of the park tells us seriously that it was occupied by General Bowater, who was in attendance on Prince Leopold, "son of our present most gracious Majesty." Of the White Lodge he

says that it was the residence for a short time of "our present most gracious Majesty," a form of expression peculiar to this writer. The Lodge, of which a view is in the *Vitruvius Britannicus*, vol. iv., where the design is attributed to "R. Morris and S. Wright," is said to have been designed by the Lord Pembroke of that day, namely, the reign of George II. It is now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Near the East Sheen entrance is another private house, marked in old maps as the Dog Kennels, where Professor Owen lives. Of this great naturalist our guide tells us that "many of the skeletons of rare animals exhumed in this country and others, to be seen in the British Museum, have been connected by him, and their species to which they belong discovered."

The best views in Richmond Park are from the terrace just within the gates which open on the town. It is a pity that the authorities could not have prevented the erection of a hotel near this gate, which spoils one of the most beautiful views in England. It was admired as far back as the



time of Thomson, who, in his "Summer," published in 1727, describes, in glowing language, "thy hill, delightful Sheen." Even Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a house near the gate, broke into landscape, and has left us a record of the scene as it appeared in his day. It is impossible to sympathise with the critics who complain of the absence of crags and mountains. Sir Walter Scott, no mean judge, considered it "an inimitable landscape," though he lets Jeanie Deans prefer Inverary. But year by year it is being infringed upon. The Star and Garter Hotel as a foreground, and a tall smoking chimney in the background, are features that would go far to spoil any view; but as long as the parks at Sudbrook, Ham, and Hampton Court are kept open there will be sufficient foliage to please the eye. Twickenham Park is now built over, and there are rows of houses along the Thames at Kingston. Petersham, with its quaint little church, used to look "truly rural;" now it looks only suburban. But there is still a great charm in driving or riding along the avenue from the Kingston gate, among the ferns and under the great old trees; or in walking across the grassy paths to the Ladder Stile from Richmond

Hill, and so through Combe Wood to Wimbledon. The rights of way through Richmond Park are numerous, though they have been subjects of contention ever since Charles I. built his wall. They are now pretty well defined, but destroy all that privacy which would be necessary for a royal residence; and effectually answer the question, often asked, "Why does the sovereign never live in a place so healthy?" When the Princess Amelia, a daughter of George II., was Ranger, she did her best to exclude the public. This was about the middle of the eighteenth century. John Lewis, a resident of Richmond, took up the case on behalf of his fellow-townsmen, and brought an action against Martha Gray, one of the gate-keepers. The action was, of course, in reality against the Princess, who fought it out to the uttermost. After several postponements it came on before Sir Michael Foster, at the Kingston assizes, in April, 1758, and a verdict was given in favour of Lewis, and against Martha Gray. The Princess took the matter so much to heart that she resigned the rangership. Lewis was greatly applauded for his triumph. His portrait was engraved for circulation among his grateful neighbours, and his efforts, by

which posterity have so greatly benefited, were further rewarded by a pension when he chanced to fail in business, and became impoverished.

It may be well, in concluding a chapter in which we have gone over rather a wide stretch of territory, to recapitulate a few facts about Kew and Richmond. The whole peninsula, bounded on one side by the modern town of Richmond, which has just been incorporated, and the wall of Kew Gardens, and on the other by the roads from Kew and Richmond respectively, to the Brentford Ferry, formed the grounds of two or three royal palaces of the second rank; and were thrown together by George III. Of all the buildings only a fragment of the palace of Richmond and the central portion of Queen Charlotte's residence at Kew remain; but in the Botanical Gardens may be seen both trees and also

"alcoves" of patterns which date from the time of the dowager princess, who was the first to attempt the formation of a collection of exotic plants. In the beautiful and famous Richmond Park, we have another example, reminding us of Kensington Palace in Westminster, and Windsor Castle in Clewer, of the English tendency to disregard topography in nomenclature. Finally, let us offer a word of advice to the visitor to Kew who is not wholly absorbed in the pursuit of botanical knowledge; if he takes a narrow road on the north side of the green and goes down towards the Thames, he will find a charming avenue of old trees by the edge of the river, will pass by the shrubbery above mentioned, and the old gates with their carved lions, will see the site of Wyatt's castle, and will be able to enter the Botanical Gardens near a point from which there is a good view of the red gables of Queen Charlotte's palace.

W. J. LOFFIE.



THE ART SALES OF 1890.

THE uniform excellence of the series of sales which have occurred during the past season may be not unfitly described as embarrassing. Some time has now elapsed since any huge historic collection was dispersed in the English market; on the other hand, the frequent appearance at auction of numerous compact collections containing lots which arouse spirited competition has tended materially to increase the public interest in Art Sales.

The season just concluded was pre-eminently national—works by British Masters predominating—a fact which is worthy of analytical observation as occurring at a time when the formation of a "British Gallery" was being strenuously advocated.

The chronicles of previous seasons may be searched in vain to show such a galaxy of the creations of Turner, Landseer, Linnell, Romney, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Wilkie.

No less than fifty-three of Turner's water colours realized sums ranging between £100 and £2,310, the latter limit being

attained by the 'Lucerne,' in the Fawkes Sale; whereas three of his oil paintings averaged £4,075, the famous 'Sheerness' being sold for the enormous sum of £7,450, which bid has never been surpassed in the case of a Turner put up for public auction.

The Wells collection of Landseers comprised a majority of the master's most meritorious examples, thirty of which reached the high total of £42,000, and during the year eleven averaged upwards of £2,500, the picture 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' marking the maximum, £4,620.

Fixing the standard of appreciation at fourteen hundred guineas, it is noticed that three works by Romney and two each by Gainsborough, Linnell, and Wilkie, passed this figure; in this connexion it may be added that, including Gibson's 'Tinted Venus,' the year's sale lists show that thirty-nine separate works achieved this distinction, compared with fifteen in 1889.

An interesting feature was the submission of the Carver collection of works by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., eleven of which

were sold for £7,765. Sales of this master's works are of rare occurrence, and, in view of his intention respecting the ultimate destination of his own collection, are likely to remain infrequent. The only other occasion when a fine series of Watts' came under the hammer was afforded by the Rickards sale of 1887, when fourteen pictures realized £9,087.

Otherwise, although a goodly number of representative works by living British artists was sold, the examples of the earlier British School absorbed the main interest of connoisseurs.

The old Dutch Masters are well established in favour, and some fine works were offered, notably Paul Potter's 'Dairy Farm,' which produced £6,090; good canvases by Hobbema, Hals, Teniers, and Rembrandt, were also displayed.

As regards miscellaneous *objets d'art* some rare ceramics were seen and good prices maintained; Cosway miniatures were also conspicuous, a representative collection in one lot of seventy realizing £9,360 in the Joseph Sale; mention may be made too of the sale of jewels on June 26th, when twenty-six lots fetched over £11,000, and some fine engravings, particularly the Morland mezzotints, also appeared in the market. Having recourse to statistics it is found that altogether 277 oil paintings, fetching upwards of £200, and 105 drawings realizing £100 and over, were disposed of during the past season, and comparing these figures with the respective totals of 1889, viz., 179 and 113, a substantial idea of the busy nature of the 1890 auctions will be formed. The following particulars of the season's work are given:—

February 15.—The collection of the late Mr. J. F. La Trobe Bateman. Water-colours: W. Hunt, 'Flowers and Bird's Nest,' £136 (Parsons); C. Stanfield, 'The Old Bridge, Lyons,' 1829, £157 (Parsons); S. Prout, 'The Piazzetta of St. Mark, Venice,' £215 (Parsons); 'View of Venice,' £273 (Parsons); T. M. Richardson, 'Scene on Lake Katrine,' 1856, £262 (Parsons). From another property: S. Prout, 'The Temple of Minerva,' £120 (Ehrenbacher). From the collection of the late Dowager Countess of Newburgh: Alexander Nasmyth, 'The Lawn Market, Edinburgh,' 1824, £283 (Agnew); 'The Port of Leith,' 1824, £210 (Agnew).

February 17.—Mezzotints after G. Morland. The 170 lots constituting this sale achieved remarkable prices, many realizing sums between ten and twenty pounds.

February 22.—Pictures of the late John Carwardine, of Earl's Colne Priory, Essex. G. Romney, 'Contemplation; Lady Hamilton,' £1,102 (Agnew); 'Mrs. Butler,' £1,837 10s (Clayton); Sir J. Reynolds, 'General Morgan,' £315 (Burt); 'The Death of Dido,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1781, £420 (Graves); Sir D. Wilkie, 'The Pinch of Snuff,' £278 5s (Henson); Canaletti, 'St. Mark's Place,' £225 15s (Willis).

March 1.—Pictures by W. Collins, R.A., the property of the Rev. T. Heathcote Tragett: 'Shrimp Boys at Cromer,' £1,260 (Agnew); 'The Capstan at Work,' exhibited at the Academy, 1820, £840 (McLean); 'The Kitten Deceived,' 1817, £682 10s (Agnew); 'Children Playing with Puppies,' exhibited 1812, £241 10s (Vokins); W. Owen, R.A., 'Beggars,' £267 15s (Agnew). From the collection of Mr. W. Fleming Fryer: J. Linnell, sen. 'The Flight into Egypt,' 1841, exhibited at Burlington House, 1883, £556 10s (Tooth); D. Maclise, 'All Hallows' Eve in Ireland,' £304 10s (Dr. Quain); T. S. Cooper, 'In the White Hall Meadows, Canterbury,' exhibited 1848, £504 (Agnew). On the same day were sold: E. Long, R.A., 'A Question of Propriety,' 1870, £1,050

(Agnew); T. Faed, 'Music hath Charms,' 1866, £483 (Vokins), sold last year for £430; F. Holl, 'Want,' 1875, exhibited at Burlington House, 1889, £163 16s (Tooth). It is worthy of remark that in the Vigne sale last year this picture realized £111.

March 8.—The sale of this date caused much attention from the fact that a large number of pictures by a self-taught "Black Country" artist was submitted. These works, painted by H. Dawson, were the property of the late Mr. William Millward, of Edgbaston, and had been acquired direct. The following prices are remarkable: 'The Houses of Parliament,' 1872, £435 15s (Tooth); 'St. Paul's,' £630 (Agnew); 'The Tower of London,' £357 (King); 'York Cathedral,' £241 10s (McLean); 'Ely Cathedral,' £278 5s.; 'Lincoln,' 1870, £204 15s (Shepherd); others fetched goodly sums. On the same day were also sold: F. H. Henshaw, 'A Forest Scene,' £201 12s (Tooth); B. W. Leader, 'On the Llugwy,' 1875, £441 (McLean); Vicat Cole, 'Spring,' exhibited 1865, £420; T. Webster, 'The Pedlar,' exhibited 1844, £220 10s (Richardson).

March 11.—Some fine engravings were sold this day; the following may be specified: 'Madonna di San Sisto,' after Raphael, by Müller, open letter proof, £61; 'The Aurora,' after Guido, by R. Morghen, before letters, £52; 'The Monarch of the Glen,' signed by T. Landseer, £68 5s, and an artist's proof of Waltner's etching of Millet's 'L'Angelus,' £35 14s.

March 10-13.—On these days was sold the well-known Wedgwood Collection, formed by the late Mr. Cornelius Cox, the 721 lots realizing £6,245. The chief prices were: Barberini Vase (one of the fifty copies), £199 10s (Sinclair); black and white jasper vase on plinth, £180 (Morton); Plaque—the Nine Muses, £141 15s (F.R.).

March 15.—Various water colours: Rosa Bonheur, 'Les Longs Rochers, Fontainebleau,' 1875, £945 (bought in); Copley Fielding, 'In the Lake District,' 1834, £141 15s (Agnew); 'Lake Tal-y-Lyn,' £115 10s (Ellis); D. Cox, 'A Pass in Wales, Llanberis,' £120 15s (Walters); G. Koller, 'Marguerite Coming from Church,' £115 10s (Webb); Birket Foster, 'Children Going Home from School,' £315 (Sanders); E. Duncan, 'Lindisfarne Abbey,' 1870, £162 15s (Smith); A. C. Gow, 'Lord Kingston Introducing his Little Daughter to the Kit-Cat Club,' £215 5s (Grant); A. B. Houghton, 'Useless Mouths,' £138 12s (Joyce); Sir J. Gilbert, 'Soldiers on the March,' £178 10s (Golding).

March 17.—Pictures of the late Mr. C. R. Pemberton, of Newton, and others. J. B. Pater, 'Fête Champêtre,' a pair, £420 (M. Colnaghi). From the collection of the late Earl of Buckingham: F. Hals, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' £1,995 (Agnew); De Koning, 'A Bird's-eye View,' £435 15s (Lesser).

March 22.—As many as thirteen of the principal works of G. F. Watts were put up, and fetched, as was expected, high prices. These pictures were sold out of the collection of the late Mr. William Carver, of Kersal, Manchester. The prices reached were as follows:—'The Red Cross Knight and Una,' £1,732 10s (Buxton); 'Love and Death,' 1875, £1,386 (Agnew); 'The Rider on the White Horse,' £1,522 10s (Lord Pembroke); 'The Rider on the Red Horse,' £236 5s (Mitchell); 'The Rider on the Black Horse,' £388 10s (J. Smith); 'Death on the Pale Horse,' £236 5s (Ellis); 'Hope,' £483 (Lord Pembroke); 'Cupid,' £199 10s (J. Smith); 'The Penitent,' £420 (Agnew); 'The Dove that returneth no more,' £493 10s (Fisher); 'Mount Ararat,' £330 15s (Agnew);

'Rain passing away,' £126 (Willis); 'The Rainbow,' £535 10s. (H. Quilter).

From the same collection the following water colours were sold:—J. M. W. Turner, 'Aysgarth Force,' £199 10s. (Agnew); 'The First Steamboat on the Thames,' £442 10s. (Innes); Sir J. Gilbert's 'King Richard resigning his Crown,' £504 (Panmure Gordon). Oil paintings:—H. Moore, 'The Silver Streak,' 1881, £372 15s. (W. Robinson); F. Dicksee, 'Memories,' exhibited 1886, £840 (Gooden).

On the same day the following modern pictures, the property of the late Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., were disposed of:—R. P. Bonington, 'A Coast Scene, Normandy,' exhibited at Burlington House, 1884, £1,018 10s. (Agnew); 'Château of the Duchesse de Berri on the Garonne,' £420 (McLean); Sam Bough, R.S.A., 'A Hay Barge in the Fens,' 1858, £210 (Agnew); J. C. Hook, 'Luff Boy' (study), £357 (Agnew); another study—'Song and Accompaniment,' £189 (Agnew). It will be remembered that the large picture of this title was sold last year for £693. Other pictures were:—Linnell, sen., 'Isle of Wight from Lymington,' £388 10s. (Ellis); Van Haanen, 'The Cobbler's Shop,' £420 (Jones); B. W. Leader, 'Bettws y Coed,' 1869, £399 (McLean).

March 29.—Pictures, chiefly of the English School, from various sources: G. Romney, 'Sensibility' (Lady Hamilton) £3,045 (Henson); 'A Lady' (unfinished), £294 (Agnew); 'Mary Salisbury,' £571 5s. (Lloyd). An interesting relic of Gainsborough in the shape of a camera fitted with twelve landscape views in the master's best manner fetched only £215, having been bought in once before at £1,200. 'The Harvest Waggon,' by Gainsborough, sold for £220 10s. (Agnew). The sale of C. R. Leslie's 'Princes in the Tower,' for £12 12s., marks the present-day depreciation of the works of this master. In the poet Rogers' sale, 1856, this picture realized £225 15s. Other prices were:—J. Stark, 'Landscape,' £267 15s. (Laurie); J. Crome, 'A Landscape,' £252 (Laurie); 'The Porlington Oak,' from the Wynn Ellis collection, £787 10s. (Gooden); this same picture (presumably) went for £346 10s. in the Wynn Ellis sale of 1876. J. B. Burgess, 'Church Catechism,' 1878, £252 (McLean); P. Graham, 'The Gentle Heaving Tide,' 1877, £404 5s. (Agnew). The picture, 'Macbeth and the Witches,' by C. Stanfield, exhibited in 1850, and sold in the Brunel sale, 1860, for £535 10s., now realized but £120 15s. (McLean).

April 15-18; 22-24.—On these days the well-known collection of English water-colour drawings which had been compiled by the late Dr. Percy to illustrate historically—in the highest acceptance of the term—the progress of British water-colour art, was submitted to auction. No great examples of masters were included, yet the result formed an admittedly unapproachable exhibition of the many features of this essentially British art. It is interesting to note that Dr. Percy's catalogue of his collection was purchased for the British Museum at the moderate price of £49 7s. The proceeds of the sale attained the sum of £8,230, which adds interest to the fact that Dr. Percy had insured his collection at £7,000.

The following drawings realized over £100. J. S. Cotman, 'In Yarmouth Roads' (with two engravings), £178 10s. (South Kensington Museum); P. de Wint, 'A Stormy Day,' £132 6s. (Robinson); F. Mackenzie, 'The Jew's House at Lincoln,' from the Ellison collection, sold in 1886 for £56 10s., £210 (Vokins).

April 26.—Various pictures of the late Mr. J. C. Harter, of Leamington, and of the late Mr. J. Hunt, of Pedmore Hall,

Worcestershire. Water-colours: G. Barret, 'Classical River Scene,' 1820, £168 (Vokins). In the Campbell Sale, 1867, this sold for £97 13s. 'A View in the Weald of Kent,' £157 10s. (Gilbert). F. Goodall, R.A., 'Felici Ballerini reciting "Tasso" to the Fishermen of Chioggia,' 1864, £336 (Percival). This drawing was also sold in the Campbell collection, fetching then twenty-eight guineas more. Oil paintings: 'Interior of a Normandy Cabaret,' 1855, £640 10s. (Foster); E. W. Cooke, 'Dumbarton Castle,' 1851, £409 10s. (Mr. Percival); David Cox, 'Stepping Stones on the Conway,' £288 15s. (McLean); T. Faed, R.A., 'Pot Luck,' 1866, £595 (Agnew); Keeley Halswelle, 'Dolce far Niente,' 1868, £462 (Mr. Foster); J. Linnell, sen., 'A Hayfield,' 1865, £294 (McLean); Sir E. Landseer, 'Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale,' exhibited 1857, and sold in the Soames Sale, 1867, for £1,060 10s.—£1,291 10s. (Gooden); Sir J. Millais, 'Asleep,' £1,400 (Lucas); this was sold to Mr. Harter originally for £1,155. W. Muller, 'Felucca leaving Rhodes,' £472 10s. (Foster); W. Mulready, 'Landscape,' 1819, £315 (Agnew); this brought £400 in the Gillott Sale of 1872. L. Alma Tadema, 'The Studio,' 1867, £483 (Agnew); Adrian van Utrecht, 'Poultry,' 1647, £304 10s. (Laurie). The above comprised Mr. Harter's collection. From Mr. Hunt's the following fetched the chief prices:—T. Creswick, 'Woody River Scene in Wales,' £325 10s. (Brown); C. Stanfield, 'The Bay of Palermo,' 1854, £535 10s. (Agnew); Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 'A Stiff Breeze,' £315 (Agnew); J. Linnell, sen., 'The Harvest Field,' £1,701 (Vokins); 'The Road through the Forest,' 1854, £1,102 10s. (Agnew); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Sheep in a Mountainous Landscape,' 1852, £207 (Agnew); W. Muller, 'A Woody Landscape,' 1844, £819 (Agnew); 'Children sailing a Boat,' £1,470 (Agnew). 'The Slave Market at Montfalo,' £215 (Wigzell). P. Nasmyth, 'Harrow Weald Common,' 1821, £304 10s. (Vokins); 'A Woody Landscape,' 1827, £273 (Vokins); J. Constable, 'Carrying Hay,' £222 12s. (Lesser). May 3.—This day was devoted to the disposal of the collection of Mr. Charles Neck, and was remarkable for the good prices bid, which, however, in many cases apparently did not exceed the sums fixed as the reserves.

Colin Hunter, A.R.A., 'Daybreak,' £341; J. Linnell, sen., 'A Landscape with Sheep,' £320 (Agnew); J. Pettie, R.A., 'Dost know this Waterfly?' exhibited 1833, £420 (McLean). In the sale of March 22, this picture did not advance beyond £120 15s. J. C. Hook, 'The Nearest Way to School,' exhibited 1881, £1,417 (Agnew); 'Cornish Mermaid,' £1,417; A. Bonheur, 'A Mountain Scene in Auvergne,' £330 (Roberts); Harlamoff, 'The Flower Girls,' £556 (Agnew); Van Haanen, 'Juliet,' £336; Rosa Bonheur, 'A French Picnic,' £892; J. Pettie, R.A., 'Eugene Aram,' exhibited 1882, £651; John Linnell, sen., 'Pons Asinorum,' £945; 'The Barley Harvest,' £1,207; W. Q. Orchardson, 'A Morning Call,' £472 (McLean); 'In the Triforium,' £315 (Agnew); J. C. Hook, 'The Cowherd's Mischief,' £635; Mark Fisher, 'A Kerry Pastoral,' £315 (Robertson); 'A Sussex Pastoral,' £262 (Robertson); J. Linnell, sen., 'The Happy Valley,' £987; 'A Stormy Sunset,' £913 6s.; 'A Sultry Day,' £735; 'Sunrise,' £756; 'The Fishermen,' £735; 'Woods and Forests,' exhibited 1875, £1,995 (Becket); 'Pointing the Way,' exhibited at B. O., 1883, £1,197 (McLean); J. C. Hook, 'Tis an Ill Wind that does Nobody good,' exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, £2,572 (Becket). On the same day the following possessions of a gentleman "changing his residence" were submitted. A Stuart Wortley, 'The Big Pack,' £336; G. D.

Leslie, R.A., 'Whispering Leaves,' exhibited 1885, £304; E. Long, R.A., 'The Easter Vigil,' exhibited 1871, £840; 'In the Welsh Mountains,' £446; Vicat Cole, R.A., 'Sinodun Hill,' exhibited 1885, £745; Briton Rivière, R.A., 'After Naseby,' exhibited 1885, £745; F. Dicksee, A.R.A., 'Too Late,' £997, exhibited 1883; H. Macallum, 'Before the Sun goes down,' £350.

It will be noticed that none of the foregoing passed the reserve figures.

May 10.—If any evidence were required to emphasize the markedly British tone of the past sale season, the Wells Sale of Landseers which took place on this date would be more than sufficient. Thirty pictures of the master totalled upwards of £42,000, a high average for the auction room. The sale was not devoid of incident, for on the submission of Landseer's portrait by Sir F. Grant, an unusual display of emulative generosity was afforded by M. Rochefort and several dealers. These gentlemen, it appeared, were each desirous of presenting the picture to the National Portrait Gallery. The consequence was the portrait rose from 50 to 120 guineas before it could be settled that the courteous foreigner should have the honour of the presentation. Annexed are the sale returns:—A Dead Pheasant,' 1823, exhibited at B. O. 1874 (as most of the Landseers were), £367 10s. (Agnew); 'The Death of the Woodcock,' 1823, £672 (Henson); 'Heads of Sheep and Cattle' (studies on panel), 1828, £598 10s. (Brown); 'Roe's Head and Ptarmigan,' £420 (M. Colnaghi); 'Trim,' 1831, £787 10s. (Agnew); 'A Highland Interior,' exhibited 1831, £2,415 (Agnew); 'Grouse,' £1,113 (Agnew); 'Ptarmigan,' £630 (Agnew); 'A Pointer,' 1833, £892 10s. (Agnew); 'Black Cock and Grey Hen,' 1833, £1,260 (Henson); 'Teal and Snipe,' £1,207 10s. (McLean); 'Partridges,' 1833, £1,470 (Agnew); 'Wild Duck Dying,' 1833, £577 10s. (Henson); 'Black Highland Ox,' 1834, £346 10s. (Portman); 'The Reaper,' 1836, £420 (Agnew); 'The Shepherd's Grave,' £1,260 (Agnew); this has often been stated to have been Landseer's favourite. 'The Woodcutter,' 1837, £2,310 (Agnew); 'The Hawk and the Peregrine Falcon' (a pair), 1837, £1,000 (Agnew); 'The Honeymoon,' known as the 'Roebucks,' £4,042 10s. (Agnew); 'Deerhound and Mastiff,' exhibited 1838, £1,470 (Paterson); 'None but the Brave deserve the Fair,' exhibited 1838—fighting stags surrounded by the prize herds—£4,620 (Vokins); this marked the maximum of the sale; 'Hare and Stoat,' £640 10s. (Agnew); 'Dairymaid and Alderney Cow,' £661 10s. (Agnew); 'Otter and Salmon,' exhibited 1842, £1,365 (Vokins); 'Not Caught Yet,' exhibited 1843, £3,150 (Agnew); 'Terrier and Dead Wild Ducks,' 1845, £2,730 (Davis); 'Spaniel and Pheasant,' exhibited 1845, £1,575 (Agnew); 'Retriever and Woodcock,' exhibited 1845, £2,205 (Agnew); crayon drawing, 'Browsing,' 1857, £2,200 (Henson). 'A Wood Scene,' by F. R. Lee, R.A., with fallow deer by Landseer, fetched £420 (Tooth). On the same day were sold:—G. Morland, 'Ferretting Rabbits,' 1792, £472 10s.; W. Muller, 'Rock Temples,' £262 10s. (Polak); W. Mulready, 'A Dog of two Minds,' £1,213 (Agnew); Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 'A View in Holland,' £294 (Agnew); W. Collins, 'Hop-pickers,' 1835, £357 (Agnew); T. Creswick, 'At Killarney,' £210 (Agnew); W. Etty, 'A Bacchante,' £425 (Isaacs); T. Gainsborough, 'A Woody Landscape,' £378 (Agnew); A. Kauffmann, R.A., 'The Shepherdess,' oval, £220 10s. (Agnew); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Meditation,' 1819, £1,155 (M. Colnaghi); 'Edwin,' £315 (Agnew); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Near Sepolina, Como,' £1,113 (Isaacs);

then followed the remarkable 'Sheerness' by Turner. The subject is a man-of-war at anchor, a fishing-boat with red sail and other boats, with the sun rising through a fog. After an exciting competition the picture was knocked down to Mr. Agnew on behalf of Lord Wantage, for £7,450. This establishes the auction record for a Turner, exceeding the price paid for the 'Venice' in the Mendel Sale of 1875 by £100. It is worthy of comment that in the Dobree Sale of 1842, Turner himself wishing to possess the picture again left a commission of £100 to purchase it. At that time it realized £178 10s.; afterwards in the Baring Sale of 1848 the late Mr. Wells acquired it for £577 10s. T. Webster, R.A., 'The Smile,' and 'The Frown' (a pair), £1,207 10s. (Agnew); D. Wilkie, 'Distraint for Rent,' £2,310 (Agnew); this was bought in at the earlier Wells Sale in 1848 for £1,102 10s. 'The Jew's Harp,' by the same, painted in 1807, fetched £446 5s. (Agnew). 'The Village Festival,' a finished study of the National Gallery picture, realized £1,890 (Agnew); and 'An Italian Lake Scene,' by R. Wilson, R.A., sold for £210 (Agnew). Then followed works by the old masters, the remnants of the 1848 sale, being then bought in; the prices of that year when recorded are added in brackets. A Berchem, 'The Ford,' £892 10s. (Davis) (£262 10s.); Hobbema, 'A View in Westphalia,' £2,855 (Agnew) (£640 10s.); 'A Woody Landscape,' £262 10s.; Rembrandt, 'The Artist's Wife,' £1,690 10s. (Colnaghi) (£65); this great advance will be readily noticed; Jacob Ruysdael, 'The Flooded Road,' £997 10s. (Agnew) (£735); 'The Ruins of a Fort,' £367 10s. (M. Colnaghi) (£189); D. Teniers, 'Interior of a Kitchen,' £252 (Agnew) (£283 10s.); here there is a depreciation; A. Van de Velde, 'Meadow with Three Cows and Two Goats,' £987 (M. Colnaghi) (£220 10s.); P. Wouwermans, 'View on the Coast,' £378 (Murray); W. Van de Velde, 'Sea View with Boats, etc.,' £1,207 10s. (Agnew) (£241 10s.); Murillo, 'Head of a Bacchante,' £1,365 (Agnew) (£320 5s.); 'St. Mary Magdalene,' from the Standish collection of Louis Philippe, sold in 1853 for £840, £357.

This concluded the picture sale, the 104 lots achieving the figure of £76,945 11s. (gross), the entire collection being submitted unreservedly.

The fine oriental porcelain of the late Mr. Wells was sold on May 13-14. The sale on these days was no unfitting sequel to the disposal of the pictures, and some excellent prices proved that the collector was rightly considered a connoisseur of remarkable judgment.

Appended are the chief lots:—A Nankin blue vase and cover, £204 15s. (Smith); a Chinese hexagonal lantern and six circular medallions, £425 5s. (Duveen); a pair of Chinese vases, £798 (Duveen); a pink Chinese beaker, £190 (Warriner); a set of three jars and covers, and a pair of beakers, £810 (Duveen); a set of three oviform vases enamelled with figures in four large medallions, £577 10s. (Duveen); a pair of pink jars and covers, £798 (Duveen); a pair of black vases (rare) with arabesque foliage, £661 10s. (Whitehead); a pair of globular cisterns with mask handles, £745 (Davis); a pair of Mandarin vases, octagonal, with clustered tufts, enamelled on white ground with flowers, etc., in various colours, with borders of pink, £1,732 10s. (Vokins). From the price it will be gathered that these were in perfect condition. A pair of Japan jars, £189 (Larkin); a pair of octagonal vases, £147 (Ehrenbacher). Amongst various lots were a bronze group of Victory crowning Louis XII., etc., with buhl pedestal, £483 (Wertheimer); a bust of Sappho, found at Nismes, £105 (Radley); and an

Italian greyhound and puppies in marble, by Gott, £141 15s. (Agnew).

May 13.—The Palmerston collection of Reynolds' mezzotints in 252 lots realized £3,122.

May 17.—Cosens sale of modern pictures: L. Alma Tadema, R.A., 'Confidences,' £451 (Tooth); E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Thames off Millwall,' £346 (Agnew); T. Faed, R.A., 'From Dawn to Sunset,' £745 (Mappin); L. Fildes, R.A., 'Mariamna,' 1876, £210 (Shepherd); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Coming of Age in the Olden Time,' £388. This fetched £1,207 in the McArthur Sale, 1864. 'The Railway Station,' 1862, £315; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'The Valley on the Moor,' 1860, £215 (Tooth); Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., 'Dante in Exile,' £619 (Tooth); D. Maclise, R.A., 'Banquet Scene in *Macbeth*,' £315; Sir J. Millais, R.A., 'Trust me,' 1862, £220 (McLean); J. Philip, R.A., 'La Alameda,' 1862, £309 (Lord Portman); 'Doubtful Fortune,' 1861, £588 (McLean); 'Presbyterian Catechizing,' 1847, £399 (Tooth); D. Roberts, R.A., 'Interior of St. Peter's,' 1864, £262 (Vokins); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Naples,' 1846, £588 (Vokins); 'Dort,' £546 (Lord Portman); M. Stone, A.R.A., 'On the Road from Waterloo to Paris,' £420 (McLean).

May 31.—The remainder of Mr. William Webster's collection of modern pictures and drawings, the major portion of which was disposed of on March 30 of last year. The De Wint drawings gave interest to the sale, although they were not amongst the master's eminent examples, in fact but one rose above £100, the 'View in Wales' reaching £115 10s. (Hawkins). Other water colours were: H. B. Willis, 'Near Portmadoc,' 1862, £110 5s. (Hawkins); T. M. Richardson, 'Ragusa,' £152 5s.; 'The Bridge of Badia,' £152 5s.; Copley Fielding, 'A Village under the South Downs,' 1858, £173 5s. (Hawkins). Oil paintings: G. B. O'Neill, 'A Children's Party,' 1871, £252 (Tooth); W. Muller, 'A View at Tivoli,' £215 5s. (Agnew); W. Linnell, 'Across the Common,' 1859, £378 (Williams); J. T. Linnell, 'Sultry Hours,' exhibited 1869, £315 (Hawkins); 'Hill and Dale,' exhibited 1865, £315 (Hawkins); R. Solomon, 'Brunetta and Phyllis,' exhibited 1853, £351 15s. (Hawkins); P. R. Morris, A.R.A., 'Breezy June,' £210 (Hawkins); T. Webster, R.A., 'Breakfast,' exhibited 1838, £304 10s. (Tooth); Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette' (study), £215 5s. (Palser). From the collection of the late Mr. W. Stevens, of Tulse Hill: B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 'The Vale of Llangollen,' £215 5s. (Watts).

June 5.—The modern engravings of Mr. Henry Dewhurst, of Huddersfield, fetched high prices; notably, Landseer's 'Hunters at Grass,' by C. G. Lewis, £130 4s. (Agnew), the highest sum ever paid for this engraving; and the 'Monarch of the Glen,' £69 6s. (Vokins).

June 7.—The collection of water colours and pictures of the late Mr. Frederick W. Grafton, of Lancaster. Water colours: G. D. Maurier, 'The Transit of Venus,' £110 5s. (Ellis); 'The Two Thrones,' £115 10s. (Ellis); F. Tayler, 'A Hawking Party,' £210 (Agnew); P. Graham, 'Cloudland and Moor,' £132 5s. (Agnew); B. Rivière, 'Comala' (from 'Ossian'), £409 10s. (Agnew). Oil paintings: B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 'After Rain,' £483 (Agnew); 'St. Michael's Mount,' £294 (White); T. Webster, 'Spring Time,' £504 (Agnew); G. D. Leslie, 'Benson's Ferry,' £294 (Innes); P. Graham, R.A., 'The Seabird's Home,' 1874, £493 10s. (Graves); 'Roaring Waters,' 1876, £903 (Graves); F. W. Topham, 'Drawing for Military Service,' £357 (Agnew); B. Rivière, 'The King and his Satellites,' 1884, £1,417 10s. (Agnew). The property of a

gentleman followed. T. S. Cooke, R.A., 'Landscape with Cattle,' 1832, £320 5s. (West); T. Faed, R.A., 'The School Board' (a Scotch girl), £304 10s. (Wilks); Sir J. Gilbert, 'Ready, Waiting the Command,' 1877, £315 (Ellis); B. W. Leader, 'Evening among the Welsh Hills,' £210 (Graves).

The day's sale realized £15,690 (gross).

June 9.—The collection of water-colour drawings of the late Sir Joseph Heron, of Manchester, included the following works which realized sums over £100: S. Prout, 'Church of St. Pierre, Caen,' £152 5s. (Agnew); D. Cox, 'The Timber Waggon,' £136 10s. (Agnew); 'Skirts of the Forest,' £126 (Agnew); G. Barret, 'Walton Bridge on the Thames,' £157 10s. (Agnew); P. de Wint, 'A River Scene and Windmill,' £126 (Agnew); 'The Farm,' £220 10s. (Agnew); 'A River Scene in Westmorland,' £105 (Agnew); 'On the Yare,' £257 5s. (Vokins); 'Stacking Hay,' £252 (Agnew); W. Müller, 'The Harpagus Tomb,' £105; Copley Fielding, 'A Coast Scene,' £120 15s. (Agnew); 'Fresh Breeze off Staffa,' £241 10s. (Agnew); 'A Woodland Landscape,' £110 5s. (Buck and Reed); J. M. W. Turner, 'Evening Priory,' £108 3s. (Palser); 'Dunstanborough,' exhibited 1857, from Colonel Birchall's collection, £136 10s. (Agnew).

June 13.—On this day was sold the series of miniatures by Richard Cosway, R.A., and others, consisting of over seventy portraits, as one lot, in the last day's sale (the eleventh) of the varied Art collections of Mr. Edward Joseph, of Bond Street. This series fetched the large sum of £9,360 (F. H. Woodroffe). The whole collection of miscellaneous objects of virtu amounted to upwards of £46,000.

June 14.—The collection of old masters formed by the late Mr. Fredk. Perkins, of Chipstead, and lately the property of the late Mr. George Perkins. Prices did not rule in accordance with the anticipations formed of the merits of the pictures as catalogued. Hobbema, 'Landscape,' £3,465; Carlo Dolci, 'Ecce Homo,' £535 10s. (National Gallery); John Both, 'Muleteers in Landscape,' £997 10s. (Davis); A. Cuyp, 'Group of Seven Cows,' £997 10s.; G. Metz, 'The Music Lesson,' 1659, £609 (M. Colnaghi); A. Ostade, 'A Village Interior,' £787 10s. (Breun); Rembrandt, 'Portrait of a Gentleman, with long light hair' (Smith's Catalogue, vol. vii., 376), £1,627 10s.; J. Ruysdael, 'Landscape' (Smith, vi., 264), £735 (M. Colnaghi); Jan Steen, 'The Skittle-Players,' £693 (Breun); D. Teniers, 'The Guard Room,' £1,470 (Wertheimer); 'Playing La Morra,' £735 (Wertheimer); Murillo, 'St. Francis d'Assisi,' £630; 'St. Francis de Paul,' £630; T. Gainsborough, R.A., 'A Road in the Forest,' £346 10s. (Murray); P. Nasmyth, 'View on the Medway,' £399 (Agnew); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Meditation,' £682 10s.; Sir D. Wilkie, 'Guess my Name,' £598 10s. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' £231 (Agnew).

June 17-20.—Drawings by the late T. M. Richardson, R.W.S., 'Ulleswater,' £138 12s. (McLean); 'Durham,' £140 14s. (Agnew); 'Looking towards Glencoe,' £367 10s. (Cloete), and 'Evening, Loch A' An,' £231 (Vokins).

The three days' sale totalled £3,782 (gross).

June 21.—Various collections, chiefly of works by the old masters, one picture in particular, 'The Portrait of His Wife,' by Franz Hals, meeting with much favour. This was knocked down at £1,837 10s. (Colnaghi). 'Mrs. Casamayor,' by R. Cosway, R.A., realized £525 (Colnaghi); 'The Muse of History,' by Boucher, from the Barker collection, £294 (Ellis), and a 'Madame de Pompadour,' from the Pembroke collection, £215 5s. (Wertheimer). A similar replica was sold last year for £236 5s., but it will be recalled that the original achieved

the enormous sum of £10,395 in the Lonsdale sale of 1887. An 'Immaculate Conception,' by Murillo, exhibited at Burlington House, 1871, from the Altamira sale, fetched £399 (M. Colnaghi).

June 27.—The sale of this date was of the highest interest, the catalogue comprising a selection taken from the well-known Turners in the Farnley Hall collection of Mr. Ayscough Fawkes. Some of these water colours were exhibited at Burlington House last year as the 'Rhine Sketches;' in fact, it is worthy of note that, nowadays, the appearance of a picture at the Academy's Winter Exhibition frequently fore-shadows an early début at Christie's.

The following twenty-nine realized sums over £100, and interest is added by the fact that Turner sketched all the Rhine drawings in a fortnight. 'Mayence,' £430 10s. (Agnew); 'Palace of Biebrich,' £273 (Thompson); 'Rudesheim,' £210 (Thompson); 'Bausenberg,' £115 5s. (Agnew); 'Fürstenberg,' £105 (McLean); 'Pfalz,' £110 5s. (Hardy); 'Oberwesel,' £325 10s. (Henson); 'Lurleyberg' (11), £204 15s. (Lord Penrhyn); 'Lurleyberg' (12), £173 5s. (Hardy); 'Lurleyberg' (13), £115 10s. (Doulton); 'Rheinfels' (15), £157 10s. (Vokins); 'Castles of the Two Brothers' (16), £147 (Agnew); 'Boppard,' £120 15s. (Salomons); 'Peterhof,' £157 10s. (Agnew); 'Marksburg,' £152 5s. (Donaldson); 'Oberlahnstein,' £147 (Agnew); 'Entrance of the Lahn' (21), £147 (Lord Penrhyn); 'Ehrenbreitstein' (23), £157 10s. (Agnew); 'The Quay at Coblenz,' £136 10s. (McLean); 'Bridge at Coblenz,' £147 (Agnew); 'Neuvied' (26), £225 15s. (Agnew); 'Andernach,' £115 10s. (Vokins); 'Roman Tower, Andernach,' £105 (Thompson); 'Hammerstein,' £126 (Woolner); 'Remagen and Lintz' (30), £131 5s. (Agnew); 'Rolandswerth Nunnery,' £141 15s. (Vokins); 'Drackenfels' (32), £126 (Fine Art Society); 'Rhine Gate' (34), £147 (McEwen); 'Cologne,' £294 (Agnew).

The other Turners were: 'London, from Grosvenor Place,' £262 10s. (Agnew); 'Windermere,' £1,260 (Agnew); 'Ulleswater,' £320 5s. (Agnew); 'High Force, Tees,' £220 10s. (Doulton); 'Fountains Abbey,' £220 10s. (Agnew); 'Valley of the Washburne,' £136 10s. (Agnew); 'Loch Tyne,' £724 10s. (Agnew); 'Vevey,' £997 10s. (Agnew); 'Sallenches,' £420 (Agnew); 'The Valley of Chamouni,' £840 (Agnew); 'Lausanne,' £735 (Agnew); 'Source of the Arveron,' £215 (Thompson); 'Rome, from Monte Mario,' £472 10s. (Vokins); 'Rome, from the Pincian Hill,' £367 10s. (Obach); 'Vesuvius in Eruption,' £367 10s. (Davies); 'Venice, from Fusina,' £215 5s. (Sir G. Hardy); 'Stonehenge,' £231 (Sir G. Hardy); 'Lake Lucerne from Fluelen,' exhibited 1886, £2,310 (Agnew); 'Mont Blanc,' £1,050 (Agnew). The sale terminated with the disposal of Turner's oil paintings, viz.:—'The Lake of Geneva,' exhibited 1877, £2,625 (Clarke); 'Scene in the Apennines,' £808 10s. (Vokins); 'The Victory returning from Trafalgar,' £2,152 10s. (Agnew); and 'The Sun rising in a Mist,' akin to the Claudes Turner in the National Gallery, £1,050 (McLean).

June 28.—The collection known as the 'Stover,' late the property of the twelfth Duke of Somerset, some old masters from the Farnley Hall collection, and a number of Romneys

belonging to the Long family, of Preshaw, Hants, comprised the sale of this date; but special mention should be made of the putting up for auction of Gibson's well-known statue, 'The Tinted Venus,' which realized £1,837 10s., becoming the property of Messrs. Pears at that figure. The fifty-three pictures from Stover House included two remarkable portraits by Gainsborough, the first, of Lord Hamilton, fetching £4,410 (Agnew); and the second, of Alexander, Duke of Hamilton, £1,575 (Agnew). A fine example by Paul Potter, 'The Dairy Farm,' 1646, formerly in the Perrier and Lapeyrière collections, achieved the high bid of £6,090 (Agnew), and a 'Woody Landscape,' by Hobbema, £2,730 (Agnew). Others were:—Vandyck, 'Queen Henrietta Maria,' from the Hamilton collection, £1,050 (Agnew); John Hoppner, R.A., 'Portrait of a Lady,' £1,575 (Agnew); Sir H. Raeburn, 'Professor John Playfair,' £220 10s. (Agnew); A. Ostade, 'Village Scene,' £252 (M. Colnaghi); G. Dow, 'An Interior,' £294 (Sedlmeyer); L. Backhuysen, 'Sea View, with the English Fleet,' £619 10s. (Agnew); Rubens, 'Portrait of a Philosopher,' £315 (Agnew); J. Ruysdael, 'Mountainous Landscape,' £504 (Lesser).

From the Farnley Hall collection:—J. B. Greuze, 'Girl and Kid,' £630 (Agnew); A. Cuyp, 'View over a River,' from the Orleans Gallery, £787 10s. (Agnew); Hondekoeter, 'Garden Scene, with Peacock and Hen,' £630 (Agnew); J. Weenix, 'Garden Scene, with dead Hare suspended, &c.,' 1705, from the Orleans Gallery, £777 (Davis).

Then followed the Romneys, six of which were of considerable importance:—'The Bashful Child,' £997 10s. (Agnew); 'The Shy Child,' £798 (Agnew); 'Lady Hamilton, with her hands clasped,' £399 (Agnew); 'The Coy Child,' £651 (M. Colnaghi); 'Lady Hamilton as Circe,' £4,042 10s. (Gibbs); and 'Macbeth and the Witches,' £262 10s. (Lewis).

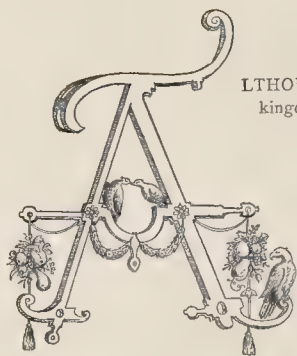
From other properties were also sold:—Claude, 'Mount Helicon,' £299 5s. (Farrar), sold in the Graham Sale, 1886, for £409 10s.; J. Van der Heyden, 'View of a Town,' £220 10s. (White); Sir J. Reynolds, 'Catherine, Countess of Dartmouth,' £525 (Ellis); 'The Marquis of Granby,' £525; Vandyck, 'The Marquis of Vieuville,' £945; Terburg (attributed to), 'Lady and Gentleman,' £450 10s. (Colnaghi).

July 19.—Various pictures belonging to the Marquis of Normanby, of Mulgrave Castle, and other works from different properties. T. Gainsborough, 'Constantine John Lord Mulgrave,' £955 10s. (Davis); another by Sir J. Reynolds, £283 10s. (Burke); 'Lady Lepel Harvey,' £273 (Murray); 'Henry, Earl of Mulgrave,' £273 15s. (M. Colnaghi); Sir E. Landseer, 'Pets,' exhibited 1832, £498 15s. (Lesser); 'The Pet of the Duchess,' £215 5s.; 'Setters and Grouse,' £278 5s. (Agnew); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Milking Time,' 1847, £246 15s. (McLean); T. Gainsborough, 'View near Sudbury,' £273 (Murray); and 'A Lane in Surrey,' by P. Nasmyth, 1826, £388 10s. (Lord Moray).

With respect to the various sales at Messrs. Sotheby's no striking features from an Art point of view presented themselves, although some very fine libraries were sold, notably the Hartree, Sullivan, and Gaisford, which latter realized upwards of £10,000, a much greater sum than that expended in forming the collection.

A. C. R. CARTER.

THE EARLY DAYS OF DAVID WILKIE.



"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."—Milton.

ALTHOUGH he left his native kingdom of Fife before he was twenty, it is said to the end of his half century of life "Wilkie's eyes ever glistered at the mention of Cults," showing that his birthplace and boyhood's home was ever a memory fraught with pleasant recollections. The church of

Cults and its next-door neighbour, the manse, stand alone in a lane which is like a peaceful backwater from the high-road. Even in these changeful times Cults has retained an old-world air, such as it wore when Wilkie first knew it a century ago. The ivy on the belfry has grown apace, a few more graves have been added to those "grassy barrows of the happier dead" in the kirkyard, while time and weather, helped by moss and damp, have obliterated the letterings on the headstones, which were clear cut and new when Davie Wilkie played among them. But little else is altered. Standing by the manse door we look down to-day on much the same scene as did young Wilkie, except that the train now encircles the Howe of Fife (as the richly-cultivated plain is called), but, as it hastens on to cross the Tay Bridge, it does not disturb the primitive quiet of Cults. Its busy goings and comings are melted by distance into a white belt of smoke or a far-off softened whistle. Pitlessie village, where Wilkie first went to school, and whose fair he immortalised, is close by, more sleepily silent than of yore, for the rattle of the weaver's shuttle is no longer heard from the red-tiled cottages which nestle by the Eden, and this nineteenth century transacts business with Pitlessie's once equally placid neighbours, Kingskettle and Ladybank.

The mill of Pitlessie, which to-day eagerly works by the softly-flowing river, stands like a snowy watch-tower overlooking the cultivated strath whose corn it has ground these hundred years and more, is added to, but little altered, since David's grandfather owned it. The Lomond hills, with patches of dark wood on their sloping shoulders, guard the fertile carse, and Cults, under the shelter of a bleak hill fringed with firs, straggling and wind-shaven, wherever the blast from the bitter east has caught them, looks up to the Lomonds, especially when the sun is setting behind their well-known purple domes. The Eden, a peaceful stream, bathing the reeds by its edge up to their chins, more of a brimming English river than the usual impetuous water to be found north of the Tweed, runs through this circle of well-tilled land in the Howe. It flows evenly and silently between its willow-bordered banks, and, after it slips under a grey bridge, winds and crooks below Pitlessie in silver links like the Forth

at Stirling, and then flows straight and noiseless past the mill.

The artist, when a boy, had all these scenes, their lights and colours, from sunrise to sunset, from January to December, etched by the enduring hand of youthful affection, on his retentive mind. The grey and somewhat grim attractiveness of his native seagirt Fife was dear to him, for he saw the beauty of its ample fields, dark woods, hollows and hills, on which the red-tiled villages are built. He studied well in his boyhood the interior of these cottages. He knew what manner of life their inhabitants led, for from his earliest days he used his brush to print "the still, sad music of humanity." He had seen with these "goshawk eyes" of his how well the 'Blind Fiddler' was received by the cottage hearth; how the 'Jew's Harp' was brought back by the bairns as a "fairing;" or how the recruiting sergeant had persuaded a countryman to give up "hadden grey and a' that" for the Queen's shilling and scarlet coat.

Wilkie's taste for Art received but little encouragement when he was a child, for he was like a solitary exotic struggling for life in the chill soil of bleak Fife. He had no one to influence or encourage him, and saw but few paintings or illustrated books. His father's stipend was so meagre, meat only appeared on the table on rare festive occasions, and Wilkie dated his future bad health to the fact he seldom ate meat till he left Cults. As the necessities of life were scarce, no margin was allowed for the luxury of decorative Art, but David, with his untutored hand, enlivened the bare walls of his home. His father's successor, Dr. Gillespie, found the painters had obliterated what he tells us were "the portraits, touched into the humorous, of persons who were visitors at the manse, or who frequented the kirk, and were drawn with chalk, charcoal, pencil, keel, nay ink, for almost anything was in those days in his hands an instrument of Art." The Rev. David Wilkie did not encourage his son's artistic talent. Mrs. Wilkie was more in sympathy with her boy. She was the miller of Pitlessie's daughter, and the third bride brought by Mr. Wilkie to that frugal little manse at the foot of the gorse-covered lime-hills, for David's father, as the minister tells us himself, had first married "one of the most beautiful women in Fife, Miss Mary Campbell." In 1777—four brief months after the extract quoted—he has to record, "This day my beloved wife departed this life, having been taken ill of a fever, an event the most afflicting I ever met with." He next married his cousin, Peggie Wilkie, but before a year was done "the angel with the amaranthine wreath" again visited the manse, and another grave was added to the sheep-nibbled mounds in Cults kirkyard. It was in 1781 that the twice-bereft minister went down to the mill by the winding Eden and brought Isabella Lister to rule over Cults, where, in 1785, their third son, David, was born. The mill, his mother's birthplace, he immortalised in his only landscape, 'Sheep-washing.'

Allan Cunningham, Wilkie's biographer, says he was "a silent though stirring child." When he was twelve, in a sketch-book, which survived till it became precious by his fame, he pencilled himself "round-faced and somewhat chubby. He is in a short blue coat, and has a country air, and that composed look which distinguished him when a man, yet a composure ever ready for either open humour or serious thought." This country air hung about him long, for when Sir William Beechey drew him in 1809, he still betrayed a rustic bearing. Twenty years later, when he sat to Phillips, all trace of Fife uncouthness had gone, but his eyes also had lost the eager untamed fire of youthful hope. Wilkie, we know, painted himself in his student days in London. He had asked Haydon, in the broad Scots tongue he ever retained, "Whaur d'ye stay?" and then invited him to breakfast. Haydon says, "I went to his room rather earlier than the hour named, and to my utter astonishment found Wilkie sitting stark naked on the side of his bed, drawing himself by the help of a looking-glass. 'My God, Wilkie,' said I, 'where are we to breakfast?' Without any apology, or attention to my impertinent question, he replied, 'It's jest capital practice.' I shall certainly never forget his red hair, his long, lanky figure reflected in the glass, and Wilkie, with porte-crayon

and paper, making a beautiful study of his nude self."

When "but a toddlin' wee thing," Cunningham tells how Wilkie used "to draw such figures as struck his young fancy on the sand by the streamside, on the smooth stones of the field, on the floors of the manse; nor was it unobserved that most of these early scratchings had a leaning to the humorous and absurd." Beyond the manse garden, the by-road, on which stands Cults, crosses the burn to reach some cottages. The stream banks are sandy by this mimic ford, and no doubt were often used by little Davie in lieu of a canvas. Lady Balgonie often visited at the manse. The pictures in her home at Melville, and those of Lord Crawford at Crawford Lodge, were the only works of Art the secluded boy at Cults had access to. They first imbued him with a desire to emulate, for he tells us how longingly he used to contemplate them "with an eye of despair, and wondered how such effects were produced." On the manse floor the observant child used to lie and draw by the hour crude but recognisable portraits of "Bonny Lady Gonie," as he called the

beautiful woman who came from the Big House with the picture-lined walls he loved, little dreaming how his own boyish sketches would, at no distant date, hang in an honoured place there. He was but an urchin in petticoats when he drew perishable likenesses of Lady Balgonie, and was barely into corduroys when he was sent to the school at Pitlessie. His mother, whom we hear was an exemplary woman on all matters, had already taught him to read, but Sir David in after life said he could draw before he knew the alphabet. He was an idle scholar, and of the three R's studied little. Instead of sums, his slate was full of his schoolmates' portraits. When big enough to walk the distance, he went to Kettle school, a mile or so farther up Strath Eden. His fame had preceded him. He had to draw all the boys there, and delighted in that task. The lads and lassies of Kettle gathered round blue-eyed Davie in the playground, at the same time that the boys across the Forth gathered in the High School yards round Walter Scott. The child

was father to the man in both cases; the Fife loon wielded his untutored pencil to amuse his comrades, and his young contemporary held his active companions spell-bound by his entrancing tales. They met in after years, one having become the Wizard of the North, the other Royal Limner to his Majesty, a



Pitlessie Mill and the Eden.

man who had so distinguished himself as to have honour in his own country. When Wilkie was thirty-six, these lesson-days were still vividly fresh in his mind, which evidently wandered home to Fife when he painted 'The School.' Its benches he filled with his playmates of thirty years ago, and the kirk of Kettle loomed in the background. As he worked on this picture, which is still unfinished, doubtless to him—

"The friendships old and the early loves
Came back with a sabbath sound of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods."

When his schoolmates, still tilling and ploughing in Strath Eden, were questioned about the sketches made by "wee sunny-haired Davie," they cast their memory back and answered, "Ou aye, atweel they were like;" and another "minded him a kindlier, quieter lad nor his brithers," liking better to look on than to join in games; for while they roamed among the green mounds of Cults kirkyard, he traced their figures on the sandy banks of the burnside, or scratched them on stones, only stopping when the "blackening trains

of crows," slowly flying to their repose in the darksome woods of Ramornie, warned him the day was done and the sun had set behind the Lomonds.

On his way along that two miles of high-road from Cults to Kettle he saw many subjects which he depicted as soon as he got hold of pencil and slate, for a grey-headed beggarman, a maimed sailor, a mendicant fiddler, were noted and quickly immortalised by the demure little lad with the vigilant eyes. The smithy at Pitlessie fascinated him, as it fascinates all boys, and when far up on the ladder of fame his mindful memory recalled in word pictures the ploughmen and ploughshares, the groups at work and gossip, he had seen gathered there in the chill spring evenings, when the mavis were beginning to sing in the wintry thorns.

From Kingskettle the future R.A., still a quiet-mannered boy, with a face dimpling over with humour, went to a more advanced finishing school in the county town of Cupar, where, among his accomplishments, he learned dancing and mastered a few simple airs on the fiddle. This latter accomplishment he turned to use, for by way of relaxation to painter and model he would play "Argyll's Bowling Green" or "Haud awa frae me, Donald," and as a consequence 'The Village Recruit,' or 'The Bag-piper,' would lose his wearied look and assume an expression more suitable to the part he was destined to exhibit on canvas.

At fourteen years of age David Wilkie's school days ended. It was then the minister and the miller of Pitlessie tried to turn his youthful steps away from what seemed to them the will-o'-the-wisp pursuit of Art to the more sure path to the Church. The lad, however, was dogged, so to Edinburgh, where the Academy was free, young Wilkie went to be one of the seeds of thistledown, to which in after life he compared the Art students. He was one of the few in the thousand which, according to his symbol, took good root and were heard of again. When he journeyed to Scott's "own romantic town," he took with him some specimen drawings and a letter from the Earl of Leven, whose patronage Mr. Wilkie had asked for his son. His drawings did not pass muster, and he was refused admittance; but the Earl stood by his young protégé and neighbour, for he was sure genius must lurk somewhere in one who, despite his churlish Fife upbringing, had shown such a predilection for Art. Wilkie, unlike Johnson, found a patron no drawback. Chesterfield's help, when no longer needed, "encumbered" the great Doctor, but wrote Wilkie, "I for one can allow no ill to be said of patronage; patronage made me what I am, for it is plain that merit had no hand in my admission." His industry gradually pushed him to a foremost place among his comrades, for, with that steady application which was ever his characteristic,

he lost no opportunity to attend trysts and markets, sketching there those who were to be placed in the pictures he had already planned. At eighteen, having learned all the Trustees Academy had to teach, he went back to his dearly loved Cults, determined there to paint his first big picture. The subject he chose and had long meditated on was 'Pitlessie Fair.' He found it difficult to get models. The Fife folk were shy of being immortalised. He, however, had decided what part each was to occupy in his 'Market,' and was not to be baulked. He, like a canny Scot, bided his time, and jotted down the buirdly figures, the shrewd rugged faces at "worship" on the Sabbath. He transferred these pencil notes during week-days to his canvas, which stood on an easel of his own devising—a drawer in his chest of drawers pulled out. He never, he said, had a handier easel in his life, or one on which he painted better. Into this picture he introduced one hundred and forty figures, making it the portrait of a village. When it was shown in London he wrote

to his father, "Tell the people of Pitlessie they have more honour conferred on them than they ever had before; tell them they are seen and admired by the first people in the kingdom, and tell my grandfather he is not the least admired among them."

'Pitlessie Fair' opened up a prospect of getting a foothold on the ladder of fame, the first step of which was to reach London. As he worked at his improvised easel, he obtained some local commissions for portraits, and went to Blebo to paint Mrs. Beaton and her daughter. He also marched over to the Tay boundary of his native kingdom of Fife, and there painted on one canvas Mr.

Morrison of Naughton, his grand-daughter Isabel, and Sailor, their Newfoundland. Dr. John Brown says truly, "Wilkie has a dog, and often more, in almost every one of his pictures. His dogs are dogs in expression as in body." About Cults and Pitlessie the artist, as a boy, made acquaintance with many of the canine race, and associated them with their owners' pursuits, for he says himself he never saw a dog basking itself in the sun at a cottage door, but he saw at the same time its master resting himself within. This picture was new in its place over the dining-room fireplace at Naughton when Wilkie, a tall Scotch lad, with a pale, anxious face, was surely working his way upwards in London. The picture hangs there now, alongside the work of other famed men besides Turner and Sir Joshua. The raw handiwork of the Fife lad holds its own among them. He had caught the likeness of the bluff, ugly old man, with his sedate little grand-daughter in her white frock at his knee, the dog pushing himself with panting eagerness into the picture, determined not to be separated from the



Stream behind Cults Manse.

brown-haired little heiress, who did not live to rule over these lands by the Tay. When Wilkie had become distinguished, and the picture valuable to its owner, because the white-dressed little girl no longer played below the old trees, but was laid to rest in the churchless graveyard close by Balmerino, the artist was asked to retouch and improve it if that were possible; but the R.A., after studying his work, said he could not. With youthful impetuosity, fired by hope, he had with untrained hand done his work well, and this picture shows that Wilkie had the knack of portrait painting; his grouping, his likenesses, and his colouring do credit to the name he won in after life.

With the proceeds of 'Pitlessie Fair' and these portraits, Wilkie set out for London when he was nineteen. Jackson, a fellow-student, wrote to Haydon, "There is a raw, tall, pale Scotchman come, an odd fellow, *but there is something in him*; he is called Wilkie." Jackson, Haydon, and the fellow with something in him, became firm friends. When 'The Village Politicians' was praised in the *News*, Haydon tells how this trio, in Wilkie's lodgings, "huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired." To Wilkie fame came speedily. He landed in London friendless, a letter of introduction only served in after

years for the subject of a picture, and the £70 brought from home, with a little help, sufficed till his 'Village Politicians' took London by storm, and brought great people with commissions to his studio. He did not forget the loving hearts at Cults, filled with pride on his account, for Haydon tells us, "amiable simplicity of rustic triumph glittered on Wilkie's expressive face," as he stood interested beyond all belief watching his landlady pack the "braws" he had chosen for his mother and sister to commemorate his success. He little dreamed, as he dauntered to school by the quiet Eden, or played truant among the black woods of Ramornie, that he, a douce Fife laddie, should set the artistic branch of the Thames on fire by mixing his paints well with what Opie said was the principal and only necessary ingredient, viz., brains. He was not uplifted by all the renown he so suddenly won, though he wrote to his father, "My ambition is got beyond all bounds,

and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of your affectionate son, David Wilkie."

When he was "old in honours, young in years," the Ettrick Shepherd, whom he had wandered up the dowie dens of Yarrow to see, welcomed him, exclaiming, "Mr. Wilkie, I cannot tell you how proud I am to see you are so young a man." Sir Walter Scott, Wilkie's host at the time, remarked, "It was the finest compliment ever paid to man." Wilkie need not have been afraid his country would not be proud of him. Before he was buried in the blue Mediterranean he knew Scotland boasted of her Cults-bred R.A., "the darling artist of the people, learned or illiterate, for he spoke to all degrees of knowledge and varieties of taste." As he climbed upward with steady head and industrious surety to the pinnacle of fame, the memory of the grey manse where he had spent his boyhood came back to him. When his father died,

he made a home for his mother and sister in London. He wrote to Miss Wilkie shrewd, minute directions as to what to bring, and ordered all "auld nicknacket things" to be packed, for he valued them for old sake's sake, including the copper saucepan, an old Gothic chair, and "the Dutch press mother got from Mrs. Berrell," all of which sat often for their portraits.

When the well-remembered furni-

ture from the frugal manse and his dearly loved ones were settled at Phillimore Gardens, he said with a pathetic simplicity it was the happiest moment of his life, for he could believe himself at Cults once more, till he looked out of the windows and missed the Lomond hills.

Dr. Gillespie carved over the garden gate of Cults these following words, which Gil Blas said he would have written in letters of gold over his doorway:—"Inveni portum spes et fortuna valet sat me lusistes ludite nunc alios." Hope grew strong in David Wilkie's boyish heart despite his adverse Fife surroundings, and fortune came early to the hardworking youth. They had "sportied" gently with him. He "found his haven," so to hope and fortune Cults's distinguished son bade farewell when still in his prime.

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.



Pitlessie Village.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE STUDIOS.

ART, which elevates the masses, and spiritualises the brute, and sanctifies the savage—at least in speeches over the banquet-table at Burlington House—has, nevertheless, little to do with the formation of the great literary minds, and still less with that of the great religious minds of modern times. The alleged connection between Art and Morals has so often inspired speakers and writers, that one might fancy there was some peculiar appropriateness in the combination of Royal Academicians and of Royal Bishops in one club—the only club, moreover, which Henry Kingsley said wives should allow their husbands to join—the Athenæum. But the Art and Moral theory receives some rude disclaimers from history. Art, for instance, was the mistress of Lorenzo de' Medici, but by no means the only one; while Savonarola practised virtue in an undecorated cell, and committed few sins perhaps, but certainly some lovely bits of colour to the great bonfire of vanities in front of St. Mark's. The pontiffs who were patrons of the arts are not those whose names occur in the calendar. Nor would it be anything but disappointing to the missionary of Art in our own days, who is going to make Whitechapel white with Watts, and life at Wapping beautiful by Burne-Jones, to know how little discrimination in things artistic has been shown by the doctors and fathers of the Church. It would try his faith to walk round the Academy with a bishop; for what prelate could stand were his piety gauged by his appreciation of, say, the Newlyners? The ecclesiastical colours are not beautiful, and mauves and magentas, which scandalise even the world and the flesh, are seen in the sanctuary. Let us leave, however, a train of thought likely to disorder the peroration of a Lord Mayor when Gog and Magog are set up to save the masses. And, indeed, without going into any study of ethics, it is easy to see that we have lighted on times which leave a master of one subject little leisure to concern himself with others. It is a vanity to look for an æsthete in a theologian; for a colourist in a professor of science; for an art-critic in a man of letters. One would not go to Carlyle to know where Landseer is to be ranged as an artist; or to Darwin for reflections on Corot; or to Cardinal Newman for an estimate of the influence of Mr. Whistler on Mr. Frith.

But a great man, in whatever sphere, enters into the artistic history of his time. If only as a sitter, he comes into the studios; and his opinions, even as those of an outsider, are not without an interest of their own. Cardinal Newman was born at a bad time for an outsider. The literature that most delighted his boyhood was at once current and classic, the novels of Sir Walter Scott. But the current pictures! After Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney had come the deluge of mediocrity; if he went to the Academy exhibitions when he was in his teens, he went to an Academy presided over by Benjamin West. It is true that Wilkie was alive; and, so far as I remember at the moment, Wilkie is the only modern painter to whom Newman ever publicly referred. This was in a lecture on Poetry which, as a spontaneous piece of good nature, he delivered in a schoolroom in Birmingham in 1849; and his reference is to 'The Village Festival,' the picture by which Wilkie gained his Associateship, and which Newman, then a small boy, may have seen when it was first shown. In this lecture Newman threw Goldsmith at Wilkie's head. "The lecturer," says a contemporary report, "then proceeded to contrast Goldsmith's beautiful description of an ale-house with Wilkie's picture of 'The Village Festival,' in which coarse, rough, yet true features of the scene were too faithfully rendered. While Goldsmith described a common object in beautiful terms, Wilkie, who had nothing poetical in him,



A Sketch from St. Mary's, Oxford, fifty years ago.

merely gave us a literal transcript of the object itself." Then generalising with the usual danger, the lecturer said, "Wilkie took things from the life, but there was no new life thrown over them; all his works were true, but none of them were beautiful. This can be seen from his portraits, which were frequently so true as to appear mere caricatures. They were utterly destitute of that higher dignity which a great master, who was possessed of poetical feelings, imparted to his paintings."

It was the literary man who spoke: but some of the opinions of the Cardinal forty years ago were not wholly at variance with those hinted by the President of the Royal Academy himself when Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Bramley first caught the eye of the town. Though Newman sighed for idealisation in portraits, he seemed to require in landscape a

rendering of the countryside which should include the breezes and their salubrious effect on the spectator; and a convenience would it certainly be if a doctor might indifferently prescribe half an hour before a Henry Moore or a voyage to Egypt; a five minutes' sitting before an Olsson or an Adrian Stokes, instead of a stay at St. Ives or at Salcombe. Says Newman, in rhymes written with much gravity when the century was twenty-six years old, and he only one year its junior:—

"Art's laboured toys of highest name
Are nerveless, cold, and dumb;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb.
Well suit, when sense is passed away,
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

"Here let me sit where wooded
hills
Skirt yon far-reaching plain;
While cattle bank its winding
rills,
And suns embrown its grain.
Such prospect is to me right
dear,
For freedom, health, and joy
are here."

Clearly, Newman was not a lover of Art in its limitations. He never published, it should be added, the Wilkie lecture to which allusion has been made. Indeed, he rarely hazarded an opinion on a given picture, even in private. "I only wish," he wrote to me once, "I were somewhat skilled in matters of Art, that my judgment were worth anything."

Newman, in the pulpit of St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford in the thirties, afforded a frequent subject for the pencil of two or three clever sketchers among the undergraduates. It is not because these portraits are "so true" that they "frequently appear mere caricatures." A man may, indeed, resemble a caricature; but that is not the artist's fault.

In the case of Newman, caricature—to which his features easily lent themselves—was due more often to the absence of mastery in the artists than to intention. There are some exaggerations common to all amateurs, prolonged length of nose, an undue accentuation of accents; and these exaggerations, however slight, can in some cases be fatal to serious portraiture. The sketch from St. Mary's is a case in point; and the group of the Newman family, taken by Miss Maria Giberne about the same time, the Cardinal himself called "a caricature" in a letter received from him late in his life. Yet never were intention and effort more serious than were Miss Giberne's. She was, as Thomas

Mozley, Newman's brother-in-law, describes her, "an early and ardent admirer of Newman." Early in the thirties the Newman family occupied a cottage in Nuneham Courtney—supposed to be the "deserted village" of Goldsmith—and therefore containing the public-house of ideal literature. The father of the family was dead—after failing of success as a banker and then as a brewer. But the mother of the future Cardinal—herself the daughter of the Huguenot family of Fourdrinier—still lived. One sister—Mary—was dead; and one brother had already gone his own way (which was not the family's way) and had begged his friends to consider him no more a Newman. But there were left two sons and two daughters to companion their mother—John Henry and

Francis; and Harriett and Jemima, shortly to marry the brothers Mozley—Thomas and John. The cottage was one which Jean Jacques Rousseau had inhabited; a humble cottage which Mozley says would have been set down in the midlands as the habitation of weavers. The brothers were visitors from Oxford, John Henry frequently riding or walking between Oriel, where he was Fellow, and his mother's cottage. Miss Giberne had done several single figures of Newman, which were much admired in their place and day. The picture we reproduce shows us that her work had the affectations of the Art of the time, and these asserted by an amateur. The studiousness of both the young men is expressed by the book opened before each, at which neither is looking, and John Henry holds a symbolic pen and wears the spectacles of wisdom. The artist herself had what our fathers called a majestic figure, and luxu-



John Henry Newman, 1844. By George Richmond, R.A.
(Reproduced by permission of Mr. McLean.)

riant black hair. She moved many to admiration; and one of these, who loved her either vainly or silently, died in India and left her all he possessed, a competence. Whether she was the occasion of those one or two breaks which Newman confesses he had in the continuity of his idea that he was destined to lead a single life, I do not know. Him she followed into the Catholic Church in 1845; and she then went to live in Rome, where, for nearly twenty years, she copied religious pictures and sent them to decorate chapels at home. Her figure was a familiar one, going from her apartment in a house somewhere between the Quirinal and the Forum of Trajan

every morning to her work in a room given her in the gallery of the Palazzo Borghese, and returning home at night. No one ever molested her, and Mozley says he could understand the immunity:—"She moved along like a divinity." She sketched on her own account as well as copied. She drew Pio Nono on a mule, and Antonelli sat to her. In the Achilli trial there was occasional mention of Rosina Giuberti, "who had shepherded a flock of female witnesses from Italy and had charge of them in London." The initiated knew it was Maria Rosina Giberne.

To Mr. George Richmond, R.A., Newman sat just before his secession from the Church of England, though one would not say so to see it. The commission for the portrait was given by Newman's dear friend, Henry Wilberforce, the son of the Emancipator; and, before the engraving was made, Henry Wilberforce, too, had joined the Church of Rome, and

wished to have his friend presented to the world in the dress of an Oratorian, instead of with the collar and tie of the Anglican minister of the period. So the change was made; and may well be put on record, lest it confuse future biographers of Newman, to say nothing of the students of clerical costume. Mr. Richmond has been heard by a friend of mine to refer to this portrait as the best he ever made.

Then comes a long break in the artistic record; until another lady amateur broke it by a pleasant portrait which was engraved by Samuel Cousins, R.A., one of three which she had taken. This was the first Lady Coleridge's portrait: too smiling, some might think, and with just a suggestion of Lenbach's rendering of Döllinger. Cardinal Newman's friendship for the artist gave this a place in his affections which perhaps more serious works of Art did not attain. It pleased, too, many of Newman's intimates. The first repro-



The Newman Family Group, sixty years ago. By Miss Maria Rosina Giberne.

duction of it I saw was on the walls of an Anglican Deanery. The Dean, who loved Newman from the old Oxford days, and who had entertained him at the Deanery—on almost the spot where he was born—stood before the engraving which recalled to him, as no other then existing portrait did, the tender gravity of the original, the "deep simplicity," the indulgent smile, yet not without a hint of mischief in it.

Mr. Oulless was a simple Associate of the Academy when he began, in 1879, to paint Newman, then a simple Doctor of Divinity. Before the sittings were over the sitter had been raised to the Red; and Mr. Oulless, before he exhibited again, had attained full academic dignities. Another and more personal event happened about then—Mr. Oulless's marriage; and the painter cherishes the remembrance of a promise made him by the Cardinal—even then pathetically old—to say Mass for his happiness on the wedding morning. Mr. Tom Taylor

thought it was the portrait into which the artist threw "his best strength;" and the etching of it made by Rajon, as a pendant to his Darwin in size and effect, is well known. The commission was given to Mr. Oulless by a number of members of the congregation at the Birmingham Oratory; by whom the portrait was presented to the Cardinal. "My dear children," he said, "it is indeed a very thoughtful kindness that you should propose to provide a memorial of me for time to come, and a memorial so specially personal, which years hence will bring back vividly the remembrance of the past to those who have known me, and will carry on into the future a tradition of what I was like to the many who never saw me. This is another kindness, that in carrying out your purpose you had recourse to a man of widely-acknowledged genius, whose work, now finished, is generally pronounced to be worthy of his reputation, and is found by competent judges to claim more

and more admiration as a work of Art the more carefully it is studied. You ask for my blessing, and I bless you with all my heart. Each one of us has his own individuality, his separate history, his antecedents, and his future, his duties, his responsibilities, his solemn trial, and his eternity." There the portrait still hangs, with a new appositeness now that the original has entered on "his eternity." A replica has been painted by Mr. Oulless for Oriel College, Oxford.

When the Cardinal gave his sittings to Mr. Oulless, he made up his mind that he was never to sit again. An octogenarian gets the habit of looking on each special episode as the last. But in a little while, at the instance of the Duke of Norfolk, he was climbing up the marble stairs of Sir John Millais's house at Palace Gate. It was a novelty to the recluse of Birmingham to hear the outspoken words of the painter, beginning with,—"What a beautiful complexion you have! I declare it's the complexion of a child;" and ending with, "God bless you,

Mr. Cardinal!" The portrait was the second of the painter's successes in red, and even 'The Beefeater' was surpassed by the splendour of the rosy scarlet of Cardinal Newman's radiant robes.



Cardinal Newman, 1888. (By permission of Mr. Barraud.)

To a lady Cardinal Newman gave his first sittings, and to a lady he gave also his last; except, of course, his sittings for the photographs taken to the end of his life by Mr. Barraud, Mr. Mowll, and that clever amateur, Father Anthony Pollen. Miss Giberne sixty years ago and Miss Emmeline Deane today may have spent equal love and pains on Art; but time is all on the side of Miss Deane. Miss Deane's portrait of the Cardinal was painted in oils in 1889; and I believe she made a slighter sketch from life during the preceding year.

In architecture Cardinal Newman was a confessed opportunist. He thought Gothic "the most beautiful of styles," but he adopted Roman as more suited to the purposes of ritual and devotion.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

THE THIRD INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF JAPAN.

THE question which so many have asked lately: Has Japanese Art deteriorated under the influence of the Western ideas of late years imported in so wholesale a fashion into the country?—is at last answered in no hesitating a fashion by Japan herself, and with a very distinct negative. The Third Industrial Exhibition was opened in state by H.M. the Emperor in the early days of the spring of this year, in the time of the cherry-blossoms, which made the air and all subliminal things look rose-coloured; from the exhibits

1890.

drawn from every centre of industry in the Empire we gather what we can learn from no other source, the actual relation which Japanese Art of the present day bears to the Art of the palmy days of old.

Never has criticism been so freely used on any Art as it has been on that of Japan, and never surely have the materials on which criticism has had to work been to all appearance so plentiful, in reality so meagre. It is an old story, and one quite unnecessary to dwell on at the present moment, the evil

effect which the demand of the Western markets has had on the supply of the Eastern. Time suddenly became of the essence of the contracts, which were for quantities, and somewhat too lax in the matter of quality. Deterioration followed quickly in the path of rapid work. Yet even under these quite un-Japanese conditions, the result bears witness to the extraordinary vitality of the Japanese charm. There is no room to deny that it was able still to work its own sweet will upon us, even after the curiosity it aroused and the novelty had worn off.

We took it in Europe as it came to us, quite unconscious that it did not adequately represent what the Japanese themselves delight in. But year by year, as travellers have come back, and old residents in the East have settled at home again, knowledge of this better work has gradually become more and more extensive. There has at last been accumulated in museums and private collections sufficient material for lengthened and earnest study of the most graceful of all national arts. Some have even become experts, speaking with authority, though they have never set foot in this Land of Flowers.

But notwithstanding this acquisition of knowledge, it still remains the exclusive possession of these experts: notwithstanding so much diligence, write they never so charmingly, it still seems impossible to direct the public taste towards a real appreciation and knowledge of what Japanese Art really is. The business of supplying the European markets seems so to have swallowed up the Art spirit of the artisans in the Treaty Ports, and so to have affected the workmen in the capital and other places where the globe-trotter congregates, that that question—Is the Art of Japan on the wane? has been answered in the affirmative by those who know it in its home almost as unhesitatingly as by those to whom it has been an exotic study. One or two prophets of good have all through persisted in saying that the old spirit was still alive: have refused to accept occasional excellences as witnesses to a revival: have insisted that they saw a continuous growth. The Exhibition in Tokyo has proved them to be the sounder judges, after all. The work exhibited, speaking now very generally, is altogether excellent; it is conceived in the old spirit, it is executed with quite the old scrupulous care, the old elaborate patience, the old steadiness of handiwork: the elements which went towards creating the old perfection of workmanship. Whenever comparison tells against the new work, it seems to be due to the loss of secrets, rather than to the loss of power and want of care—such secrets as the mixture of clays and pigments and the firing of glazes. Art never forgives; her secrets once forgotten seem to be lost for good and all. But even in the matter of pastes, of colours, of glazes, considerable progress has been made in tracking the lost knowledge. There have been failures innumerable; but the native patience is inexhaustible, and the leisure of life here is abundant. The conditions are favourable, and success seems almost within a measurable distance. The Exhibition then shows the world that the deterioration in conception and execution, which all have noticed and lamented, was only superficial, and that given the old conditions of leisure and time-obliviousness the old work can still be produced.

This third Exhibition was promoted in 1886, and confirmed in 1888; artists and workmen have therefore had ample time to mature designs such as the artistic soul loves, and to execute them as the spirit prompted, without let or hindrance from importunate customers. Everything was as favourable to

good work as in the feudal days, when the daily allowance of rice did not depend on the amount of work got through. Practically, therefore, it was a case of good work now or never: if the Art workmen had failed now, our faith in their power of handing down the traditions they had received would have been grievously shaken; it is doubtful if they could ever have aspired to hold a place in the world's estimation anywhere near that which has been by common assent assigned to their ancestors.

Before dwelling on points of special interest, let me give some general notion of the Exhibition. It consists of one large and several smaller, unpretentious, undecorated wooden buildings erected for the occasion in Uyeno Park, the most charming spot in Tokyo. The road from the main street leads up a gentle incline by the lake with its temple island; on the left, among the trees, the gilded shrines of three of the Tokugawa Shoguns, and the votive stone lanterns of powerful nobles who still watch over the destinies of their country; on the right again the shade of many trees, under which nestle a hundred tea-houses and a thousand little waiting-maids; on either side an avenue of cherry-trees, and here and there a maple just bursting into crimson leaf. A temporary bazaar has been erected along the carriage road; but though it hides the view over the lake, it is not altogether unsightly, and adds to the life and bustle of the scene. In these early days the crowds have exceeded the expectation of the authorities; they have varied between ten and fifteen thousand a day; the low price of admission—7 *sen*—not quite threepence—and 3 *sen* on Saturdays, enables everybody to come and come often. On Sundays the price rises to 15 *sen*.

Imagine a Japanese edition of the "Industries" or the "Colonies" at South Kensington, and you have its general impression. It is no exaggeration to say that not so much as one-twentieth part of the exhibits owes its origin to anything else but the needs of the people; and all with the most minute exceptions are supplied out of the products of the islands and by what without offence we may call "native workmanship." And yet on all sides, on every stall, on every shelf, are things without number which satisfy the wants of a Western people; which do more: for they not only satisfy the want but gratify the eye as well—are things produced in such delightful and never-ending variety that no two persons need be satisfied or gratified in the same way—are things which force upon us the unpleasant reflection that there is neither so much satisfaction nor such complete gratification to be obtained from Western workshops.

It is next to impossible for one who is not an expert in such matters to write anything, which shall do even a semblance of justice to the varied display of pottery and porcelain, from common bowls and tea-cups in blue and white to the beautiful vases, hand-painted or hand-carved, which are exhibited by Seifu, of Kiyoto. In Mr. Seifu's work, I think I am right in saying, is to be seen a successful attempt to track lost secrets. Specially to be noticed are some pure white vases with a floral scroll or intricate diaper in strong relief, and some of bright sealing-wax red with silver designs. But neither the charming work to be seen in this stall, nor two celadon and buff glazes from Bishu and Idzumo, delightful both in colour and price, exceed in interest the exhibits in blue and white from Ceto, Arita, Aizu, and Mino. At these stalls are to be found all the common things one sees in the bazaars and shops of Tokyo, the common utensils of the people. There are the little cups and saucers ornamented with the fine net pattern,

plates with dragons and yet weirder animals of mythological natural history, basins beautified with conventionalised lotus and peony, and a hundred and one things with the eternal but always beautiful sprays of plum-blossom, all as we see them every day in our rambles through the streets, but all rendered a little more worthy of possession by the extra care lavished on them for the sake of the Exhibition. The national delight in decoration runs riot on cups and plates; although the charm of their decorative art is present everywhere, in these stalls it becomes doubly attractive. It is impossible to speak of it otherwise than generally. But again my testimony is that I see on all hands work which comes up to the old standards of excellence which were established in old times for costly and for common things alike. In one thing there is the exquisite and simple flow of lines; in another the astounding complexity of detail; in this the delicious sense of balance and propriety in placing ornaments on a surface; in that the lavish display which covers every square inch with carefully thought out and fitting design; in all the same fresh charm of originality, the *chic*, the *verve*, or whatever name we like to call it, which so surprised us when we first came to the knowledge of Japanese "curios," and which still surprises us as that knowledge deepens day by day. Specially I cannot refrain from noticing a form of porcelain decoration which I think has not yet found its way westwards. The whole surface is covered—smothered is perhaps the better word—with a minute and painted scroll or flower design. At a distance of a few feet the vases have a uniform appearance of mottled blue; not until one gets close does the painting reveal itself, and then, with a shudder as the thought of Western stencil-plates crosses the mind, the work speaks not of itself alone, but, as all true work should, of the workman who produced it; of the quaint thoughts which suggested it, of the untiring brain which conceived it, and of the steady hand which wrought it, working patiently through many days. For simple, honest workmanship I have never seen the like.

I turn now to another branch of Art. I do not know what is the true line of distinction between sculpture and wood and ivory carving; but it is curious to note that the Exhibition supports what has always been said about the Japanese, that while their sculpture has never been anything but mediocre, their miniature carvings have been far above the level of what we are told to consider first-rate. The first explanation that appears on the surface is that the Japanese workman is so trained to detailed work of the minutest kind that he has become incapable of conceiving or executing anything big. But the stupendous Daibutsu of Kamakura (on whose vast plates many a wandering tourist has thought fit to inscribe his name as a memorial to posterity of his foolish existence), and the great dragon paintings on the ceilings of many of the temples, are sufficient to show that we must look for some second and wiser thought on the subject. And again on this, as on all other disputable points, the Exhibition throws some light; it shows that in large pretentious designs the Japanese Art workman need not necessarily be second-rate but is often unmistakably excellent. Two bronze castings of dragons dashing through cloudy space, executed in very high relief, and measuring about six feet by five, are worthy of highest praise; they bear witness to the fact that the sweep of the lines need lose nothing of its characteristic vigour even though executed on a large scale. There are unfortunately, however, two heroic statues, wooden in every sense of the term, which stand a very long way on the wrong side of the

line. One, a terrible equestrian life-size statue which fortunately stands out of the beaten track of sightseers, and so is not seen by the world at large; unfortunately, however, its seclusion is shared by the two bronze dragons which flank it on either side. The second is like unto it in its terribleness. It is of Linmur Fenno standing in an attitude which no founder of a race of monarchs could ever be imagined as assuming. It is uncouth, ungainly, unkingly, and unartistic.

With a sense of infinite relief I turn to the wood and ivory carvings in which the Fine Art section is exceedingly rich, and which deserve something more than a passing notice. There are many delightfully life-like figures carved in wood and slightly tinted, most faithful studies of domestic scenes executed with an accuracy and finish which is almost beyond praise. In the subject of an old man at work with an adze, by Tamamoto Fukumatsu, the artist has found abundant scope for his skill in representing the strain of the muscles as the old man plies his laborious trade, and an outlet for the quaintness of his ideas in two manikin carpenters at work on a colossal head for some temple deity. Between the wood carving and two long cases full of choice ivories one may while away a delightful morning, every subject presenting some new dexterity of manipulation which fairly takes away the breath for wonder. Not content with the ordinary difficulties of any subject, the carvers seem fairly to revel in the creation of fresh and unexpected ones. It seems only necessary that a dress should fall in complicated folds for it to be covered with an elaborate diaper difficult to execute under simple circumstances, a hundred times more difficult to carry out successfully into the recesses of the garment; it seems only necessary that some part of the composition should not be seen under ordinary circumstances for it to be cut and chiselled with a patient skill surpassing even that which is devoted to the more visible parts of the figure. Such was Japanese workmanship as the collector knows it; such is Japanese workmanship to-day as the Exhibition reveals it to us.

The metal work for which Japan is so justly famous lies scattered in all parts of the Exhibition: in the Fine Arts section tiny silver kettles of exquisite shape, jointed snakes, a goose the size of life; trays with landscapes wrought in many metals, and vases like Joseph's coat inlaid with "many colours;" and in the industrial sections, kettles of wrought iron, and hibachis of designs to match, kettles of a dozen different lustres, tea caddies with bamboos inlaid upon them waving across the face of a silver moon; here a stand full of a hundred little oddities devised for the Western smoker's table and his lady's boudoir; there an exhibit of choicest filigree work in *shakudo* and *shibuichi*; everywhere something delightful, something different, something to make the money burn in travellers' pockets.

With this somewhat promiscuous noting of things deserving a better fate, I leave the thousand other things that words cannot describe, the lacquer, the cabinets, the weaving, the obis, the screens, the common peasant stuffs, the thousand things which if the eye does not see nor the ear hear about, the heart cannot very well desire, and so perhaps it is better they were left alone.

And so I end this all too superficial notice of a memorable Exhibition, which draws us to its gates not once or twice, but fifty times, and each time shows us some fresh delight; and which compels me to set down my conviction that the answer to that question, "Is the Art of Japan on the wane?" is a most emphatic "No."

F. T. PIGGOTT.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE Government has decided to allocate the National Gallery of British Art to the eastern and western galleries of the South Kensington Museum. These lie to the west of Prince's Gate and to the south of the Albert Hall, and it is proposed that they be connected with the Imperial Institute by an entrance in harmony with it. The control of the Museum will be under an independent board, composed mainly of persons interested in Art.

Among recent acquisitions to the National Gallery are three pictures purchased from the Earl of Darnley. Two are allegorical subjects by Paolo Veronese; the other, by Tintoretto, is entitled 'The Nursing of Hercules.' It formerly belonged to the Orleans Gallery.

The thirty-third report of the National Portrait Gallery contains a list of fifteen donations and six gifts. Among the gifts were two portraits of Landseer, one of them being signed by Sir Thomas Lawrence at the age of sixteen; a crayon head of Elijah Impey; a drawing of Flaxman by James Atkinson, and sketches by the same artist of General Cotton, Captain Conolly, and Horace Hayman Wilson. The purchases included Grimaldi, by John Cawse; 'Peter Pindar,' by Opie; Dryden, by Kneller, a replica of the Cobham picture; Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, by J. Eckstein; and a half-length of Dr. John Playfair, the mathematician, by Sir Henry Raeburn.

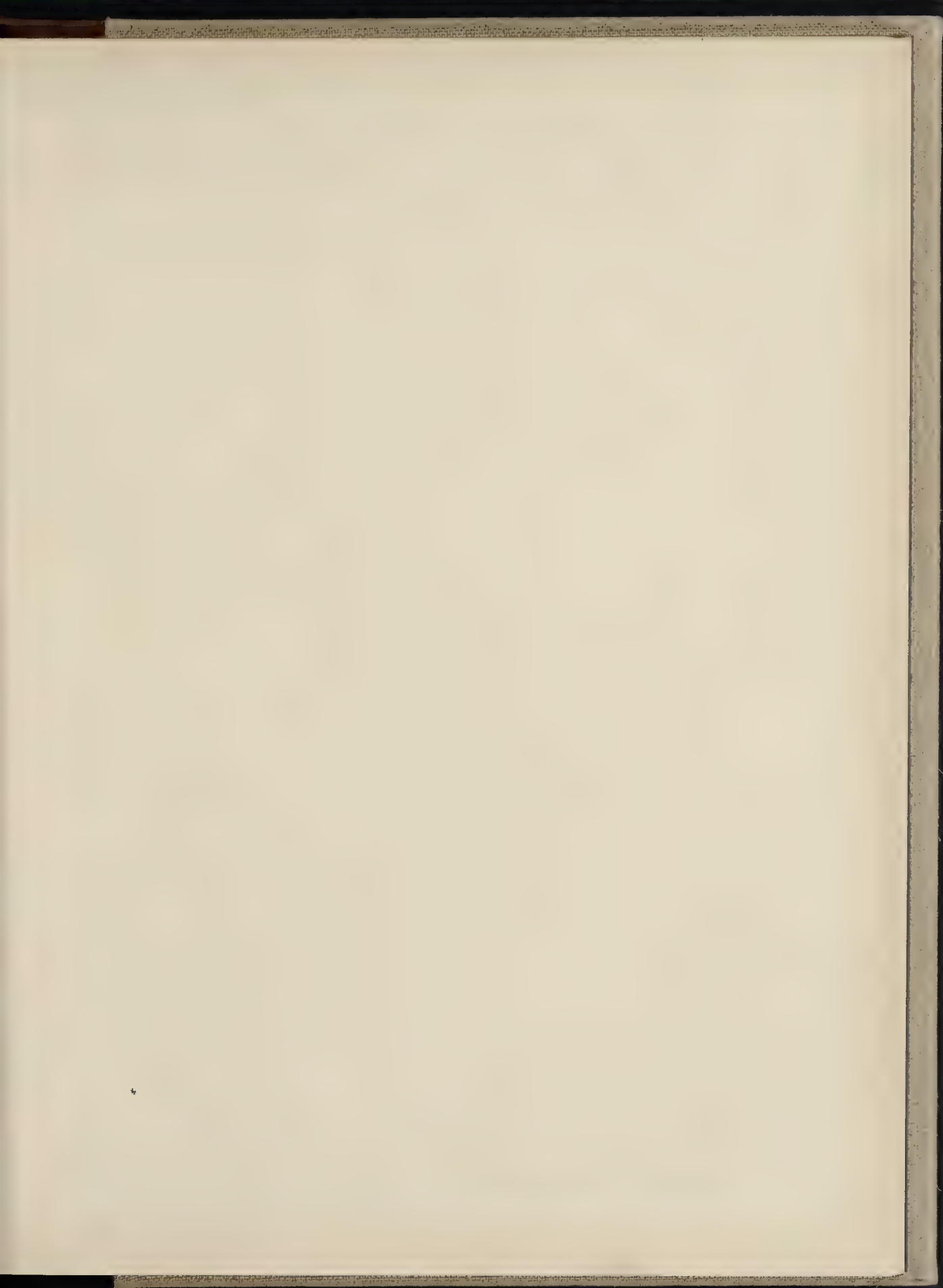
Mr. W. H. Weale has been appointed to the Keepership of the Art Library, South Kensington, in succession to the late Mr. Soden Smith.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Mr. Charles West Cope, retired Royal Academician. The deceased artist, who was the son of Charles Cope, the landscape painter, was born in Leeds in 1811. He studied first at the Royal Academy, and afterwards in Italy. He was first represented at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1831. Mr. Cope was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1844, and an Academician in 1848. He retired a few years ago. In 1843 his cartoon, the 'First Trial by Jury,' gained one of the three prizes of £300 in the Westminster Hall competition, and among his most famous works are the eight frescoes in the Peers' Gallery at Westminster Palace. During his career Mr. Cope exhibited about one hundred and forty pictures at the Royal Academy, as well as many at other galleries. We also have to announce the deaths of Mrs. Morgan, better known as Miss Alice Havers, who has contributed many delightful works at the Royal Academy, and of Miss Marianne North, botanist and artist. This lady made a collection of pictures of the natural products of various countries, which she painted in the course of her travels. These pictures Miss North presented to the nation, and they may be seen in a building, specially erected at her own expense, in Kew Gardens.

There are few professions which are so well off in organs

for their advertisement and their profit as the architectural. It may indeed "read, mark, and learn" at varying sources from week's end to week's end. Perhaps quantity rather than quality "oftentimes distinguishes the pabulum" provided, and there is rather too large an admixture of what may be pleasant to the eye, but not so good for food. No such ground of complaint attends the volume before us, which is designated by the unpretentious name of "THE SKETCH-BOOK OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION," a folio containing no less than seventy-two plates, several of them in colour, and which is apparently a labour of love to the editor, the committee, and the draughtsman, for no profit can accrue to the sale of such an amount of matter for the subscription of one guinea. The illustrations are all drawn for the work, and are taken from all kinds of different subjects; for instance, from monumental brasses, fonts, mosaics, Pompeian bronzes, croziers, and costumes, as well as buildings. These are reproduced by various processes, but not all equally good, one particularly, the "ink photo," often failing. We do not know what number of subscribers assist in the maintenance of this volume, but there certainly should be few of the profession who are absentees from the list, which should also include many outside it. Applications for membership should be made to L. Stokes, 7, Storey's Gate.

"DEVELOPMENT AND CHARACTER OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE." By Charles Herbert Moore (London: Macmillan & Co., and New York). This most recent addition to our stock of information concerning Gothic architecture is an earnest attempt upon the part of the author to show that France must be regarded as the starting point of the true Gothic style, and this he proceeds to prove by comparing the contemporary styles of different countries in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In doing so he traverses ground trodden to some extent by several modern writers of note; and it is quite possible that professional readers will not be on all points unanimous in their verdict upon the author's conclusions. To advanced students the book will be both interesting and acceptable, containing as it does many valuable remarks upon French vaulting; and the illustrations are numerous, and, as a rule, clear and good. It will be easily apparent to the professional architect that the author's predilections for *French Gothic* is of so decided a character that it leaves room for but scant justice to the English phase of the same style. Many of his remarks are indisputable. We cannot boast of such grandly vaulted roofs as the French, but Mr. Moore forgets to add that we are justly proud of our open timbered roofs. The book will, however, prove a welcome addition to any architect's library, and it must be noted that the author covers many fields of thought within his three hundred and fifteen pages. He himself says that his volume is but an attempt to set forth the development and character of Gothic Architecture, and he has done his best to urge in a lucid manner his views of the subject. We may add that there are good indexes both to the letterpress and illustrations.







' Caen, ô Caen, si de ma mémoire,
Jamais je songe à te bannir,
Si de ton charmant souvenir
Je ne fais ma plus grande gloire,
Que je sente engourdir mes doigts,
Qu'aussi tost ma langue sèchée,
Au palais enroûlé se trouvant attachée,
Perde l'usage de la voix."

Norman chanton. Moïse de Brieux.

THUS sang the Norman poet, when time and circumstances had driven him far away from his native town on the borders of the Orne and Odon, bright with the hues of chestnuts, may, and rhododendrons. And, as it was in the days of De Brieux—when the din of battle was often heard both inside and outside of the walls—so it is now; the streets are still lined with the flowers of the *marionniers*, and the city is probably even more agreeable to the eye, and certainly to the other senses, than it was when he sang his quaint chanson. When we look for the records of time for chronicles of the part that Caen has played in history—from the days when it was a simple village of toll on a Roman road, on through the ages when William's Norman knights were gathering here for the attack on England; or, later still, when Cœur de Lion was summoning his subjects there to join his subjects of England in the Crusades—they must be sought in that in which Caen is above all its neighbours (excepting Rouen) most rich, its churches and its ruins, its abbeys and its convents.

Above everything else, its name is indissolubly associated with that of one man, the terrible name, as it afterwards became, of William II., Duke of Normandy, and later, William the Conqueror, or William I. of England. It was to his father, however, that Caen owed its birth as a city. He it was who walled it round, who set the foundation stones to some of its churches, who organized its maritime enterprise, and who presented it to his wife as her dowry with "all its churches, fields, mills, fairs, tolls, and all dependencies." Under the rule of William, the town grew and strengthened exceedingly. He added to the fortifications, he erected towers on its

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bridges, he built, too, the castle on the heights above, from which, at one and the same time, he could survey that land of which he had become King, and that Dukedom in which he had so many turbulent subjects—subjects who, ere long, were, by their refractoriness and leaguings with the French King, to cause his death. The greatest monument he left to posterity was the terror of his name; but, in Caen, his tangible monuments are the Abbaye of St. Etienne, or Abbaye aux Hommes, and the Eglise St. Etienne. He who wanders round and in the first, now styled St. Etienne le Vieux, has indeed grounds for sober meditation, and for moralizing on the mutability of all things.

Built in the purest style of Norman architecture, St. Etienne le Vieux gradually rose by the fortifications of the city a thing of beauty, that was, however, not to last for ever. That it might have lasted equally as well as its contemporary, the Tower of London*—or at least that portion of it which William, aided by Ralph Flambard, constructed from stone drawn from the quarries of Caen—is scarcely to be doubted, but it was still young, as abbeys or churches count their years of existence, when it commenced to suffer much at the hands of those turbu-



lent spirits who, whether they had still remained Normans of

* Or Windsor Castle, which, as repaired by Edward III., was almost entirely rebuilt by stone imported from Caen.

Normandy, or had become Normans of England, were continually making Caen their battle-ground. Henry V., amongst others who had preceded him upon the English throne, had always looked with hatred and bitterness upon the town which had once been one of the brightest appanages of the crown, but which, worn out by English taxation, and by the way in which money was extorted from it to be spent on the new possessions and on England's wars, had at last revolted, and was endeavouring to throw off that yoke which was more the tyrant's than the brother's. That bitterness and hatred he vented (and well he knew how to vent his hatred—hero though he was—upon those who withstood him!) on St. Etienne le Vieux. He directed his artillery, cumbersome, it is true, but still effective, against its great doors and walls—the marks may still be seen upon the principal doorway—and though his son, the peaceful Henry VI., did, in some way, and to the extent of one hundred livres, partly repair the injuries of his father, St. Etienne le Vieux never recovered the attacks it had received in earlier days. The ruin is now complete, but even in its desolation it is beautiful with the beauty of death. Let him who would imagine what that old Abbaye aux Hommes was once, take his stand at sunset, or better still, at sunrise, outside the noble doorway that still remains; let him regard the spouting gargoyles, the great rose window with its delicate tracery, its pilasters and bending arches; let him witness the marks of Henry's cannon, and the smaller ones left by those who, in the revolution, made of the doorway a target at which to practise their carbines, and, then, let him visit the interior if he would see that which has indeed become as a church in the wilderness, and an abomination of desolation. The groined arches and fan-tracery are utilised as a carpenter's storeroom! Where once the altar stood there

now stands a bench upon which wood is sawed; in shrines and niches, empty of virgins and saints who once adorned them, are the workmen's tools; upon the floor, beneath which there must still be mouldering the bones of some who helped to found this realm, lie shavings and faggots; and, there, are also to be seen marks which testify that a part of the desecration accorded this Norman temple was the stabling therein of cavalry horses. Outside, upon the walls—

so that the ruin and the degradation shall be complete—are posted the advertisements of a *café concert* and of the latest Parisian romance, the latter embellished with a loathsome picture. Verily, he who regards this ancient ruin and meditates upon the work of time may exclaim, "Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

But even while this ancient abbey was being reared, and long before cankerous ruin had begun to fester in it, there were rising other churches and sacred edifices which were destined to be less exposed to devastation, and to hand down to posterity more solid and lasting memorials of a great past than has been permitted to it. St. Pierre, in the market-place, still stands "foursquare against the world;" St. Sauveur is intact; the Abbaye aux Dames, the St. Etienne of to-day, the particular work of the Conqueror, still contains beneath a marble stone *one* bone

of his; St. Jean, with a tower which leans to the left at one half the inclination of the tower at Pisa, still frowns down upon the street that bears its name. But it is to St. Etienne, the St. Etienne which is still the great church of Caen, that the traveller turns, it is here that he finds the greatest memorials and reminders of a past that is so closely interwoven with our own.

The iron heart of William had from its earliest days never known material fear, but spiritual terrors were a





St. Saviour.

Paris.

different thing with him. Thirteen years before he meditated his descent upon England he had married his kins-



woman, Matilda of Flanders, and had thereby incensed the Pope, who regarded her relationship to the Duke as prohibitory to marriage. But, attached to William was another Roman ecclesiastic, and, like the Pope, an Italian, viz. Lanfranc, a native of Pavia, who had become the Prior of Bec. It was hardly possible that, at this time, Lanfranc should foresee that the day would come when, as the second Norman Archbishop, he would wear the mitre of Canterbury, nor, considering the much greater importance of Caen than Canterbury, is it possible that, had he done so, he would have been greatly moved—but it is highly probable that even then he aimed at being what he afterwards became, the principal ecclesiastic of the powerful Norman city. And with William's dread of the Pope's anger, the chance arose that was to place him in this position. To insinuate to the Duke—having previously sounded Rome—that the pontiff would be appeased by a magnificent church, or cathedral, was easy, nor was it much more difficult to make the insinuation bear fruit. Matilda was herself meditating that which afterwards became an accomplished fact, viz. the construction of a church—that now known as Ste. Trinité, or L'Abbaye aux Dames—and, being himself in the mood, William probably required but little pressing from either wife or ambitious

ecclesiastic, to commence the building of the superb St. Etienne. Consequently the Norman quarries were once more taxed, and there swiftly rose, in severe style but superb proportions, the new Abbaye aux Hommes. Twenty-four years elapsed (the last eleven of which witnessed the almost total extinction of the Saxon race, language, and habits in England, and the domination of the Normans) before the building was finished and consecrated by Lanfranc, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and from that date, 1077, it has held the proud place it occupies in the annals of Norman architecture.

The length of St. Etienne is about 345 feet, and were it not for the new houses and streets that have grown up around, and gradually enclosed it, its exterior *coup d'œil* would be magnificent. But it is to the interior that the visitor turns for his impressions of its vast and stately dimensions. Its columns and its pilasters are all of the true Norman simplicity of grandeur, and in spite of St. Etienne having also been the victim of much desecration, it remains a splendid monument of the past. On the marble stone in the sanctuary may be read the inscription:—

"*Hic sepultus est invictissimus Guillelmus Conquestor, Normaniæ Dux, et Angliæ Rex, Hujusce Domus, conditor, qui obiit anno MLXXXVII.*"



Around this stone took place the disturbed funeral of the great Conqueror; that funeral at which the peasant who owned

the land on which the Abbaye stood forbade its continuance, on the ground that the dead man, in his position of Duke of Normandy, had stolen it from him as Ahab stole the vineyard from Naboth, and was only appeased by the bishops and the monks promising to pay him for it.* But even then the obsequies did not terminate tranquilly, for as the body was about to be lowered into the grave it burst, and so terrible was the odour that the last rites were hastily fulfilled, and bishops, monks, and people fled in dismay. But once interred, the bones of the great warrior lay in peace for nearly five hundred years, until the Huguenots, in 1562, tore up the remains and destroyed all of them save the one bone which—the sole relic of him who so delighted in war—is now preserved under a marble stone. The high altar, the organ and the clock are—after the beauty of the building and *les restes* of William—the principal objects of interest here: the altar for its gilding and the figures of worshipping angels, and the organ for the two enormous figures carved in wood and resembling Saracens, though in all probability they are intended for Caryatides, in spite of their bearing little or no likeness to women. The clock is of enormous size, much gilt, and bearing about it vast garlands and baskets of flowers carved in wood.

Next in importance—though, perhaps, scarcely in beauty—stands Ste. Trinité, or L'Abbaye aux Dames.†

This ancient abbaye possesses similar beauty to that which has been described in St. Etienne le Vieux and L'Abbaye aux Hommes, and it would be but idle repetition to narrate that

* For allowing the funeral to proceed in peace, the peasant was paid sixty sous, but what he received for the ground is not known.

† Nothing can possibly be more confusing to the stranger in Caen than the habit, which has prevailed since William's day, of invariably landing on and re-using old names. Thus both the St. Etienne, as well as the Abbaye itself, are all termed L'Abbaye aux Hommes, as is also a religious portion of the Lycée; and there is an ancient ruin—a Ste. Trinité, or L'Abbaye aux Dames—as well as L'Abbaye aux Dames itself. It is with the latter I am now dealing.

which can be better testified to by illustration. Its history is, however, of deep interest. Founded, as nearly as possible, at the time when William, with his fleet, was lying sheltered in the River Dive, and meditating that attack on England which was to take place upon the shifting of the wind, the first important function which occurred within it was the taking of the veil by his daughter Cécile, in 1074. Long after her parents' death, Cécile became the abbess, and to her and her brother William, who in time succeeded to the English throne, the Abbaye owes much, if not all, of its richness and power. Its

wealth had, however, commenced with vast gifts from William I., who, when he began to divide up England among his followers, gave to Ste. Trinité lordships in Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Gloucestershire, and Essex. The abbesses also had conferred upon them the right to a military guard, or establishment, under a commandant, and to him was forwarded daily from the castle the password for the day. The ancient chronicles of Normandy speak of grave faults in connection with this house of *religieuses*; and they narrate scandals which would, in other convents, have led to their dissolution. There were, they state, far too many men connected with the establishment; in many cases the ladies who entered the abbey came accompanied with children, "whom

they called their nieces;" their male relations were allowed to visit them without objection; and they were in the habit of giving dinner parties to the families in the communes round. Moreover, the abbesses, for the time being, were in the habit of making trips to England, especially to their manor of Felsted, in Essex, of taking with them fifteen or sixteen of the younger ladies, and of sometimes remaining away a year or more. The Abbaye was also always offered to men of position as a temporary residence, and amongst others, Charles VII. of France was in the habit of paying visits to it. Of young women who



received part of their education in this establishment, Charlotte Corday has, perhaps, left the greatest mark on history.

St. Pierre and St. Sauveur are the two remaining important edifices in Caen in connection with religion, though there are numerous others. Of the former it may at once be said that its architectural beauties are unsurpassed even in this locality, rich as it is. Its clock tower—which stands in a manner separate from the rest of the edifice—is a marvel of pure and beautiful sculpture, of entwined leaves and tendrils and flowers, resembling more than anything else a piece of delicate lace-work. The whole space of an article would, indeed, be required to do justice to either this church or that of St. Sauveur, nor can a description be here attempted. Suffice it

to say that the interiors and exteriors of both are well worthy of their rival edifices in Caen.

Of quaint gateways, of gabled houses, of houses in wood which have stood firm while the centuries themselves have "grown old and been forgotten," there are numbers; gateways behind which murder has been done, and under which dukes, princes, and kings have ridden; houses of wood in which celebrities have been born, and lived, and died—for, of celebrities, Caen has had its full share. Auber was born here, as was De Brieux, whose lines fitly head this paper, and also Malherbe, the poet, who has too often been confused with Malesherbes. And here, an outcast from his own land, and after he had lost his consulate at Calais, poor



Libbye & Co. 1877
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and neglected, died George Brummel, the whilom friend of George IV. and the once noted *Beau* of the Regency.

In dwelling upon Caen, one would fain enter into some description of the old manners and customs, many of which are still extant, of the stirring scenes through which it has passed, of the time when even its inhabitants acknowledged bitterly that it was no longer anything but an English colony—and that one to which hard usage, extortion, insults, and cruelty alone were offered by its masters—of even that more renowned, because better-known time, when the wealth, and the noble blood as well as the humble, and the strength and manhood of the place, were all being mustered together for the attack on England. But to those who know that in their veins there runs some drop of that old blood, it is at least gratifying

to be aware that the sneer, "that forty thousand robbers landed at Hastings and founded the House of Lords," is unjust, and that these men were no—

"Base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomited forth
To desperate adventures,"

but that in their own land most of them had a stake—as the archives and muniment-chests of Caen, of Rouen, of Arras, and of Beauvais will show to this day—and that, if they were adventurers, they were such for the sake of adventure itself, and might worthily take their stand by the side of such men as Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins, or Drake, on the scroll of history.

JNO. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

THE NATIONAL ART COMPETITION.



Fig. 1.—Design for Letter S. By Frank Tegg, Manchester.

OME of the work selected for the annual national competition of the schools of Science and Art and Art classes has been lately exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and the judges have awarded the prizes. The exhibits consisted of modelling; architectural drawings, both original and those done to measurement from existing monuments, etc.; mechanical drawings, painting from still life, flowers, etc.; designs for textiles, wall-papers, glass, mosaics, tiles, pottery, and metal work; as well as studies from the antique, and drawings and paintings from the living model, and other studies. In the Prince Consort's Gallery, which, in the ordinary way, is devoted to enamels, many of the screens containing drawings were placed in a double row with no light between, so that it was with difficulty that they could be inspected by any one who happened to visit the Museum in the evening. This was unfortunate, and ought to be remedied another year. Though many of the designs showed promise, we must confess that we sought in vain for any indications of the future development of a really national style. This of course can only be accomplished by a diligent study of native work, and the pupils of the school should be encouraged to make studies from examples of old work in their own neighbourhood. One of the exhibitors from Leicester went to Rouen, and there was at the pains to make careful drawings of debased iron-work. Another, with more judgment, drew the winding staircase, with its exquisite traceries, in the church of St. Maclou in the same city. But that is not exactly what is wanted. There is no necessity to go abroad. Nor is it even requisite for the purpose to copy the excellent examples of foreign work, originals and reproductions, which are contained in the South Kensington and other collections in this country. If each one will make himself acquainted with all the pre-Reformation churches, or other ancient buildings, within, say, a ten-mile radius of his home, he must be singularly unfortunate in his locality if he is not thereby furnished with a text-book of architecture and the accessory arts. In one place the stone-work, mouldings, or sculptured niches, in another the wood, a carved screen, or a parish chest, will repay his careful study. Here a monumental brass, an iron scroll on the door, a cunningly wrought lock, or some ancient glass; there colour decoration on wall or panel, will be his standard; or even perhaps some cope or vestment, cut up for a table-cover, will supply an example of embroidery, or an old chalice of the goldsmith's art.

The lack of a certain amount of technical knowledge on the part of the best draughtsman may render his design

altogether impracticable for working purposes, or at least rob it of proper charm and character. It would appear to be the result of having studied form and design too much from the pictorial aspect, and rather from such sources as photographs or book illustrations, than from the finished works of masters of the respective crafts, that some of the designers have missed the special point, or the limitations, or the ultimate uses of the several arts. For example, no designer acquainted with the processes of stained glass would think of submitting a cartoon without indicating the lead lines. It is a less obvious fault, but one which has also been noticed, that some of the designs intended by their authors for wall-papers, etc., are more properly suited for textiles, to be hung in folds, than for the ornamentation of plain surfaces, and *vice versa*.

But before any advance or success in design is possible, an accurate draughtsmanship is of absolute necessity. When a man has learned to draw correctly, that is to say, when his hand and eye work together in perfect accord, then, and not till then, can he think about a style for himself. Or rather, he need never think about it, for he will find it develop spontaneously by the sheer force of his own individuality. An artist attempting to cultivate style before he can draw, is like a writer copying the mannerisms of a master in style before he himself knows how to avoid blunders in grammar. The influence of the style of Walter Crane was very strongly marked in several of the drawings, especially



Fig. 2.—Model of a Seated Figure. By Oliver Wheatley, Birmingham.

in those for book covers and illustrations, but the result was not always to be commended. Among other designs was a

series to illustrate the story of the Sleeping Beauty, which showed a certain power of imagination and grasp of detail,



Fig. 3.—Design for Printed Tiles.
By Lindsay P. Butterfield, South Kensington.

but at the same time extremely weak drawing. Again, there was a cartoon for stained glass, representing the burial of Moses, in which all that was original was poor. The only portion that was good was a group of angels, in the upper half of the composition, which might have been by the master-hand of Burne-Jones himself, so clever was the imitation. In all these, however, the copying of style was at the worst an affectation. But there was one design in which affectation of the seventeenth-century manner was combined with the worst drawing. Of this, to which the examiners awarded a gold medal, they say in their report, "The figures have no profession to be well drawn; their quaintness and simplicity rather disarm criticism." Now, with the utmost respect for the examiners of this class, Messrs. Poynter, R.A., W. Morris, Walter Crane, and Alan S. Cole, we must record our entire dissent from their verdict. There is one kind of quaintness which is intentional, and is the result of the designer's skill; but there is another kind, which proceeds from incapacity. We give an illustration of this design (Fig. 4), which will enable our readers to judge to which sort of quaintness these figures of Mr. Holt must be assigned. Admitted the merit of the design as a whole, it is, nevertheless, inconceivable that such figure-drawing did not disqualify the designer from receiving even the lowest award—much more from receiving the gold medal. Nor is it easy to realise that the figures were drawn by the same hand that drew the graceful curves in the feathers of the lower peacock's tail. In a repeated pattern for textile ornament, such as this, even when the figure-drawing leaves nothing to be desired for grace and accuracy, we venture to think that the employment of the human form is a mistake. Take the examples of

diaper work of the best period, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century (by-the-bye, the students would do well to assimilate more of these than, to judge from this year's work, they have yet done), be it Byzantine, Moorish, Saracenic, Sicilian, or from Lucca, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Germany, Spain, or the Netherlands; it will be found that the human figure is seldom introduced, and on those rare occasions when it is, with but little effect. We do not wish to depreciate the value of the human figure in decoration. Quite the reverse. But for reproduction again and again, over one surface, line for line, by mechanical process, we do maintain that the human shape is inappropriate, and should not be attempted.

Without exhausting all the possibilities of the more subordinate forms of bird and beast and reptile, real and mythical (for we cannot afford in Art to dispense with the monster shapes of dragon, phoenix, salamander, and the rest), of vegetable growths, or even of plain geometrical lines, there is quite enough variety to be sought and obtained by the genuine decorator. For this reason, although her particular treatment of the apes confined within too strongly defined geometrical spaces, and the consequent weakening of the outline of the animals, was characterized by the examiners as "vicious," we consider the design of a student of the Hertford school, Ella B. Ginn, for ingenuity, together with evident appreciation of the necessity of conventionality in repeated ornament, as most praiseworthy.

A graceful, imaginative, and at the same time highly accomplished mannerist, has said that if a man proposes to spend all his life in drawing nothing but mountains, he



Fig. 4.—Design for a Printed Cotton Hanging.
By William E. Holt, Burnley.

should yet strongly urge him to learn to draw the human figure. The *ipse dixit* of such an authority, without any

further explanation, would be alone a sufficient cause for holding the studies of the figure from the antique, and, better still, from the living model, to be beyond compare the most useful and important of all the departments in the schools. One reason is that slipshod drawing in almost everything else may be allowed to pass. But as human beings, whether we individually draw or not, our necessary familiarity with our own form enables us to detect at once any inaccuracy of rendering the same. And so his own ready perception, and the risk of censure for faulty delineation of the human form, are powerful incentives to a man to attain care and accuracy in his work. The other reason is that the marvellous subtlety and infinite variety and gradation in the human figure are

such as are not to be found in any other object. No other study can become a substitute for this, which gives a power of appreciating and a freedom in representing form not to be obtained by any other means. He, therefore, who has gained proficiency in this, has gained the one thing needful to make him a draughtsman, and has the command of *all* forms. Quite as important as drawing the human figure is modelling the same. The models, however, did not seem to us to be particularly well selected. Two or three spirited figures of a young boy were exhibited which amply justify our criticism. There is a certain meagreness of form in most boys of the age chosen which is not pleasing, and renders them less valuable as models than persons of a different age. The seated figure



Fig. 5.—Modelled Figure Design. By D. McGill, Training Class, S. Kensington.



Fig. 6.—Modelled Design for a Medallion. By David McGill, Training Class, South Kensington.

of an old woman (Fig. 2), by O. Wheatley, for which he | gained a silver medal, is perhaps a trifle too realistic and



Fig. 7.—Modelled Design for Central Frieze of a Mantelpiece. By John F. Hughes, Dublin.

pictorial for the process of clay modelling, but as a study | from life is a clever piece of work. But there should be

a sharply defined distinction between figures which, like the last-named, are complete in themselves, and those

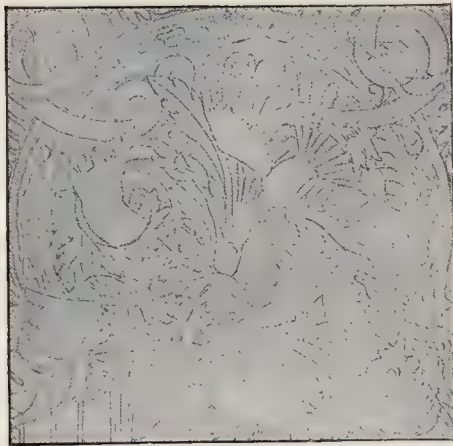


Fig. 8.—Design for Damask. By Mary Mohun, Canterbury.

which profess to be portions of an architectural structure. The one class of figures may, so far as is consistent with the properties of the material in hand, be pictorial, and it is, if not a merit, no actual defect; but for the other class of figures to be so is an artistic anomaly. We cannot, therefore, approve the pair of caryatides designed as supports for the two sides of a fireplace, by Miss Moore, because they are not sufficiently monumental in character. We have no objection whatever to the figures as figures, only to them when placed in the position of architectural ornaments. It was too apparent that the mantel was simply a pretext for showing off the figures—an afterthought, in fact. The figures were everything, instead of being, as they ought, secondary and accessory to the mantelpiece. In such cases



Fig. 10.—Modelled Design for a Frieze. By Samuel Hewer, Bristol.

is shown the wisdom of the examiners' recommendation, so strongly expressed that it almost amounts to a requirement,

that detail ornament should be furnished with mouldings, etc., showing how the artist proposes to apply his composition. The absence of such finish causes work otherwise excellent in itself, but in so far incomplete, to receive a lower recognition. It often happens that, by some felicitous conjunction of line or turn of expression, an admirable result is produced, and that there the inspiration ends. To embody such fortuitous ornament in a structural whole, preserving the due proportion of the several parts, is the real test of a draughtsman's capacity for design. Many a first-rate panel, frieze, or other ornament, is spoiled through being set in mean or inappropriate surroundings, or through being so prominent in respect of them as to destroy the harmony of the whole. The work of David McGill, of the South Kensington Training Class, is above the average in merit. His medallion in relief



Fig. 9.—Design for a Hand Mirror. By Edward Preston, Birmingham.

(Fig. 6) won the national gold medal. The figures of Hero and Leander (Fig. 5) are, perhaps, if anything too theatrical, but the graceful pose and grouping of the figures, and the balance of the parts in his design of 'Fraud and Force' could hardly be excelled. John Hughes gained a gold medal for a frieze (Fig. 7), which he intends for the centre of a mantelpiece, and which is a most excellent imitation of the style of the Italian Renaissance. A panel representing St. George and the Dragon, by Gore, of Birmingham, and a small rose design by G. E. France, are worthy of mention, as is also the portion of a frieze by Hewer, in which a lion is skilfully introduced (Fig. 10). Iron and other metal work is too important to be classed to-

gether with pottery designs and book ornamentation. There should have been exhibited many more designs for the latter.

Books are so indispensable to most of us, and the covers of nineteen out of every twenty so unattractive, that bookbinding is an art on which we would gladly see more attention bestowed. In the above class a design for a hand mirror (Fig. 9) by E. Preston gained a well-earned silver medal. The handle of the mirror is poor in design, but the drawing of the human figures is both refined and accurate, and the skill with

which, without any distortion or monotony, all four are made to fit into the circular band of the frame is admirable. This is a really clever piece of drawing. It is to be regretted that studies from still life are somehow so uninteresting, that one can seldom find anything to admire about them but the patience of their authors in handling such dreary subjects as cups and other articles of domestic crockery, or such trifles as fruit,



Fig. 11.—Frieze of Panel for Children's Ward of a Hospital. By Gertrude M. Bradley, Barrow-in-Furness.

vegetables, and dead birds. These studies, like flower-subjects, are chiefly useful as affording practice in representing texture, e.g. the feathers of the birds by A. Coombs, who received a silver medal. The same award was gained by E. Pears, of Lincoln, for the study of a tea-table, "the fire," says the examiners' report, "being necessarily"—why necessarily?—"a failure." A drawing (Fig. 11) by G. M. Bradley, one of a series

of four designs intended by the artist for the decoration of a children's ward in a hospital, tells its own tale. The crowd of children is skilfully managed, but the whole is more suited for book illustration than for mural decoration. This, with a design for tiles (Fig. 3), another for damask table-cloth (Fig. 8), and a third for an initial letter S, completes the number of the illustrations in our notice.

AYMER VALLANCE.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

THE Liverpool Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery fully maintains its position. The professional hangers were Messrs. Arthur Melville, R.W.S., Alfred East, R.I., and Isaac Cooke, of the Liverpool Academy. A novel feature in the exhibition is a fine gallery where the works are hung loosely, in what may be called methodical irregularity, strict attention being paid to harmonious colour; the walls are covered with common sacking, surmounted by a bold frieze in dull red, of Chinese design. The general effect of the room is eminently restful and refreshing after the strong colour of the main galleries.

A central position is given to Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Bath of Psyche,' while on a wall opposite is Mr. W. Holman Hunt's 'Triumph of the Innocents,' not seen in Liverpool before. At the end of the second gallery is The Hon. John Collier's 'Death of Cleopatra'; while in other im-

portant centres are 'The Redemption of Tannhauser,' Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.; 'By Order of the Court,' Stanhope Forbes; 'A Summer Night,' Albert Moore, R.W.S.; 'La Sagra,' C. Van Haanen; 'Maternity,' John M. Swan; 'Vae Victis,' Arthur Hacker; 'Diva Theodora Imperatrix,' Val C. Prinsep, A.R.A.; 'Vashti Deposed,' Ernest Normand; 'The Sculptor,' J. B. Burgess, R.A.; 'Hippolyte,' S. J. Solomon; 'Storm Brewing,' Henry Moore, A.R.A.; 'Medea,' Mrs. De Morgan; 'Perseus and Andromeda,' C. N. Kennedy; 'Leaving Home,' H. H. La Thangue; 'Light of Light,' Mrs. Marianne Stokes; 'The Fiji-San,' Alfred East, R.I.; 'The Court of Criminal Appeal,' Sir Arthur Clay; 'Diana, Twilight and Dawn,' William Stott, of Oldham; 'Arabs Returning from a Raid,' Arthur Melville, R.W.S. The Exhibition as usual is being well supported by the Liverpool public, who have also purchased freely.

Once probably the "keep" of the "Turris de Hexham," it was, till over sixty years ago, used as a prison. It was built in the fourteenth century, and has walls eleven feet thick. Farther up the bailey is the "barbican"—namely, the "Moot Hall," a square gateway tower with a wing for the hall—an interesting spectacle. Though the stones are now fast crumbling, the old dignity is still there. Nothing could sooner stir up the forgotten romances of history. The Lord of the Manor (the Arch-

bishop of York) built it in the fourteenth century to humble the townspeople into obedience; as a menace to wild clansmen of the dales, and to defend the town against the Scots. The upper chambers are now used as pigeon-cotes; the lower, as storehouses. From the top, on a clear day, it is said the Cheviots may be seen. Surrounded by the ruined battlements we in fancy wander back to the times when sentries, in measured paces, trod this roof, now stopping to scan the distance



Hexham Abbey from the North-west.

for signs of the Scots. How often did the old "Fray Bell" in St. Mary's Church frenziedly ring out the alarm! What an outcry, an uproar! What a clanking of harness! What an array of bills and halberds, as the "men of Tynedale" flocked in!

Religion has been the load-star of Hexham, ever since St. Wilfrid chose the site for his monastery. The land was given to him by the then Queen of Northumbria, as a thanksgiving offering to God for a victory over the Pagan Cadwalla, of

Cumberland. The building raised, historians say, "had no equal this side the Alps." In 875, it was sacked by the Danes. Over the ruins, in 1112, the present edifice was erected and constituted a St. Augustine Priory, but this, too, was to suffer. For over two hundred and fifty years, the Scots were the terror of Hexham, and seldom did the Priory escape pillage or fire. To escape or be massacred were then the only alternatives. Modern imagination can but faintly picture the horror of these scenes. Through all this and more, the Abbey has stood, and

been attached first to one See and then another; from its roof and tower did the canons, during the "Pilgrimage of Grace" rebellion, defy Henry the Eighth's Commissioners, who came to seize the place; shelter has it given to Cromwell's soldiers and horses—matters of history, which must give pause even to the casual visitor.

The frosts of over six centuries have only too visibly exerted

their force on the exterior of the Abbey. Every stone is marked with decay; here and there, the outer crust has crumbled and fallen away; the square lantern tower, so weatherbeaten and furrowed, benignly rests, like a patriarch, upon the ancient pile, all forming a suggestive picture. Here glowed the hearts of sturdy pioneers of the Gospel! Here, men fought and struggled with unbelief, as they are



doing still! Around this spot war has waged, blood been shed, and strife of all kinds was once almost unceasing, but now how changed! All is quiet, everything is peaceful and at rest.

As one enters the church gateway, and stands amid the ruins of the Chapter House, one seems, at a stride, to step back into the misty centuries, and about to view the mysteries

of a sacred charnel-house. The Abbey porch, filled with gravestones, stone coffins, and Roman tablets, tends to deepen that impression. On opening the main door in the south transept, we stood on the threshold charmed by the sudden view. For a moment, the effect is fine, even to enchantment. Beams of sunshine, glinting in from the opposite end, focus themselves on the lower windows of



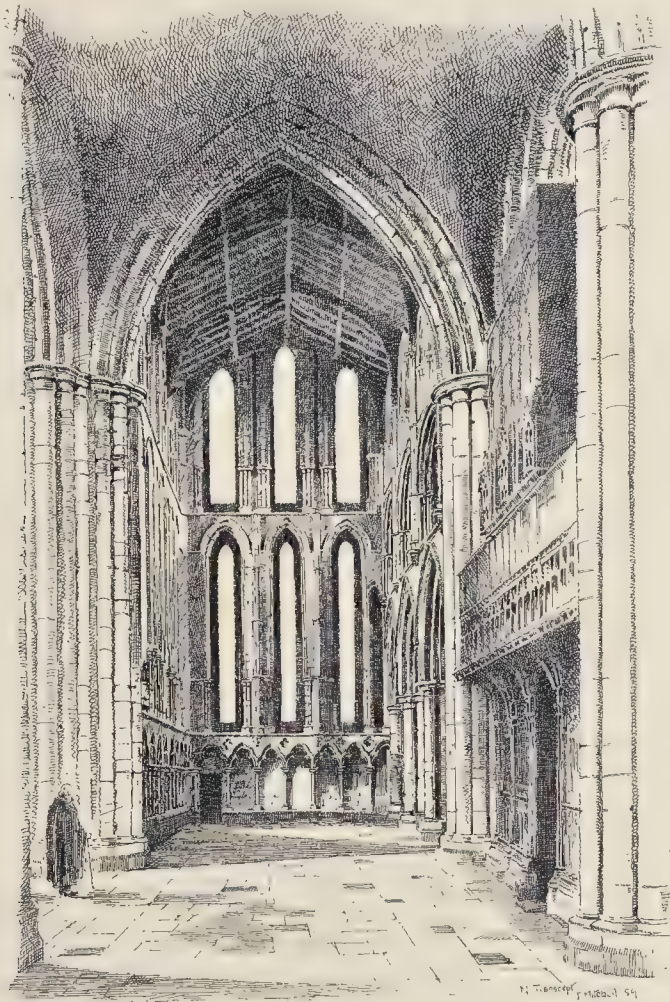
the north transept, and, in their union, light up the stained glass into an exquisite glow and harmony of colour. And, as the eye goes upward, the graceful lines of the clustered columns shine out in brilliant relief. The effect is not so much one of grandeur, magnificence, or awe, as of delicate beauty enshrined in peace, which excite those reflective feelings that so powerfully stimulate devotion.

Hexham Abbey would be distinctly cruciform but that a large slice of the nave is gone, commonly, though doubtfully, said to have been destroyed by the Scots in 1296. According to the late Sir Gilbert Scott, Hexham Abbey "is a noble example of what may be called the transition from the transition into the developed Early English." The transepts are by far the finest portions. The choir has lost much of its

dignity by modern "Restoration." The north transept, with architectural features of elegant proportions, remains untouched. The south transept, not so rich in decoration, attracts interest by a unique stone stair that led to the Monks' dormitory. The lofty chancel-arch is filled up with the organ; behind which is a wooden-lofted rood screen, built between 1491 and 1524—another peculiar relic. On the

panels of it are painted scenes from 'The Passion' and from 'The Dance of Death.' Paintings are a special feature. Another screen on the side of the vestry contains the portraits of seven of the early bishops—St. Alcmund, St. Eata, St. Wilfrid, St. John, St. Acca, St. Fredbert, St. Cuthbert, all clearly marked, even to the rings on the fingers.

All that remains of St. Wilfrid's monastery is "The Crypt,"

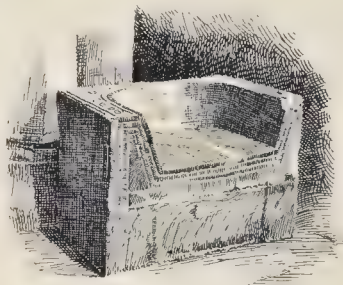


North Transept of Hexham Abbey.

certainly the curiosity of the place. Dark, weird, sepulchral, it smells of the tomb, and seems so, when the first gust of wind strikes the face. Imagine Juliet's terror when she waked in the tomb of the Capulets, and you may fathom the feelings of the lonely visitor in Hexham Crypt—if the candle goes out. Not even a dungeon could fashion so many dark visions. And yet the place is popular. Into the "Priests' Chapel" we grope our way, and through it into a cross

passage, from which springs a flight of stairs leading formerly to the monastery overhead, but now opening to the churchyard above. Through the aperture, as in a well, we get a glimpse of blue sky and flying cloud. Down the stair, the worshippers in olden times filed, and after a reverent glance through the "Priests' Chapel" doorway at the crucifix and relics, passed by another way into the church proper. Our guide, the Sacristan, here shows some results

of his researches. After careful removal of the hard Saxon cement, he had found several specimens of Roman sculpture,



The Frith Stool.

a memorial tablet of two sons of the Emperor Severus, and, among others, a Roman soldier's monument dug from under the vestibule—all with a history brimful of archaeological interest.

Among the curiosities of Hexham, the *Frith Stool* or "Stool of Peace," takes the lead. This, it is believed, was made by St. Wilfrid in the seventh century for a bishop's cathedra; some writers have even named it as the crowning stone of the early Northumbrian kings. Its chief use, however, has been as a stool of sanctuary for the suspected criminal. For a long time Hexham had this privilege, until it was abused by notorious offenders, and taken away by Henry VIII. A mile each way from the spot, north, south, east, west, marked by four crosses, were the limits of the sanctuary. The fines levied on the arrester of the fugitive varied according to where the seizure took place, whether within the mile limit, within the town, the churchyard or the choir. But none dare (without incurring terrible punishment) touch the suspect while he sat on the stool.

The past with us had now so far absorbed the present that a climb to the tower became a necessity. One hundred feet below, the hirings for farm servants were in full swing: a swaying crowd of young men and maidens laughing, chattering, jesting, wondrously happy, withal. Lifting our eyes, however, we beheld a prospect like unto the "Vale of Tempe," a wide open valley tapering eastward toward the spires of Corbridge dimly seen; wood-crested hills, along the slopes of which a villa or

steeple here and there peeped out of the trees; the noble Tyne, suddenly breaking into the valley in "waves of silver rolling," passes under the bridge, meets the pebbly islets, where the waters divide into three and rush off in rapids, helter-skeltering past the drooping bushes on the banks; all three streams, rejoining lower down, at length disappear as a streak in the distance. While behind us rise the heather-clad fells of the "shire," stretching towards Weardale like a vast prairie, adding a touch of grandeur to the scene.

It is now sunset. The western sky is aglow with a brilliant golden fire. Away over the valleys the trees and furrowed fields are radiant in gold and purple, deepening at length, as the sun disappears, into the blue mists of evening, which form a melancholy reminder that we are one day nearer to eternity.

Longfellow is right: the streets of a town are, after all, the traveller's chief attraction. Antiquities (which in themselves exist quite accidentally) are of importance only as links in the long chain of life in all its changes, the binders of generations. The supreme interest is in the present. So we spent the rest of our time exploring the old-fashioned rows of houses which form the heart of the town. The charm of Hexham is in its quaintness; it has all the characteristics of the picturesque. In these respects, the market-place is an inspiration. There stands the old "Shambles," built in 1776. Tough as the local oaks, it has a venerable look which speaks of the past. Long service has given it an unwonted dignity. It has sheltered many stalls, much market produce, seen many gene-



rations of buyers and sellers come and go; the vitals of Hexham, when it was styled, in the proud eyes of the citizens,

"The Heart of England." Of how many "Grozer Fairs," "King Crispin" processions, or manorial "ridings of the fair," has it been the scene? But fifty years ago began the crusade against old houses, which has greatly affected the quaintness of this market-square. Here, in 1715, the Jacobite rebels

under General Foster and the Earl of Derwentwater halted to collect arms and horses, and, before departing northward, proclaimed the Elder Pretender, "James III."

The "Hexham Riot," in 1761, ranks in local annals as a dreadful tragedy. The people protested against the election



The Market-place. From an old Picture.

of the militia by ballot instead of the old system of hiring by landlords, and the death of forty-five persons and the wounding of three hundred was the result.

Night had fallen ere we left the town. The glimmer of the lamps, the glare of gaslight in the shop-windows, the

influx of pedestrians crowding the narrow streets, that echoed the merry laughter and cheery voices of the passers-by, showed that Hexham had for the nonce roused itself into animation.

D. S. GRAHAM.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A.

ALTHOUGH he practised what must be considered an inferior branch of the art of painting, George Stubbs, A.R.A., achieved a permanent reputation, and solicitous Fame still bears him aloft upon her trembling pinions. If we place him alongside his contemporary, James Barry, and contrast the inflated utterances, the bumptious life, and ambitious art of the one with the unassuming industry of the other, we cannot but chuckle and rejoice in the irony of fate which has so completely reversed their reputations. What a lively pleasure is felt by every lover of Art when, in some chance visit to a town or country mansion, his eyes light upon a picture by Stubbs! It may represent a shooting-party counting their game, or my-lord and his lady driving in their phaeton in the park, or it may only

1890.

be a portrait of a dog or racehorse; it is always admirable, clear and rich in colouring, accurate in drawing, and firm and spirited in its touch. It is Art, Art ennobling and beautifying, and Midas-like, converting everything it touches into gold.

This fine artist was born in Liverpool in 1724; he studied in Rome, and afterwards settled in London, where he died in 1806. He published a valuable work on the Anatomy of the Horse, the original drawings for which are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy; they are remarkable for their care and their firmness and precision.

Stubbs was elected an Associate in November, 1780, and an Academician in February, 1781. But as he did not comply with the law requiring the deposit of a diploma work, and sent no explanation of his failure to do so, his place was declared

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vacant in 1783, and he consequently never received his diploma nor signed his name on the roll of Academicians.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, A.R.A.

Joseph Wright, commonly styled of Derby, was born there in 1734. He was also a pupil of Hudson's, and subsequently visited Rome. In 1777 he settled in Derby and remained there until his death in 1797. A small collection of Wright's pictures exhibited by the Royal Academy in the Old Masters' Exhibition of 1886 was the means of making the public better acquainted with his talent, as before that time, his works not being much traded in, and moreover being for the most part in private collections in and about his native town, few were able to form a just conception of either the scope or the quality of his art. His portraits are firmly and vigorously painted in what is called a manly style, but they exhibit a certain hardness, which is observable also in those of Hudson, whether imbibed from him or not we cannot say. The style, or mannerism as we should prefer to call it, for which he was celebrated, was the representation of candle and firelight. There is an example in the National Gallery, 'An Experiment with an Air Pump,' and several were exhibited at the Royal Academy. These things are more calculated to excite surprise than to give pleasure, and Wright of

Derby had not the imagination of Rembrandt, which was able to fill the dark recesses of his pictures with interests and suggestiveness; with the former they are merely black holes, with the latter they are like caverns in which we seem to see weird and gloomy shapes cowering and hiding themselves.

Wright was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1781, and a Royal Academician in 1784, but for reasons which have been already stated in an article in the *Art Journal* of March, 1886, he declined the honour, and subsequently requested the erasure of his name from the list of the Associates.*

* Another article on Wright (July, 1883), with illustrations of his works, did not give an accurate account of the reasons for his difference with the Academy. The other article—March, 1886—was one by myself on the Old Masters' Exhibition of that year, and contained an exact account of what took place, taken from the Minutes without comment or views of any kind.—F. A. E.

PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A.,

was born at Strasburg in 1740, studied in Paris and Italy, and came to this country an accomplished artist in 1771. English Art was only forming in those days, it was still in a plastic state, and apt to receive impressions. Vandyke and Watteau, the Venetians and the Dutch, had imprinted an indelible mark upon it; the arts of Greece, of Tuscany, and Rome had affected it also, though less deeply, and De Louthembourg, though the fact is much overlooked by critics, unmistakably left his impress upon it.

There is little doubt that Garrick's acting spread abroad the appreciation of Shakespeare; and while Garrick was acting, the public nightly gazed on the art of De Louthembourg, who had painted the scenes. In the art of the scene-

painter, of all other arts, the means appear least adequate to the results. From beyond the footlights, by the aid of strong illumination, he is able to produce an illusion which counterfeits nature, even in her dimensions. Seen near, and by ordinary daylight, his pictures are coarse, unintelligible daubs; they are mere flimsy screens, destined to destruction when the play has had its run, and the reputation they bring the artist is as ephemeral as their existence. Their success depends upon certain qualities, on composition and the opposition of light and dark; qualities deemed essential



Henry Fuseli, R.A. From a Drawing by G. Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

in all forms of pictorial art, but which are often bartered away for others more popularly understood.

All De Louthembourg's scenes have perished, and we know nothing of the pictures he painted before his connection with Drury Lane; but those we do know him by, such as 'Lord Howe's Victory,' excel in the qualities which make fine scene-painting, namely, strong light and shade, impressive design, and finely balanced composition. These qualities he imported and engrafted on English landscape Art. His influence on Turner, for instance, seems obvious and unmistakable. If we can with certainty discern the influence of Claude in the 'Crossing the Brook,' and of Van de Velde in the sea-piece of the Ellesmere collection, we can with equal certainty trace the influence of De Louthembourg in the 'Spithead.' After having passed through Turner, we recognise the same influ-

once asserting itself in the works of Sir A. Callcott. De Louthembourg's painting is deficient in surface qualities, things which do not hail from the banks of the Seine and the Upper Rhine, but his learned composition and fine light and shade were, for all that, valuable ingredients absorbed into English Art.

De Louthembourg was elected an Associate on November 6, 1780, at the same time as Stubbs, and on February 13, in the following year, they were both raised to the higher rank, Stubbs on each occasion being the first chosen. As we have seen, however, the latter never took up the R.A.-ship.

JOHN OPIE, R.A.

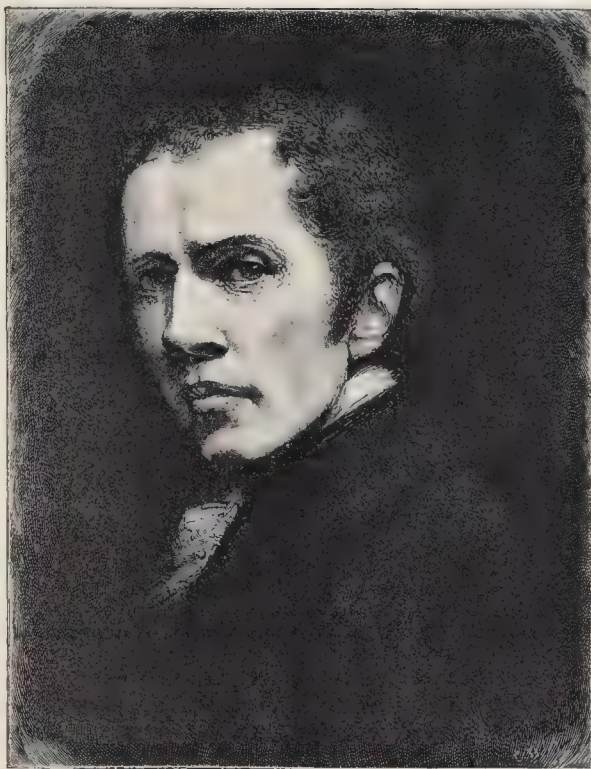
We think of Devon and Cornwall as remote from the great centres of thought and activity, and yet these two fair counties, basking under a more genial sun, and washed by more tepid waves than the rest of Britain, have produced more than their fair share of notable British worthies. Amongst these was John Opie, or Oppy, as he was hight in St. Agnes, near Truro, his native parish. He came to London in 1789, escorted by Dr. Wolcott, not yet Peter Pindar, was introduced to the town by a flourish from that gentleman's brazen trumpet, and was received with acclamations. Out of the remote west, from the land of rude fishermen, and tin miners ruder still, there had come a native genius, a self-taught artist.

Every one was struck with amazement, and the "Cornish wonder," as Opie was called, became the rage. The facts were not exaggerated; Opie had had no artistic training, the skill he showed had been acquired by observation, and by painting under no other guidance than his own innate taste. His father was a carpenter, and apparently fit for nothing better, but John, the son, was of a different stamp; at ten he mastered Euclid, and at twelve set up a school; he saw some pictures, was possessed by the noble rage of emulation, procured brushes and colours, and travelled about painting portraits. On one occasion he came

home in a new suit, with ruffles to his shirt, and poured twenty guineas into the maternal coffer; all which things were noised abroad, and naturally attracted the attention of a world which is ever more solicitous to discover genius than to encourage it when found. Dr. Wolcott, as stated above, brought him to London, and for a time Opie's doors were besieged by eager sitters. For a brief spell he became the fashion, and the Cornish wonder, having lasted his nine days, was then neglected. These things have happened before, and had Opie been as the majority of men, they might never have been recorded. But he was no ordinary man; he was strictly an extraordinary man. He saw at once that Art had a wider significance than the rendering of a man's likeness, that its scope could not be understood without general culture, and

that the speech and manners of a peasant were not fitted to get on in the world. These defects he set about to remedy. He read deeply; he studied Art earnestly, he observed men and manners, and gradually he won round to himself the good opinion of the discerning.

How much farther Opie might have got, had his life been prolonged, is an open question. Few artists have ever succeeded in overcoming the deficiency of early training, Claude Lorraine and Hogarth are the only striking instances which occur to us; and Opie, it must be borne in mind, when he came to London at the age of twenty-seven, knew nothing of Art beyond what



John Opie, R.A. From the Picture by Himself in the possession of the Royal Academy.

Jonathan Richardson quaintly calls "face painting." He possessed the enthusiasm, the industry, and the perseverance necessary to success, and he seems also to have had the artistic temperament; his rendering is never deficient in vigour, but it lacks the tenderness and subtlety which are also necessary; he never mastered the use of those difficult semitones which are intermediate between black and white, and without which a picture is only the scaffolding of a work of Art. Nor had he, when he died, learnt to penetrate that domain of beauty in which Reynolds and Gainsborough disported themselves, as their own peculiar plea-

saunce; the region of the evanescent, of the lost and found, as it is technically termed. It was no doubt a less difficult achievement to learn to think justly, and to express himself elegantly and forcibly, as he has done in lectures and other writings; less difficult, because that peculiar sensitiveness to impressions which Art requires is an attribute of youth; but he was a man of extraordinary vigour of mind and energy of character, and he might have ultimately conquered the greater difficulty also.

He was elected an Associate on November 6, 1786, at the same time as Northcote and Hodges; and on February 13, in the following year, again with the same two artists as companions, to the full membership of the Academy; and on Fuseli's retirement, in 1805, he was appointed to the post of Professor of Painting.

Two years later, on April 9, 1807, he died rather suddenly of a cerebral malady, at the age of forty-six. He had had many sorrows to bear and not a few anxieties; the wife of his youth had proved faithless, and he had put her away; friends had become estranged, and patrons had deserted him; but all things had righted themselves. He had found a second partner in every way worthy of him, and he had attained to fame and independence; he was happy at last; life was going as merrily as the marriage bell which united him to Amelia Alderson. Did he, like the fool in the parable, say to himself that now he would enjoy himself? We cannot tell. His soul was required of him in the midst of well-earned enjoyment, and we close the life of Opie, which is pleasant and instructive reading, with a sigh of regret that there are no more pages to turn over.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.,

another celebrated Devon man, was born in Plymouth in 1746; he was emulous of being an artist from very early youth, though his father opposed his wishes. To a youth of eighteen, a native of Plymouth and enamoured of Art, the name of Reynolds must indeed have been awe-inspiring, and when the great painter revisited his native county with Dr. Johnson in 1762, young Northcote pressed through the crowd to touch his garment, as Hogarth had done in the case of Pope. Eventually he was made known to Reynolds, and his father's opposition having been overcome, was admitted into Sir Joshua's house, with the rare privilege of working in his studio. There he remained five

years, working at the same time as a student at the Academy, and then repaired to Italy, and spent another five years in study at what was in those days the recognised capital of Art. On his return he commenced painting historical pieces, and was employed by Alderman Boydell to contribute to his "Shakespeare Gallery." The scheme of that gallery was suggested by Fuseli at Boydell's table, and though it ultimately proved ruinous to its promoter, there is no doubt that it had a powerful effect in stimulating the productions of a more ambitious form of Art than that in general request. Like all organized and systematic forms of patronage, it had the effect of developing what may be called an eminent mediocrity. Whether the world is the better for that or not, is not a subject we propose to discuss here. The spectacle of energy, activity, and effort must be stimulating to the world in general, and to the individual artist there is no doubt that a

steady stream of patronage is unspeakably grateful. It enabled Northcote, by the exercise of penurious habits, only second in comprehensiveness to those of Nollekens, to accumulate a large fortune, which was of no use to him, and which he bequeathed to a maiden sister who had superintended his household arrangements for fifty years.

Northcote painted many elaborate historical compositions, which are respectable productions, though they are not very exciting to the imagination. He was elected an Associate in 1786, and a full member of the Royal Academy in 1787, sharing the distinction on each occasion with Opie; and from that time until his death, in 1831, he was rather a prominent figure in that society. To have

been the pupil of Reynolds no doubt gave him considerable prestige, in addition to which he was a lively, sarcastic, and somewhat intolerant little man, of whom the silent members were afraid. He was an author, had been the friend of Hazlitt, and had written lives of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Titian. His portrait, drawn by Dance, would have interested Fuseli's friend, Lavater; it seems to us a typical head for the physiognomist. There is certainly physical contraction in all the features, and the theorist who might insist on its correspondence with the narrowing of the spiritual faculties, would find an appropriate example in James Northcote.

HENRY FUSELI, R.A.,

though we cannot call him a great artist, was a great personality in Art. It accorded with his temperament and the turn of his mind to assume a prophetic mission, to stand



J. L. Moenier. By Ozias Humphrey, R.A.

forward boldly in a frivolous age, and to bear witness to the highest sublimities of human thought; and though it fared with him as it does with prophets generally, and though he had to sojourn in the waste places of the earth, his courage never lagged behind his convictions, and he never sacrificed his principles to suit his convenience.

Instances abound in the history of Art of men who have elected to play a great part with insufficient endowment, and though we may pity their fate, we scorn their presumption. But in Henry Fuseli's case we feel only admiration and regret; his endowments were so vast, and his fortitude so unshaken, that his failure, as failure it was, excites our surprise and sets us to search for its secret cause. That cause we trust our readers will guess when they have perused the outline of his history.

He was born in Zurich in 1741: the family name was Füeseli, altered by the subject of this memoir to Fuseli.

His father was a painter, but destined his son for the Church, and sent him to the University of Zurich, where he graduated, and was ordained in 1761. But the calling was not to his taste; and though he was very intimate with Lavater, and travelled with him, he did not imbibe any of his friend's religious sentimentality.

Fuseli was evidently a strong, restless nature, haunted by the desire of some great achievement, and consumed by energy which could find no vent or opening. He tried preaching; he set up as a reformer of abuses; he wrote, and he dabbled in Art, to the extent of making fancy sketches and copying prints after Michel Angelo, but seems to have had no particular determination in this latter direction till after an interview he had with Sir Joshua Reynolds when he visited London in 1766, and consequently in his twenty-sixth year. That determined him to devote himself to painting, and in 1770 he set out for Italy, and remained there nine years. Most of his time was spent in the Sistine Chapel, and he succeeded in imbuing himself with a taste for the "terrible style," and with a desire to reproduce it. What

1890.

he, however, neglected to acquire was the technical accomplishment, and the profound knowledge, even to minutest details of form, which make Michel Angelo pre-eminent amongst artists. In his pictures, in his writings and utterances, in everything that came from Fuseli, we can trace the same fundamental mistake; he makes conception the sole criterion of Art; he had no other aim than to make painting visible poetry; he seems to have denied that it had its own peculiar laws, and that it ministered to needs other than those of written poetry. Equipped after this fashion, he

began his professional career in London in 1779. The boldness, and even extravagance of his conceptions, procured for him what the French happily term a *succès d'estime*. But it went no farther.

The Royal Academy elected him an Associate in 1788, and R.A. in 1790, the latter election being the cause of Sir Joshua Reynolds' quarrel with the Academy, of which an account has already been given; and in 1799, on the expulsion of Barry, he was appointed in his place as Professor of Painting. It was in the same year that he started the "Milton Gallery," where he exhibited forty-seven pictures from the works of the poet; but though he obtained many marks of distinction from persons of note, and many of the Academicians gave a dinner in his honour to celebrate the opening of the gallery,

the public would not be drawn; the bolt had missed its mark. Still the painter never wavered or showed sign of doubt, but continued to his life's end industriously producing after his fashion, though he reaped no substantial success, at least by the practice of his art. That his comrades, however, thought well of him, both as a man and an artist, is shown by their having elected him Keeper in 1804, a post he retained until his death.

From the unanimous testimony of his contemporaries we can discern that Fuseli was a very imposing figure, both physically and intellectually. He was very handsome; his



The Haymakers. By Francis Wheatley, R.A.

portrait by Dance, which we reproduce, and still more so one by Harlow, presents a fine Jove-like head, which reminds one somewhat of Goethe. The fair sex was evidently not insensible to his attractions; Mary Moser pined for him in secret, and wrote gushing but ineffectual letters to him; and Mary Wolstonecraft fell desperately in love with him when he was fifty. He was highly accomplished, was master of nine languages, and, as he tells us, when irritated by professional troubles, he would find a mental solace in swearing in all of them. His classical attainments were very considerable; he had read widely, had a fine memory and ready wit, and was quite untrammelled by timidity. His imagination, as shown in his pictures, was strictly of the Miltonic type, but, unlike the poet, he took no counsel of facts. In his flight he left mother earth behind him, and never returned to her, not even, as with Milton, in the shadowy semblance of a mirage at sea. He remained suspended between hell and pandemonium, and his Satanic legions contort themselves in a murky atmosphere, which has nothing of our world in it except its bitumen. He cut clean away from facts, notably those of anatomy, a department in which his creative fancy found an apparently inexhaustible field.

And here we are reminded of an anecdote given by Knowles, and repeated by Cunningham, to the effect that Reynolds, one of the shrewdest men of his day, on seeing his drawings, exclaimed, "Were I the author of these drawings, and were offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would regard the proposal with contempt." Reynolds, we may feel certain, quite sufficiently understood the value of ten thousand a year; we must suppose, therefore, if we accept this anecdote as true, that he over-estimated Fuseli's talent at least tenfold; he may have been misled by his theoretical craze for Michel Angelo, or, more probably, appearances were specious enough to deceive even him. Tacitus says of a Roman emperor, "Consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset," and in like manner the talents of young Fuseli may have impressed Reynolds and others with the conviction that he would become a great painter, which was only dispelled because he painted. As an author Fuseli showed the same audacity as he did as a painter, but it is tempered by a more cultivated taste. His aphorisms, published by Knowles, are very impressive for the extensive culture they reveal, but as they treat Art almost exclusively from the point of view of conception, and enunciate principles common to both poetry and painting, they are not of much use to the practical student. Allan Cunningham says of him that "the sketches

and drawings of Fuseli were of a higher order than the works of his pen;" and we have heard from an earnest student and critic of Art a similar proposition, but with the terms exactly reversed. If the reputation of Fuseli as an artist rests on the verdict of literary men, and as a writer on that of artists, it must appear to the reader that it rests on shaky foundations; and possibly it may occur to him that the entire edifice would have fallen ere this had it not been supported by two props instead of one.

The illustration which accompanies this article, of the 'Angel of Death,' is reproduced from an original drawing which seems to us the most free from objections of any we have seen by his hand. It has decided solemnity and grandeur, and it is only in the attitude and expression of the Angel's head that we trace his besetting sin of straining after effect.

He died in 1825 in his eighty-eighth year, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Opie.

THOMAS BANKS, R.A., the first eminent English sculptor, was born in Lambeth in 1735. His father placed him under Mat Kent, architect, sculptor, and painter, who was so remorselessly satirised by Hogarth — and on the foundation of the Royal Academy he became one of its students, carried away several prizes, including the gold medal for sculpture in 1770 for a bas-relief of 'The Rape of Proserpine,' and finally was awarded the travelling scholarship which enabled him to go to Rome — where he lived for seven years.

The works he executed there and after his return called forth much applause and some genuine appre-

ciation, but the times were not ripe for them. A cloud hung over this land at that period, how caused it is hard to say. The reign of the Puritans in the seventeenth century was no doubt inimical to Art, but its effects, if it was indeed the cause, only showed themselves in the next generation. Architecture lived through it all. As late as the reign of Anne every building erected in this land, to the humblest, the cottage and the barn, was beautified by an exquisite sense of proportion; and then the dismal night of churchwardenism overwhelmed the land; darkness set in in every department of Art, out of which it emerged slowly, clinging to portraiture, to the one unchanging and enduring fact of human vanity, as its support.

And Banks was an idealist. He had conceived the Greek synthesis of the human form working for beauty, and the English public was not prepared to understand him. In 1784, the year of his election as an Associate, he went to Russia, of all places in the world, to try his luck therein. The great Em-



Julius Miehle. By Ozias Humphrey, R.A.

press Catherine received him hospitably. His statue of 'Love pursuing a Butterfly' tickled her fancy, and she purchased it for her palace at Tsarskô Selo, and then wishing, perhaps, to have all sides of her complex nature illustrated, she commissioned him to execute an allegorical representation of the "Armed Neutrality." This was too much for Banks, and he fled back precipitately to his native country, where, in 1785, he had been elected a full member of the Academy. He produced some fine things, and designed many he was not encouraged to carry out. He languished for want of sympathy, and we can only infer from the evidence of 'A Falling Titan,' his diploma work, and of the bas-relief of 'Thetis and Achilles,' which hangs in the vestibule of the National Gallery, that under liberal patronage the name of Banks might have become as familiar to the world as those of Thorwaldsen and Canova.

We admire Banks, and we gladly credit him with virtues which he omitted, as we think him capable of them. It is painful, therefore, to associate his name with certain monuments in St. Paul's which are an outrage on common sense, and on what may be called common taste. There is no law in Art which can sanction the representation of a naval officer dying at the Battle of the Nile attired, or rather not attired, *puris naturalibus*, and being crowned with laurels by a lady carefully dressed in the costume of the third century, B.C. The highest function of Art is to elevate the mind to the perception of the sublime, and none know but those who have tried that difficult ascent how many snares there lie on either side, how many turnings there be which mislead to the ridiculous.

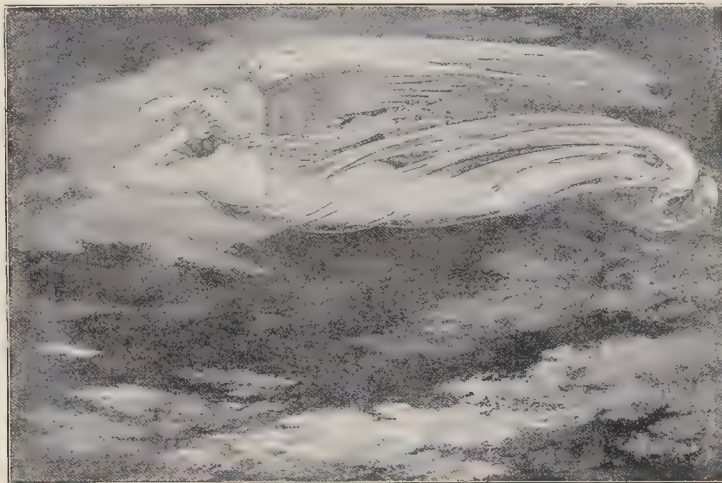
Thomas Banks died in 1805. As a man he was in every way admirable; God-fearing, earnest, and industrious, a devoted husband and father, kindly, generous, and charitable, and there was none to say an ill word of him.

We have now given some account of eleven of the twenty-three artists who were elected to full membership of the Academy under Reynolds. Want of space and want of merit obliges us to deal more briefly with the remaining twelve.

JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A., the son of a clergyman, was born in 1742, and studied landscape painting under Richard Wilson. He was one of the first admitted students of the Academy in 1769, and became an Associate in 1783, and R.A. in 1785. His reputation in the Academy, however, depended less upon his skill as an artist, than upon the zealous and active part taken by him in the government and management of the institution; in fact, so great was his influence and authority that he was called by some who did not altogether approve of him, "dictator of the Royal Academy." It was not, however, until the presidency of West that he came so conspicuously to the front. He died in 1822.

FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A., was the son of a tailor, and born in London in 1748. He was one of the first admitted students of the Academy, but was not elected an Associate till 1790; his promotion to R.A. rapidly following in 1791. In his early life he was engaged in decorative painting, but subsequently acquired a considerable reputation as a painter of rural and domestic subjects, many of which were engraved. He died in 1801.

OZIAS HUMPHREY, R.A. Of the artists who flourished under the presidency of Reynolds no less than five came like him from the west country. Opie from Cornwall; Hayman, Cosway, Northcote, and Humphrey from Devonshire. The last named was born at Honiton, in 1742; at the age of fourteen he came to London to study Art, subsequently returning to Devonshire and then learning miniature painting under Samuel Collins at Bath. It was as a miniature painter that he first made his reputation in London on his return there in 1764; but an accident having rendered



Angel of Death. By Henry Fuseli, R.A.

him unfit for such delicate work he turned to oil painting, spending four years at Rome, from 1773 to 1777, in studying its principles. He then came back to London and was elected an Associate in 1779, but did not receive the honour of full membership till 1791, the delay being no doubt in great measure owing to his having gone to India in 1785 and being absent till 1788. In India he painted the portraits of a great number of distinguished persons, and returned with a large fortune. He still, however, continued to work, chiefly owing to his failing sight, in crayons, till 1797, when his eyes completely failed him. He died in 1810.

JOHN BACON, R.A., though his artistic work was not of a high order, deserves notice, from the fact that he probably executed more works of sculpture during the last quarter of the eighteenth century than any of his contemporaries. He was born at Southampton in 1740, and began his career as apprentice to a porcelain manufacturer. From modelling and burning little ornamental figures to sculpture was a natural transition, and in 1769 he entered the newly estab-

lished schools of the Academy, and obtained that year the first gold medal awarded for sculpture for a bas-relief of 'Æneas escaping from Troy.' In the following year he was made an Associate, and in 1778 an Academician. From that time until his death in 1799 he was incessantly employed, chiefly on public and private monuments, of which perhaps two of the best-known are those to the Earl of Chatham in Westminster Abbey and the Guildhall.

JAMES WYATT, R.A., was perhaps the most fashionable architect of the last century. Born in 1746, a native of Staffordshire, he went to Italy at the early age of fourteen, and returning to England six years afterwards, was, in 1770, when only twenty-four, elected an Associate. He had already commenced the work which first brought him into notoriety, the old Pantheon in Oxford Street, and from that time till his death in 1813, he was constantly employed on public and private buildings. Among the latter perhaps the best known is Fonthill Abbey. He was elected R.A. in 1785, and in 1805 he filled the office of President, having been elected when Benjamin West resigned owing to some temporary disagreement with the members, but he only held the post for one year, West being again elected in 1806.

JOHN YENN, R.A., shares with Burch, the sculptor, the honour of being the first *alumni* of the Academy who served their *alma mater* in an official position, the latter as Librarian, the former as Treasurer. Yenn was one of the first admitted students in 1769, was elected Associate in 1774, R.A. in 1791, and on the death of Sir W. Chambers in 1796, was appointed by George III. to the Treasurership, which he held till his resignation in 1820. He died in 1821. Of his works but little can be said. He gained the architectural gold medal in 1771 for a design for a "Nobleman's Villa," and to buildings of that description his subsequent efforts seem to have been altogether confined.

EDMUND GARVEY, R.A., was one of the first Associates elected in 1770, but he did not reach the rank of R.A. till 1783, when his election in preference to Wright, of Derby, who came up to the ballot with him, is supposed to have been the cause of Wright declining the honour which came to him very soon afterwards, and requesting to have his name erased from the list of Associates. He was huffed that a "painter of gentlemen's seats" should have been preferred to him. Garvey, however, was something more than that, his landscapes being possessed of considerable merit. He died in 1813.

JOHN FRANCIS RIGAUD, R.A., also one of the first twenty Associates, the date of his election being 1772, was of French or Swiss origin, and painted chiefly historical subjects. He was one of the artists chosen by Boydell to illustrate Shakespeare, and his works have been very much engraved. Leonardo's "Treatise on Painting" was translated and illustrated by him. He was elected R.A. in 1784, and also received many honours from abroad. He died in 1810 a R.A.

JOHN RUSSELL, chiefly known as a portrait painter in crayons, which were greatly admired; was a student of the Royal Academy in 1770, A.R.A. 1772, R.A. 1788; born at Kingston-on-Thames in 1744, died at Hull, 1806.

WILLIAM HODGES, a landscape painter, A.R.A. 1786, R.A. 1787; the son of a blacksmith, born in London, 1744, and died in 1797.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, a portrait and historical painter, student of the Royal Academy in 1769, A.R.A. 1784, R.A. 1789; born in London in 1751, and died there in 1801. He enjoyed a considerable reputation in his time, and was very popular both as a man and an artist.

JOHN WEBBER, landscape painter, student in 1775, A.R.A. 1785, R.A. 1791: the son of a Swiss sculptor, born in London, 1752, and died 1793.

Of the twenty-seven Associates, including nine engravers, who never reached the higher honour, besides the three already treated of, only one or two need mention.

VALENTINE GREEN, A.R.A., the engraver, born near Birmingham in 1739, shared with M'Ardell and Earlom the credit of being the most celebrated exponents of reproduction in mezzotint of the last century. Several of his best prints are after Reynolds and West, but he also engraved many works of the old masters. He was elected an Associate in 1775, and in 1805 was appointed Keeper of the British Institution, founded in that year. He died in 1813.

JOSEPH BONOMI, A.R.A., was born in Rome in 1739, and came to England in 1767, when he was for many years employed by the brothers Adam on architectural and decorative work. In 1789 he was elected an Associate by the casting vote of Reynolds, who subsequently, as already narrated, unsuccessfully endeavoured to get him elected an Academician, in order that he might become Professor of Perspective. He designed several large country houses, and was, in 1804, made honorary architect of St. Peter's, at Rome. He died in 1808.

NOTTINGHAM AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

IT is now ten years since the first of these autumn exhibitions was held, and though on several previous occasions more than double the number of works have been hung, the high average of the four hundred and sixteen which have found places in the present exhibition atone for any numerical inferiority. Public appreciation of the recently adopted policy of more rigid selection is convincingly shown by the large number who have visited the galleries during the first few days of the exhibition.

Amongst the oil paintings, some noteworthy canvases from the recent London exhibitions form centres of interest, the

President and Council of the Royal Academy having lent Mr. George Clausen's 'Girl at the Gate'; Mr. F. W. W. Topham, R.I., his 'Dedication of Samuel,' and Mr. Watts, R.A., his 'Death crowning Innocence.' Some of the other works are 'The Conversion of St. Hubert,' by Arthur Lemon; 'The Runaway,' by H. H. La Thangue; 'Seeking Sanctuary,' by Robert Hedley; and 'Ellen's Isle,' by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

Among exhibiting water-colourists are the names of Wyke Bayliss, Caffieri, Wimperis, Dollman, and Clara Montalba. The black and white drawings number not more than a dozen, and of sculpture there is also but small display.



No. 1.—Pallas's Sand Grouse.

AMONG THE BIRDS.

SINCE I began to paint birds I have received a larger number of letters about my work than in the past ten years of exhibition at the Royal Academy and other galleries. My health, always more or less "rude," has even improved by being so much in the open air in the congenial occupation of making these studies and sketches. "My way of life has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," but I have never felt better, if less physically active, than now. For this and all other mercies I hope I am becomingly grateful.

There are one or two new features in my second series of birds now on view at The Fine Art Society's, of which a selection have been chosen to illustrate this article; the birds are generally larger in scale than last year, notably in the case of the eagles, macaws, and cockatoos. A series of life or nearly life-sized heads, has been introduced, and another of 'Leaves from a Sketch-book,' which contain many first rapid sketches, to be afterwards enlarged and finished more leisurely from the individual bird. I fear that however successful last year's exhibition may have been, it has had but little, if any, effect

1890.

even in conjunction with the efforts of the Selborne Society, whose leaflets were placed in the gallery, in allaying to the smallest degree the sacrifice of birds to the Moloch of fashion.

No later than the beginning of September a writer in the *Daily News* said "It is the opinion of local authorities that nothing can save the beautiful birds of India from complete destruction but a prohibitive tax upon the export of their skins and feathers. Such is the demand for the adornment of ladies' caps, bonnets, and even dresses, in Europe, America, and elsewhere, that the time is believed to be ripe for this decisive remedy, if India is not to be deprived of its feathered songsters, or the crops of the ryot left to the mercy of the insects on which they feed. In the Punjab, in Bengal, and in Madras, the harmless paddy bird, the oreole, the roller, and the little sun-bird, with wings flashing with metallic hues, are all being exterminated for the sake of their wings and tails; and birds' feathers, closely packed, are going away from Indian ports in

shiploads." This is sad enough, still there is some excuse, however unjustifiable, for such wholesale destruction;



No. 2.—The Wingless Bird and the Winged Mammal.

but what shall we say of those who maim and destroy birds and their eggs out of pure wantonness? On Whit



No. 3.—*The Sleeping Flamingo.*

Monday of this year a party of men landed on the island of Grassholme, and proceeded to shoot or kill with sticks



No. 5.—*A Stroll by the Sea.*

the various sea birds that find a home there, including puffins, gulls, and gannets. Not content with killing the

birds, they destroyed their eggs, one of the party "taking egg after egg of the gannet and flinging them, as fast as he could gather them, over the cliff to smash upon the rocks below." As the gannet lays but one egg at breeding time, this act seems almost diabolical in its wantonness. An eyewitness describes the scene "as one of the most brutal he had ever witnessed." And who were the actors? 'Arries "out for a spree" on Bank Holiday? Alas! no; but officers and gentlemen of Her Majesty's army and navy. The *Daily Graphic* correspondent, from whom I have quoted above, sent an account of the tragedy to that journal. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took up the matter and succeeded in bringing the offenders to justice. They were



No. 4. "Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,
Perched and sat, and nothing more."
From Poe's "Raven."

tried at Haverfordwest in August, and the seven "gentlemen" fined by the magistrate in the maximum penalty of £22 17s., or £3 5s. 4d. each, including costs.

I had thought of saying a few words on "sport" and "sportsmen," but as I have many friends addicted to sport, I would not willingly wound their susceptibilities, however regardless they may be of those of the birds and animals they maim or kill. I could wish, however, they would be a little less complacent in recounting their deeds of destruction. I read the other day of a gentleman, happily not an Englishman, though a resident in this country, who boasted that he

had killed 780 partridges in 1,000 shots.* The epitaph on Count Zachdarm in "Sartor Resartus" would not be inapplicable to this individual.

To turn to lighter matters. By continued visits to the Zoo, I find that the public is, generally speaking, still painfully ignorant of the simplest facts of natural history. Possibly the School Board does not include this study in its curriculum. I mildly ventured to hint to a lady the other day that the imperial eagle might prefer a raw mutton chop to the sponge cake she was giving him. And sacrifices of nuts continue to be offered up to the vultures under the idea, possibly, that they are parrots of large size and sober plumage. Indeed, it is difficult to discover where the intelligence of some people lies, so carefully do they conceal it. One day in the fish house I was aware of a gentleman and his little boy watching

the penguins have their mid-day meal. The birds, so awkward on land, swim with great grace and lightning-like rapidity. The little fishes, vainly trying to escape, were soon dispatched. The father and son had watched the process intently, and when the keeper left the cage, the former asked him, "Have you fed the birds?" Apparently he thought that the entrée and joint should follow the fish. Another gentleman, with singular notions of birds' diet, seeing the same keeper repair a hole in the bottom of a cage with burnt clay, asked him, "If that was the stuff with which he fed the penguins?"

The ordinary visitor is occasionally somewhat "trying" to the worker at the Zoo. Not only is the painter expected to be a complete guide to every house or cage *in* the gardens, but to each railway station or cab-rank *out* of them. When



No. 6.—The Peacemaker.

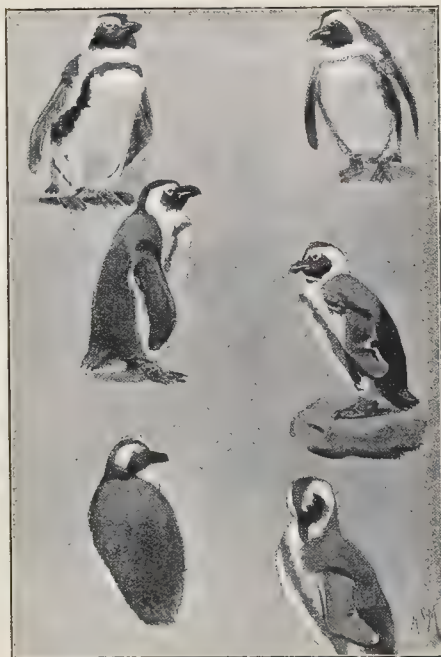
putting the high light in a bird's eye, or doing some piece requiring closer attention than usual, it is disturbing to have to answer these and other more unnecessary questions, "Do you hypnotise the birds?" "Do they never move?" The most common remark I hear is, "Ah, pretty creature! don't he seem to know he's settin' for his picture?" After trying various "dodges" to evade these queries without success, I found refuge at last in pretending to be deaf and dumb. The visitor who writes to the papers, if harmless, is equally annoying. On the 18th July a gentleman wrote to the *Standard* complaining of the management and condition of the birds and animals at the Society's Gardens; he said the eagles were "mangy," the bears "blind," the lions and tigers

"starved." Not having the courage of his opinions, he concealed his identity under the signature of "Halcyon Smyr-nensis." In the course of his letter he spoke of "a low wall outside the flagged walk along the dens of the bears." There is no wall, simply a rail and wooden barrier. Again he referred to the eagles as being "chained by the leg to a filthy perch." There is not a chained eagle in the whole gardens. The value of remarks on the condition of animals, made by an observer so accurate that he cannot distinguish between a wall and a partition, and mistakes macaws for eagles, is too obvious to require comment.

For my own part, closer acquaintance with the Zoo and with those who have the custody and management of it, has endeared both to me more and more. In spite of the flies, the inquisitive visitors, and the school children (admitted free), who frighten the creatures by their noise, and scatter their

* I am told by an eminent sporting authority that this performance is the best on record. He further informs me, which I am glad to know, that this record is not likely to be broken for some time.

greasy luncheon papers over the beautiful gardens, the Zoo is still to me the most delightful and happy sketching-ground



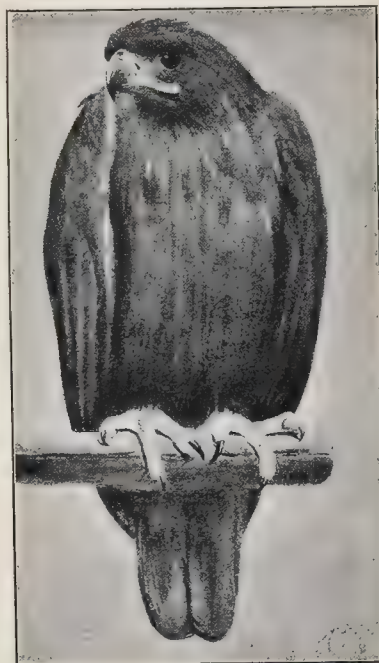
No. 7.—Penguins. Leaves from a Sketch-book.

I know of. The feeling I had as a child that the Zoo was somehow connected with fairy-land has scarcely deserted me in, shall I say, my mature age. It may be that jealousies and heart-burnings are there, as in most human institutions, but they never rise to the surface or come within my ken. In those gardens, engaged in a soul-absorbing pursuit, the world for a brief period passes by unheeded. All is calm and peace, the postman and tax collector cease from troubling, and one even forgets for a time the platitudes of Parliament.

A lady correspondent writes—"I wish I could believe in the happiness of the poor prisoners at the Zoo. Is not the daily snake-feeding with live creatures disgusting, and the wired cages of lions, and specially of large winged birds, very cruel?" There may be a certain amount of cruelty in confining any animal, but if, as I am told, all creatures are sent for the use or benefit of man, the cruelty is surely reduced to a minimum. Do away with confinement and the Zoo ceases to exist—a catastrophe too dreadful to contemplate. The loss of liberty is surely greatly condoned by the animals' knowledge that they may rely on a good square meal each day,—besides which they have protection from the inclemency of the weather and from their natural enemies, advantages which they do not enjoy in a wild state. I could wish that the hawks and eagles were better housed, but the continued improvements made for the comfort of the animals leads one to hope that better accommodation will be provided ere long. In the western aviary and in the enclosure con-

taining the night heron's pond, the birds are happy enough, and can use their wings to their heart's content. In the feeding of the snakes, which, by the way, is not "daily," but weekly, I can see nothing cruel or "disgusting." It would surely be cruel to deny the snakes their dinner and let them starve. Nature has ordained that they shall feed on living prey, and if there is any cruelty in the case, it must be put down to Nature's account. I think our love of animals betrays some of us into needless sentimentality; for myself, I refuse to love *all* living creatures, nor do I think each of them was designed for some special purpose. He must have a large heart who could make a pet of a rhinoceros, for instance; it is a creature in which I have vainly attempted to discover one redeeming trait. He is extremely ugly, and has a villainous temper. His use to man is the strength of his skin, with which the natives of Asia and Africa cover their shields. Occasionally he furnishes a meal for the natives of Sumatra. Towards the close of the rainy season he will bury himself in the mud; the dry hot weather sets in, and the mud becomes so hard and crusted that he cannot escape. The natives stealthily approach him with large quantities of combustibles, and literally bake him alive in the oven he himself has made. If the alternative were put to the rhinoceros, I cannot help thinking that he would prefer confinement at the Zoo to a fate so terrible.

There are many insects which are the plague of the gardener and the farmer; so destructive of all that unfortunate



No. 8.—The Tawny Eagle.

man attempts to rear, that I fail to see what their use to us can be except as a means of moral discipline and of incul-

cating a spirit of Christian fortitude and forbearance. My pet aversion is the common or ubiquitous fly, who possesses an ardent attachment for me, which I am unable to return. I don't know what peculiarity there is in my skin that induces him to puncture it whenever he can. The flea has more consideration, he never bites me, and I am glad to be as repugnant to him as I am grieved to be attractive to the fly. Even when travelling on the Continent, where the flea population is larger and more bloodthirsty than at home, the flea extends his hospitality and never attacks the alien. From the fly there is no escape, he follows me wherever I go, at home, at the Zoo, in the streets, or in the fields; not content with biting, he will take a mean advantage of me when both hands are occupied, and buzz in my ear till he drives me wild with impotent rage. I shall be told that the fly does good service as a sca-

venger. Possibly; though I have always suspected he creates more nuisances than he clears away. Anyhow I object to his treating me as offal. I have often wondered at Uncle Toby's patience and forbearance with the fly which had tormented him, and which at last he was lucky enough to catch. "Go," says he, lifting up the sash of the window, and opening his hand as he spoke to let it escape, "get thee gone! why should I hurt thee? This world is wide enough to hold both thee and me." Quite so, but that is what I cannot induce the fly to see, he inflicts his company on me when I would rather have his room. Whenever I am fortunate enough to catch a fly I put him not out of the window, but out of the world. I doubt if Cowper, were he now alive, would "enter" me on "his list of friends."

But I must draw these random notes to a conclusion. I confess to liking the birds above all created beings, with the



No. 9.—*The New Neighbour.*

exception of a few of my fellow-creatures. Many of our every-day sayings would seem to imply that the general sense of mankind places them at least above the brutes. A man "goes to the dogs," but never to the birds (though there are exceptions). We call a man "a brute," or describe his conduct as "brutal" or "brutish," but it is no reproach, but rather praise, to say he behaves in a bird-like manner. "Low cur," "conceited monkey," "impudent puppy" are among the epithets derived from the brute creation, which we freely apply to our fellows. There are no equivalents for these contemptuous epithets derived from bird nature; on the contrary any action fealty or dexterously performed is said to be done "like a bird." In beauty of form, colour, and almost endless variety of attitude the bird excels the brute. In intelligence many a bird equals if it does not surpass the much-vaunted horse and dog, though it has not had a tithe of the education so freely

bestowed upon them, and I am emboldened to say, though I do so with extreme diffidence, that it is possible, though the cases are rare I admit, for the bird to be as intelligent even as many of the "lords of creation." When I read how in April people flocked to the Aquarium and cheerfully paid seven shillings and sixpence a-piece to see a poor starved wretch drink a spoonful of beef-tea, or how "the collective wisdom of the nation" assembled on the river terrace of the House of Commons to see a magic-lantern show, and hailed the appearance of each slide with "loud cheers," it becomes difficult for me to decide if man or the bird should bear the palm for intellect. I know of few pleasures greater than listening to the talk of a cultured, intelligent, all-round man; but hope I may be excused, in preferring to converse with a parrot for one hour rather than with a politician for two, or in finding the society of a boat-bill more congenial than that of a betting man.

I add a few notes in reference to the drawings that have been selected to illustrate this article.

Few birds put themselves into more singular attitudes than the flamingo (No. 3). The contortions into which it can twist



No. 10.—Pelican.

its long neck are extraordinary. In common with many birds, it sleeps while standing on one leg, which is often perfectly straight, the other being drawn up and concealed among the plumage. When balancing itself thus, it seems impossible that so frail-looking a support can bear the weight of the body.

No. 4 is an illustration to Poe's celebrated poem, "The Raven." I thought the contrast between "the grim and ghastly raven" and the "placid bust," afforded a good subject for a drawing. In making it, I was more than once reminded of the anything but "saintly days of yore," when as a lad I was set to work stippling from casts after "the antique," and fondly imagining that I was thus learning how to draw.

In reference to the 'Peacemaker' (black-footed penguins) (No. 6), Mr. Ruskin once remonstrated with me for "painting comic penguins," but it is not possible to treat them heroically or seriously. They are comic naturally, and remind one irresistibly of some human beings. Their quaint, grotesque ways and attitudes have a special charm for me; but I have always sought to avoid exaggeration, and I may say

that both in this and all my drawings I have never caricatured or humanised a bird, but endeavoured to give each one its individual character and expression, and to the best of my ability "hold the mirror up to nature."



No. 11.—Laughing Jackass.

The Cape sea-lion, and the adjutant bird, are in adjoining enclosures at the Zoo. This suggested the idea of these creatures meeting for the first time, and consequently the drawing

(No. 9). 'The Wingless Bird and the Winged Mammal' (No. 2) are the names I have given the apteryx and short-tailed bat of New Zealand. There is scarcely the slightest trace of wings about the apteryx; hence its name, signifying wingless. It is in danger of becoming extinct, a fate from which it has been hitherto preserved by its shy and nocturnal habits.

The laughing jackass, or giant kingfisher, though possessing all the characteristics of the kingfisher,

is indifferent about catching fish. In the vast arid plains in which it resides there are no streams sufficiently large to harbour fish. To see a couple of these birds contending for the body of a dead mouse, one having the tail end in his bill, the other the head, cannot fail to excite a smile.

H. STACY MARKS.



No. 12.—Demoselle Crane.

ARTS AND CRAFTS. THE THIRD EXHIBITION.

THE first impression produced by this year's exhibition is that of the emptiness of the place; but, though there is nothing very large or conspicuous, and fewer objects altogether, their general arrangement is more systematic. As stated by the president, Mr. Walter Crane, in his short but suggestive preface to the catalogue, the Society have endeavoured to make embroidery and furniture the leading features of the present exhibition. To these two branches of Art, therefore, the two largest rooms are mainly devoted. The west gallery contains embroideries and other textiles, the north gallery cabinet work and furniture generally, while the south gallery contains cartoons, the central hall pottery, glass, lamps, and metal work, and the balcony book decoration. Among other objects designed by Walter Crane are some admirable lustre vases exhibited by Messrs. Maw & Co. Messrs. Morris & Co. furnish some beautiful embroideries, among which a curtain, subject 'Fruit Tree,' on blue linen, and another on yellow linen, an embroidered square of oriental design, are most noteworthy.

The School of Art Needlework contribute a wall hanging, from a design by William Morris, beautiful alike in colour and in drawing. The work of the Guild and School of Handicraft is, as usual, excellent. The dark oak secrétaire,

designed by Mr. Ashbee, tastefully decorated with gesso, gold and colour, has a severe and handsome effect. For appropriateness and simplicity a cottager's chest of drawers, by Mr. F. Madox Brown, in deal stained green, with sunk handles, deserves the highest praise. If the drawers themselves are long enough it has no fault except that the looking-glass is surmounted by an ugly shell-shaped excrescence. Messrs. Liberty & Co. send a chimney-piece, elaborately carried out with old Egyptian forms and details. The result, however, is, it must be confessed, a somewhat hybrid affair. Messrs. Collinson & Lock exhibit some furniture of elaborate workmanship but commonplace design.

The ecclesiastical objects are not many, but of a high standard. Among them may be mentioned a painted credence-table by A. H. Skipworth, and a triptych by C. F. M. Cleverly, the panels of which, particularly the wings, are very inferior to the framework. A red stole designed by Aymet Vallance, with embroidered roses, and an altar-cloth (incorrectly made up) with angels designed by Selwyn Image, are the best examples of the church needlework. Some specimens of Clutha glass, placed here and there, form pleasant accessories to the more substantial articles in the exhibition.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

CONSIDERABLE interest is being shown by the public in the three Longford Castle pictures. They have been placed on screens in the centre of the Umbrian Room, and have given rise to much criticism both in the gallery itself and in the public prints.

At the rear of the National Gallery the preparations for the erection of the National Portrait Gallery proceed apace. The excavations are now nearly finished, and by the new year the foundation should be in a forward state.

It is curious to note that the new rules for the Royal

Academy Schools, whose result was to lessen the number of successful women students, had hardly come into operation when an agitation was started in Paris, and with considerable

promise of success, to admit women to the École des Beaux-Arts.

Mr. R. R. Ross, a well-known citizen of Manchester, has presented to the Committee of the City Art Gallery his fine collection of English water-colour pictures. They number fifty-eight,

and include works by David Cox, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Cotman, Geo. Barrett, John Varley, Prout, Wm. Hunt, Müller, Geo. Cattermole, Jas. Holland, and Samuel Palmer.



"Griffith. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."
King Henry VIII. From the "Henry Irving Shakespeare."

The Council of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts are making this year a new experiment in regard to their winter

volumes—one on North-Eastern France, another on South-Eastern France, and a third on South-Western France. Each volume gives endless information on the district it embraces; each has over five hundred pages, a good index, and many illustrations.

The sixth and seventh volumes of Blackie's "MODERN CYCLOPEDIA" have reached us, ranging from Mona to Skating. "ELEMENTARY ART TEACHING" is by Mr. Taylor, of the Birmingham Municipal Art School (London, Chapman and Hall). The author expresses himself clearly, and his text has the benefit of over six hundred illustrations. Of a humbler nature is the treatise on "PRACTICAL GEOMETRY" by Mr. John Carroll (London, Burns and Oates). Mr. J. H. Morris's "GEOMETRICAL DRAWING FOR ART STUDENTS" (London, Longmans) is for those who only require the geometry necessary for the Art Student course.

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the death of Mr. James Anderson Rose, the well-known collector, and of the Scottish sculptor, Mr. John

Mossman, in his seventy-fourth year. Mr. Mossman was the



"Hamlet. It waves me still—
Go on; I'll follow thee."
From the "Henry Irving Shakespeare."

exhibition. It will open on December 15th, the receiving days being fixed for the end of this month. As the exhibition will be closed by the middle of March, the pictures there exhibited will be in time for the important London and Paris exhibitions.

A scheme, having for its object the appropriation of the Louvre and Tuileries to artistic and antiquarian services, is mooted in Paris. The plan advocates the removal of the Ministry of Finances from the Louvre to the Hôtel des Invalides.

We have received the eighth and last volume of the "HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE" (London: Blackie and Son). The prefatory remarks contributed by Mr. Irving refer briefly, but feelingly, to "the one deep, sad note" in the pleasure the staff feel in the completed work. That, of course, is the sad death of Mr. Frank Marshall, who passed away before he had completed the editing of this, the *magnum opus* of his life. The general introduction is from the pen of Dr. Dowden, who shows conclusively that more is known of Shakespeare's life than De Quincey's summing up would suggest: "That he lived and that he died, and that he was a little lower than the angels." This final volume includes *Hamlet*, *King Henry VIII.*, *Pericles*, and the Poems. Mr. A. Wilson Verity contributes an interesting introduction to the Sonnets, wherein he plays pleasantly round that Chinese puzzle of the identity of W. H. The illustrations by Mr. Gordon Brown and the general appearance of the eight volumes make the Henry Irving Shakespeare a handsome and useful possession.

Mr. Augustus C. Hare is indefatigable in the task he has set himself, to describe the places of the world where tourists most do congregate. His latest achievement is three thick



"Hamlet. Remember thee!
Ay, thou' poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe."
From the "Henry Irving Shakespeare."

sculptor of the statues to Sir Robert Peel, Livingstone, Thomas Campbell, and Norman Macleod, in Glasgow.





THE NATIVITY IN ART.

WHEN painting became dramatic, it sought for expression in a group in action, and perhaps the earliest group conceived as a picture was that of the Nativity. The earlier pictorial crucifixes of the dawn of modern Art were absolutely undramatic in intention. As time went on and the Crucifix became a Crucifixion, with the central cross and the attendant group, the picture was still remote, visionary, almost allegorical, and fixed in unalterable repose. But even then—in the first compositions of the Florentine and the Siennese schools—there occurs suddenly, out of we know not

what impulse of Art in travail, prophetic of its power to come, a passionate expression, a movement, a figure—drawn, indeed, with what may be called the archaism of the Middle Ages, but with arms abruptly cast up—dramatic with an intensity of expression. It is a momentary outbreak of the necessity for the articulate utterance of emotion—a necessity which, however the refinement of reserve may be insisted upon (and it has assuredly been insisted upon with a curious misunderstanding), is highly civilised and educated and liberal, a necessity of humanity set free from the thousand fears of the



The Virgin and St. John adoring the Infant Jesus. Majolica: School of Giovanni della Robbia.

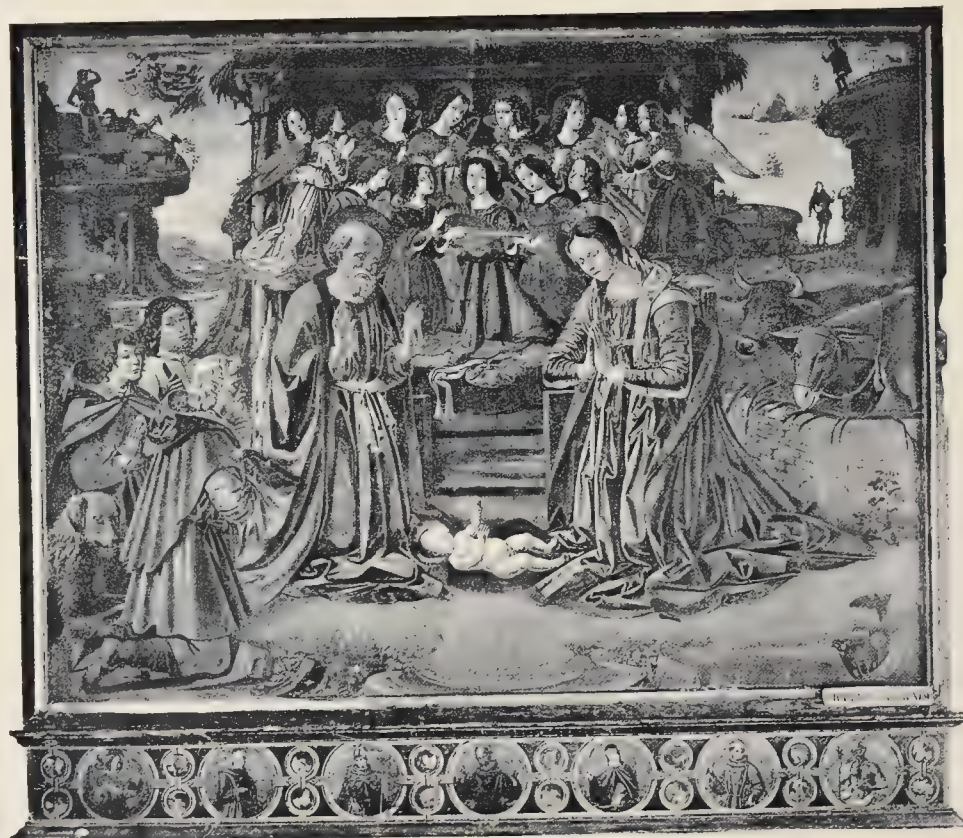
abject and shy and untaught heart. And once the need was acknowledged, Art grew quickly capable of fulfilling it, forced into the development which is not attained but by a liberal violence and haste. But its first signs, manifested in the teeth of the hard conditions of their time, are edged with a certain pathos rather than rounded with triumph. (Triumph came much later, and when expressive Art began to triumph it was at the beginning of its unpitied downfall.) And when the dramatic impulse had made its first throb felt in those

wildly sorrowful gestures, when the Crucifix had grown into the Crucifixion, the Madonna and Child became the Nativity. With dramatic expression came composition, which in its more vital sense is the dramatic and expressive relation of figures to one another. Movement depending upon movement, action produced by action, look answering look; these first united man, woman, and child in modern Art at the foot of the Cross and before the Bethlehem manger.

Obviously the word drama must here be accepted in the

large sense required by its application to trecento painting. The first groups of the Nativity were inter-related without the energy of actuality. The scene is mystical and remote from time and place, mingled with the symbolism that was never absent from early Art. The Child presented at first in compositions of the Nativity was still the Child to whom the Catholic Church has prayed for nineteen hundred years, as though age had never fulfilled and ended the brief infancy of Christ. By degrees the perpetual succession of ideal and real conception, which has made the whole history of the arts in all nations and times rhythmic and recurrent, quickened the

dramatic movement and gave to the scene the life—and the price of life, the transitoriness—of place and time. Perhaps to our minds, which have become not less but more spiritual than the mind mediæval, and which are profoundly dissatisfied with the partial and limited mystery of the mystical conception—to our minds, moreover, which have taken stronger hold upon the realities, the most sympathetic mood of early Art is that of the transition; a group which really presents the artist's pictorial vision of a scene bounded and fixed by actual conditions, and yet a group in which the impulses of expression are restrained by the modesty of young art, and by



The Nativity. From the Picture by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo.

the recollections and allusions of devotion. This is the picture most in accord with the somewhat exterior sympathy which we give to an "Old Master," whose ways are, after all, not our ways, if we are candid enough to belong simply to our own time.

And in the happy and interesting time of transition from stillness to emotion comes Filippo Lippi, whose vigilant observation of individuality is manifest in the companies of heads he gathers together in "sacred conversations," each one of which has its own character and—much more rare in Art of all times—its own construction. For Filippo Lippi understood not only the variety of look and colour and outer shape,

but the curious differences of the bony form which make a company of people studied from life more various—grotesquely various indeed—than painters have had the courage to acknowledge. But the Florentines knew how to keep the dignity of the individual in spite of the isolation in which every man stands among his fellows in the world—an isolation which Art should save from ignominy and shyness, and turn entirely to interest and sympathy. A group by Filippo Lippi—his works in the Belle Arti at Florence are especially in memory—recognises these human differences with a dignity unparalleled. A painter of our own time, content to study twenty figures from a single model, might feel in the presence of such a company

something of the sense of an expense of material approaching nature's wastefulness. In his charming 'Nativity' there is, of course, none of this distinctness of individuality. The subject restrains such vigilance as his art was beginning to exercise. Nevertheless for his beautiful but moderate Madonna he sought among the records of experience, and his choice of a model is the scandalous little romance of his life. A girl

educated by the nuns of St. Margaret's convent at Prato—not herself a nun, in spite of the legend that makes her a "religious," as well as the rebellious friar who took her from the shelter of her convent—was allowed to sit to the painter, and the study of her beauty decided the fate of both. At least it was a decision of destiny for Lucrezia Buti, who was young. Filippo Lippi was probably some forty-six years old. Her



The Adoration of the Magi. From the Fresco by Bernardino Luino.

father, a citizen of Florence, made vain efforts to recall the child whose visit to the sheltered convent had proved more disastrous than any sojourn in gay and tumultuous society could have been. Taking advantage of a little local pilgrimage to a famous shrine at Prato, Lucrezia fled to her painter, and the nuns had the picture for their chapel—a poor compensation for their trust betrayed. It has now come into the Louvre. But Prato became rich in other works of his—two

pictures painted for the Dominicans and one for the Franciscans—with the 'Death of St. Bernard' and the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' and the passages from the life of St. John the Baptist, in the cathedral, to which he gave some eight years of labour.

By all who love Sandro Botticelli, the little-known Fiorenzo di Lorenzo should be held in reverence beyond any other painter of the school. Some at least of the plump, curly

angels, producing a very timid and tentative little chorus in the background of his 'Nativity,' might have been signed by Botticelli. The spirituality which is so much more child-like than angelic, so much sweeter in innocence than celestial in impeccability, and the single expression that is so beautifully uttered in the face and action of the Madonna, make this very simple and gentle 'Nativity' one of the masterpieces of the Florentine renewal.

To pass from the school of Florence, however early, to that of Umbria, is to rise into "diviner air." A little worldliness, and with it a certain puerility, clings to the Tuscan art, which is almost always the art of a citizen—even though a citizen of the gentlest city of the world.

In Umbria we climb the hills of one of the purest of landscapes. There is no place that has a stronger spirit. Merely to linger through the districts of Italy lying between the hill cities, as a tourist lingers there, is to gain and to keep some experience. A spirituality, certainly not of the intellectual Teutonic quality, but greater than, it seems, the modern Italian heart can reach, has been bequeathed to the place and to all that it produces, by the memory of St. Francis of Assisi, whose pilgrimages seem to have left traces on mountain outline and shallow watercourse. The painters assuredly felt that Umbria was a spiritual school in which life and Art were taught, increased, and restrained to finer issues than Florence, Parma, Rome, or Venice ever achieved. Under its touches Lo Spagna was subdued into an Umbrian of the docile but not feeble spirit in which Raphael himself passed his earlier youth. It has always been the tradition of criticism, and especially of French criticism, which is singularly devoted to ready-made ideas and to the phrases belonging to them, rapturously to congratulate Raphael upon his emancipation, and upon his development of the quality which every reader will recognise as Raphaelism. In his degree Lo Spagna has been the subject of like felicitations. He began in the tentative manner of young Art, working gently, yet with the vitality of growth. Later he "enlarged his manner," to the joy of the historian, became touched with Raphaelism, and with the young humility and the young charm passed away much of the vigour. At the time of the painting of his 'Nativity' the charming master was just so far touched with Raphaelism that his figures have a half-conscious grace which leaves unimpaired their simplicity, as is the case with perfectly natural and sincere children in moments of partial self-consciousness. The composition of his 'Nativity' is marked by its perfect composure. To compose in one sense is by no means necessarily to compose in another. But Lo Spagna did compose and compose. The fervour of his gentle personages does not disturb their angelic dignities. The landscape has the Umbrian simplicity, and there is no stopping to trifle with plants and lizards for which the painter has no real feeling. The kings advance in order with their pennons, the shepherds come with their own state; the angels also manifest the *grâce d'état* in the devotion and sweetness with which they are ranged "in order serviceable." By the way, the idea that angels distinctively feminine belong to the decadent stages of Art, is contradicted by a group kneeling in Lo Spagna's picture beyond the Infant Christ, which is a group of celestial handmaidens, as unlike the Biblical and Dantesque spirits as a good school girl is unlike a demigod. The triumph of Umbria over a Spanish nature is the summing up of this severe and essentially early-Italian 'Nativity,' a work that has its counterpart in the young Italian of literature

with its seriousness and its implication of a living future.

Bernardino Luino's noble fresco loses little of its dignity by the zigzag which he has so ingeniously arranged for the display of his ideas as to the giraffe, the camel, and the travelling train of the Wise Kings. Perfectly, sincerely puerile, the procession in the upper part of the picture hardly prepares us for the maturity of the art in the magnificent figures of the foreground, for the great beauty of the profile of the king to the left, and for the action of the negro king. With figures so great and beautiful as these, a Venetian painter would assuredly have gained an additional grandeur for them by a device which this *naïf* composition precludes. He would have placed himself lower than his foreground persons, and so would have got a low horizon, and put the principal figures into a slight upward foreshortening, to the wonderful increase of their effect of dignity. Bernardino's Madonna is one of the grave negative Madonnas of the school, a figure simply decorous, without beauty or expressiveness, except those which the severer eyes of the fifteenth century found in repose and recollection.

As there are pictures in all galleries which are called only "quadri di scuola" in the catalogues because they are marked by no individuality as the work of one man, but are signed by their character as the work of one of a group of men, so it is also with majolica. Luca della Robbia not only created his designs, but invented a material, a method, a form of artistic expression unknown before—proving its possibilities, deciding its laws, settling its limitations, and making himself the fountain of its traditions. And his inheritors and successors varied from him rather in design than in the technical practice of their exquisite art in majolica. Giovanni della Robbia, son of Andrea, who was a nephew of the founder, had influence enough to be held as the master of a school. It is to his following that is attributed the charming 'Nativity' which we reproduce—or, more properly, the Virgin and St. John the Baptist in adoration, for the group is a mystical or devotional one. The abrupt shadows which help to make majolica intelligible in black and white, do some violence perhaps to the intention of the relief. Della Robbia designs are generally destined for the flat and diffused lighting that falls upon a plaque in a wall or over a doorway in the open air. There is nothing gayer in the most light-hearted of Italian religious art; and this young Madonna and playful Child are fit for the happy blue and white of majolica.

To go from contemporary Italians to John Bartholomew Zeitblom, is to lose no simplicity or sincerity, but to exchange grace for homeliness, and composure for a certain affectionate anxiety. He has painted a 'Nativity,' in which St. Joseph is anxious, so are the animals; and though the elderly Madonna is calm, she is careworn in her ample and grave draperies. The landscape had evidently been disposed to render the painter's ideal of perfect beauty; and that ideal is curiously like that of the English Philistines. These Bethlehem hills are in effect swarded and wooded precisely like a park, fat land in curves, with round trees, and everything to delight the landowner. Perhaps the most charming passage of this simple picture is in the figure of the Child—which in its infantine character seems to prophesy what German art has done in the following ages in the painting of true and childlike children. It is not a little remarkable that of all the Bambini painted in the many centuries when the

modern world was still too young to appreciate childhood; when literature knew it not, the only sound of it in Dante being the sigh of the unbaptized in the ante-rooms of Hell; when Art, in spite of its constant and continuous Madonna and Child, knew so little of the Newborn and gave him looks so earthly or so mature; one of the first childish and simple children should be from the hands of a German, in whose very language lurks the intimacy of a child. But far more of Teutonic originality is in a work of Grunewald's. Everybody looking at his 'Nativity' must be struck by a quality very distinctly modern—its scenic picturesqueness. There is something imaginatively sensational in the distance and in the celestial part of this curious picture. Behind a Gothic church rise mountains, plane beyond plane, conceived in the spirit of much later landscape art. The sky is vast, has distances, and has been studied for its own sake. The Eternal Father in the midst of this heavenly scenery has a natural pageant about Him, as well as a court of descending and ascending angels. Moreover, there is a love of nature discernible in the action of the Mother, learnt from life, where she props the Child's head with her hand. The Infants of Italian art never had such propping, nor is the movement one which, in Florentine or Roman eyes, is graceful enough for notice. And the human touch in this action excuses the heavy and dull character of this Virgin's ugliness as she sits watching her Child, backed by the dramatic visionariness of landscape and of the scenery above.

Correggio was followed by men who in various ways outdid him, seizing upon the manner, and burlesquing the style; or who at least allowed themselves to be caught up by a gale of movement and unrest which, in most of the schools of the end of the fifteenth century, spared the figure of no man, woman, or child, left no line straight, endured no angle, caught the severest things in art and nature—the simple tree of the Italian soil, the chasuble on the very back of the saint—and twisted them each and all into inevitable attitude. After Correggio followed that general whirlwind and that universal posture. It is true that Michelangiolo, his senior, gave the world no less a shock than that of the famous Michelangiolo twist; nevertheless the twist was possible with eternal repose.

1890.

The Sistine Sibyls are not disturbed. The Medicean Night and Day are in no haste. Whereas the fashion of posture that is to be traced to Correggio flings the figure into various but perpetual unrest. The example did its worst work undoubtedly with the art of sculpture, which, as regards Italy, it perhaps finally corrupted. In a 'Nativity' Correggio uses, for perhaps the first time, the device of lighting his group from the figure of the Divine Child—a rather easy prettiness much practised later. In his composition he shows how the painting of the famous cupola and similar foreshortenings enormously magnified his sense of the importance of the legs of men and of angels in the arrangements of Art. The vast legs

of a shepherd so master the interest of the picture that we have but a second glance for the impulsive Madonna with her broad Correggio brows and her smile, or even for the limbs of the gross angels in their flight. Everyone is busy—St. Joseph restraining an animal to the right, and the group throughout being exuberant in movement.

But how curiously this hatred of simplicity influenced composition a few years later may be seen by a 'Nativity' of Nicolo dell' Abate, arranged with singular grace, but on the principle that nothing shall be done with the straightness and the gravity of nature. Here the Madonna has placed her child in a position that requires at least three turns of her elegant figure, and is even thus impracticable. The shepherd carries his lamb in a manner almost as difficult, a knoll being erected to prevent the figure from standing equally on two legs—

for a figure in stable equilibrium would have condemned a sixteenth-century painter to scorn. It is indeed little more than a posture-master's grace that was then the Italian ideal. In one of Alfred de Musset's delicate comedies the *ingénue*, taking her dancing lesson in the presence of her mother and the abbé, despairs of imitating the feats of her master, who explains to her as he skims the real secret of grace: "When you advance to the left you naturally look to the right; on the contrary, when you dance towards the right your head is directed over your left elbow, which must be of course arranged in a semicircle. You see, mademoiselle, I do not fall." The figures of the Italian painters do not fall,

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The Nativity. From the Painting by Lo Spagna.

having all the safeguards of their position in colour and line. In spite of the beauty of this group there is perhaps nothing in Nicolo dell' Abate's picture more pleasant than a little church with its Italian character, and the suggestion of Italian sun-shadows lurking beneath its roof. In the earlier Nativities the architecture is almost always grotesque. Nothing could possibly be reconstructed from the childish forms so common among them; their geology itself is not more improbable than their building. But the complacent sixteenth century, becoming conscious and careful of all things, reproduced architecture reasonably.

Bloemaert may be named next to Nicolo dell' Abate (rightly in the order of time) as a sign of the effect of the Correggio movement upon the homely Gothic temperament. Bloemaert has been described by a French critic as "Albrecht Dürer softened," and has been praised for the *ligne coulante*. The master's own delight in the confluence of his curves leads him into a rather rude extravagance, from which his Italian examples were free. Italian exaggerations of posture prove to us chiefly how ready-made extremes tend to the unexpected result of insipidity; but when the Teutonic pencil plays a like prank, we are preserved from weariness by a



The Nativity. From the Painting by Hoffman.

continual wonder. It is impossible to deny that Bloemaert's work is interesting. Some of the rushing lines, such as the sweep in a young shepherd's hat, have an altogether successful audacity. His drawing of hands is perpetually amusing. His gravest and simplest predecessors in Germanic art of all the schools, even the most sincerely and unconsciously ascetic, cared much for this one only among all human and feminine beauties—the grace of the hand. Always slender, long, and carefully designed to give signs of race, the hands of the early masters are their single indulgence of the delicacies of

the flesh. And much later, when every sense of the refinements of the figure had been abandoned (by no means through asceticism this time) by Rubens and lost by Rembrandt, admiration for ladies' hands never failed, and was never vulgarised. It saved dignity where all bodily dignity seemed at the point of destruction, and gave a look of high physical education where crude nature or the conditions of a *bourgeois* household would otherwise have had all their own way. But Bloemaert, anxious to combine *la ligne coulante* with the fineness of this unaltered tradition, and to be at once delicate as were



On the Way to Bethlehem. From the Picture by Fritz von Uhde.

his fathers, and exuberant as were his contemporaries, has produced hands of wonderful construction, having all the tumult of line which fills his picture. Most curious are they in a fluttering shepherdess. Bloemaert, who was so entirely of his time—the latter half of the sixteenth century—is remembered more by *cognoscenti* for his work with the point than by visitors to picture galleries for his work in colour.

Sir Joshua Reynolds brought the painting of the Nativity to the antepenultimate important point in the history and development of painting. Not long ago one would have said the penultimate. But actual modernity is by no means represented by Hoffman, who may stand for a modernity suggestive of the year before last. But pictures of this trivial character have no date except that given by their very lack of epoch. No other time than theirs could have produced art making such unsuccessful efforts after so many kinds of excellence. It was a happily transitory modernity. The veritably new and moving spirit has been illustrated in this Journal by a reproduction from Fritz von Uhde. Sir Joshua obviously comes to us in unfamiliar form as the painter of "subjects," or of the composition more complex or dramatic than a portrait group. He conceived the historical, or "grand" style, more distinctly and more exclusively than he ever even attempted to practise it. It is curious to follow, in the Discourses, his recurrent and emphatic teaching as to the necessity of avoiding all the accidents of individuality in presenting the figure historically. What is temporary, what is incidental, what belongs more singly to the unit, is, according to his doctrine, below all the dignities of the grand manner. Humanity, he seemed to hold, should be generalized, as painters of the grand school of landscape generalized forest trees, until it seemed a kind of trivial curiosity to inquire as to oaks or beeches. The hero of history should not be too distinctively himself, or at least not too distinctively himself at any given time, according to these rules of a day gone for ever. But Sir Joshua himself in his action discredited these somewhat frigid principles by proving to us how ample and how high and grand a human dignity may be combined with an individuality complete, searching, and most distinct. This is, of course, in his own art of portraiture, of which the vitality consists of the study of the separate personality; and doubtless this master abstained from historical art because he felt his own love for character, and knew his power in comprehending it. Nevertheless, he would never have allowed the highest place to portrait, or to that intimate landscape, full of the spirit of the place, which has become precious in modern eyes; or indeed to any art except that inevitably conventional art that removes the heroic figure and the heroic landscape from the sensitive touch of nature. The chief beauty in his 'Nativity' is the somewhat artificial but very graceful composition. As for the figures, their English look is the first thing to strike us; the Madonna is one among the lovely contemporaries whose portraits he painted, without powder, in a morning coiffure in the

country. St. Joseph is English even more emphatically, and the angels are girls. The expression of the group is singularly joyous, and joy is, in fact, the motive and spirit of Sir Joshua's most beautiful and most distinguished work, in portrait, in allegory, and in the study of children.

The reader must turn back to the *Art Journal* for March, 1889, to take the flower of thought and tenderness in Fritz von Uhde's work. The only new-born Child in all these centuries of Nativities is the infantine figure that lies curled on the poor bed in this Saxon painter's picture, adored by a worn mother with her thin hair, visited by shepherds from the Bavarian valleys, and hymned by children angels from the village school. This night scene, by one of the most delicate and true of all the present painters of atmospheric daylight, is studied throughout in its illumination with vigilance and with a rare unity of pictorial vision. And this vitality of technique accords wonderfully well with the vitality of the conception.

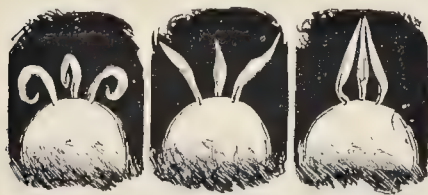
The example of Von Uhde's work given with this paper, although not a picture of the Nativity, may fittingly find a place. Less great than 'The Last Supper'—a design which seemed to reconcile once and for ever the old, perpetually recurrent dispute between the ideal and the real, the heroic and the human, the perdurable and the actual—'On the Way to Bethlehem' justifies itself by mere force of sincerity. There is not a touch in these two beautiful figures that does not prove how much dignity a painter may compass if only he have courage enough to go intimately near to the human life he is painting. Held just at arm's length, familiar things are merely common; treated from a distance they are merely picturesque; touched so closely that the taking of the breath and the beating of the heart become sensible, they are so beautiful that a great artist like Herr von Uhde ventures to give them divine significations. Technically, his work shows the mastery of pictorial impression, which is invariably to be found in it; the unity, the comprehensive life shared by every passage of the accessories; the truth and integrity of illumination; an extraordinary sense of the expressiveness of drawing, with a little lack of the solidity that should be felt under even the freest and swiftest modelling of forms. Temperament, in an exceptional degree, and all that vigorously intelligent study in the most living of contemporary schools can give him, this painter has; and in the defect we have named is the only sign of a lack of early training. The vulgar, to whom all things are vulgar, and who did not forgive 'The Last Supper,' or 'The Nativity,' or 'Christ in the School,' have doubtless taken this St. Joseph and this Blessed Virgin Mary as little less than an outrage.

Herr von Uhde's name closes fitly the long list of painters of the Birth at Bethlehem. With no other could the modern picture be left with so true a suggestion of its living future.

ALICE MEYNELL.

BISMARCK IN CARICATURE.

M. GRAND CARTERET'S last work affords fresh evidence that he is, with an industry well seconded by his evident enthusiasm for his subject, pursuing his important self-appointed task—none other, according to



Fine. Uncertain. Stormy.
"The Chancellor's three hairs."—Kladderadatsch, 1881.

his own showing, than that of producing an "Histoire par l'Image." Two important instalments of this great undertaking, "Les Mœurs et la Caricature en Allemagne, en Autriche, et en Suisse," and "Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France," have already appeared, the latter having been recently reviewed at length in these columns. If ever the comprehensive programme set forth in the commencement of the present volume be realised, our historian of manners, morals, and events, as stenographed with the pencil, will have produced a kind of codification of caricature, which he might then well entitle without exaggeration "Comédie humaine par l'Image." M. Grand Carteret takes his task very much *au sérieux*, and the present, like his former productions, will consequently be invaluable to the future student of our century. Still, this mode of treatment, the dispassionate tone and the not very exhilarating style adopted in this "pigeon-holing"—to use a Whistlerian verb—of the imaged opinion of modern Europe and America, is, in result, just a trifle solemn. Our author has most conscientiously divided his Bismarckian picture-book into separate sections, showing the treatment accorded, first to the Prussian Junker, then to the great Chancellor, and finally to the prostrate colossus, by Germany, Austria, France, Italy, England, and even by Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, America, Russia, Poland, and Spain. Such a book, notwithstanding all its impartiality and its studied detachment from national enmities, adhered to under circumstances of unexampled difficulty, could not of course have been produced during the actual reign of the Man of Blood and Iron; and even now it comes a little too soon. The writer is evidently all the while treading on eggs, and though he foots it skilfully enough, we seem to feel throughout that he is animated by a thrill of that respectful dread by which he somewhat unjustly accuses the English caricaturists of being restrained in their

pictorial dealings with the mighty *Heldendiplomat*. Perhaps the most comical thing about this serious register of comedy and satire is the dedication, which we cannot refrain from quoting, although we do not profess to say whether it is to be taken as a caricature of dedications (!) or in sober earnest.

Here it is:—"A ma mère, dont le cœur est d'or, je dédie ce livre sur le 'Chancelier de Fer.'"

And now, to have done once for all with fault-finding, we will reproach the author with having failed to place before us a single one among the many great Lenbachian portraits of his hero. His image is presented to us innumerable times in that "idéal renversé" which has been said with infinite truth to be of the essence of caricature; but not one of the great series, in which, under its rugged exterior, the true ideal of the personality has been so happily suggested by the Bavarian master, has been vouchsafed. Insufficient consolation is afforded by the reproduction of a prosaically faithful, and in so far interesting portrait, showing 'Herrn v. Bismarck' in 1847, in the days of his yet unregenerate Junkerdom.

It is impossible not to agree with the author that the Chancellor has on the whole come off well, for one who has played, and played to the very end, the rôle of the greatest map-maker and unmaker of modern Europe, not



"Malgré le froid, je suis toujours le berger de ce troupeau. Mort, passe ton chemin."
By A. Willette.

excepting Napoleon I. himself. Except perhaps in his earlier days, when his own countrymen took no very heroic view of

his political character, he has always appeared to the satirist, and even to the political enemy, in the very moment of over-



The careful Governess: "Now, young ladies, no ogling of the young men." *Nebelspalter, Oct., 1889.*

whelming defeat, as a colossal figure whether for good or for evil. He may and does appear as an ogre, a monster, a vast satanic figure overshadowing the world with his baleful influence; but even the bitterest hater hardly dreams, in dealing with the period of his full development, of representing him as small, contemptible, or ridiculous. And it should be remarked, too, that it is always Bismarck the political figure, and seldom or never Bismarck the private individual, who is attacked, whether by fellow-countryman or alien. Luckier in this, as in all things, than Napoleon I., than the hapless Napoleon III.—with whom at one time his then not very loving Germans were fond of comparing him—he has in the main escaped the Aretino and the Pasquino of his time, and remains unsmirched by the tongue, the pen, or the pencil of private calumny. Even at the moment of his downfall the fallen lion has been mocked with measure and without rancour. The accumulation of hatred which it might have been deemed would on such an occasion of triumph break, like a waterspout, over his devoted head, has seemingly passed over, or has evaporated, so far as the *bravi* of the pencil are concerned, in pleasantries of the mild and philosophical order.

And now to consider the quality of the caricatures for which the ever-prominent personality of the Prussian Prime Minister has, for the last thirty years or thereabouts, furnished the motive. If both those of German and non-German origin appear, when taken as a whole, less virulently personal, more carefully wrought out, and more literary than those of the preceding generations, by how much do they fall short of them

in incisiveness and breadth, as in comprehensiveness of reach! Especially do the French caricatures, with which we now have to deal, though they are signed by such well-known virtuosi as Gill, Cham, Draner, Albert Millet, Willette, Pilotell, Félix Régamey, and many others, compare at an enormous disadvantage with those produced during the classic period of the art—from about 1830 to 1850. Where do we find the terrific dramatic force, the power of generalization which a Daumier infuses into his famous 'Enfoncé Lafayette,' when satirizing the "crocodile's tears" of the Citizen King on the death of the veteran revolutionary hero? Where are the Rabelaisian fantasies in which the draughtsmen of the day indulged under the very nose of this same constitutional sovereign—playing every species of variation on the fancied resemblance between the monarch's ample countenance and the gigantic pear which is so familiar an object in the window of the French *restaurateur*? Things even coarser and more brutish are no doubt to be found in the French caricatures of to-day, if not in connection with the still dreaded *Reichskanzler*, at any rate in reference to such less awe-striking heroes as General Boulanger, M. Rochefort, M. Jules Ferry, and others, to whom popular favour is at present denied. Yet here the coarseness and brutality lack those elements of apparent spontaneity and easy humour which in the earlier examples go so far towards obtaining forgiveness for crying sins against decency.

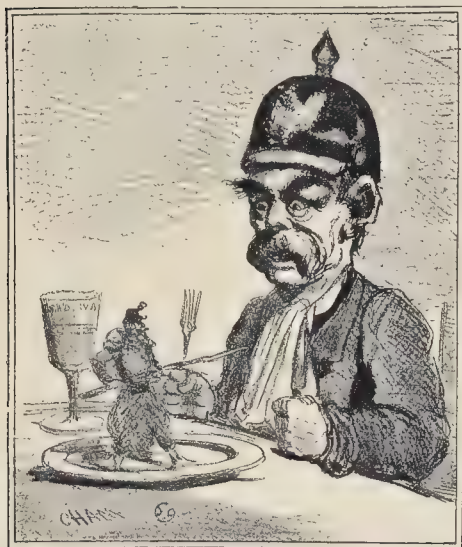
After the early period of Bismarck's extreme unpopularity with the advanced section of Prussian Liberals, it is naturally rather to the *Illustrated Figaro*, the *Kikeriki*, the *Humoristische Blätter*, of Vienna, the *Punsch*, of Munich, and the *Frankfurter Latern*, of Frankfort, than to the time-honoured



At Friedrichsruhe.

Kladderadatsch, of Berlin, that we must look for frankness either of the pen or pencil with regard to the great Chancellor.

In the pages of the Austrian *Figaro*, in particular, is contained a whole gallery of humorous scenes illustrating the public



"O mon bonhomme, cette fois tu trouveras des arêles." By Cham, in *Charivari*, July, 1870.

career of our hero, all of them executed with a minuteness and thought out with a painstaking thoroughness not a little suggestive of the old Albert Dürer school of engraving. We see the Prince in 1863 as Bismarck-Schönhausen, supporting against the Prussian parliament the wavering absolutism of the king. Then setting up, like Gessler, his hat to be worshipped by the cowed deputies. Next, furious at detention, under circumstances which *la prudence anglaise* shrinks from explaining, in a railway station. Then again in March, 1870, ruthlessly lashing the backs of the Prussian deputies (p. 364). And next involved in the difficult marches and countermarches of his famous *Kulturkämpfe* against the *imperium in imperio* sought to be maintained by Rome. And finally, in the throes of waning influence and ultimate resignation, after the death of the old Kaiser Wilhelm and the short reign of Frederick the Beloved. Among the best of these subjects are the 'At the Sign of the Three Victorias'—though it cannot be denied that it contains a most unflattering presentment of England's Majesty—and the noble design 'Rentrant chez soi, Avril, 1890,' in which the Chancellor appears as a primeval Teutonic giant striding home wearied, but still vigorous, to his rest at Friedrichsruhe.

The imaged satire of the other journals just mentioned does not strike us as being on the whole either very vivacious or very penetrating. Yet there may be mentioned a genuinely comic 'Interview between Bismarck and the Czar,' from the *Humoristische Blaetter* (p. 362), and a characteristic scene from the *Kikeriki*, in which the Chancellor measures a stalwart Angel of Peace for military service, and sums him up as "good for cavalry." To a Berlin print of comparatively recent origin, the *Lustige Blaetter*, we owe what is, from the English stand-

point, the finest design of the whole series—that showing Bismarck, Kalnoky, and Crispi, as the three Fates of the Triple Alliance, weaving together the thread of European destinies. The *Kladderadatsch* supplies a genuine satire of the obsequiousness of officialism in 'Une soirée chez M. de Bismarck'—nothing like as scathing or as corrosive in its subtlety, however, as those wonderful designs of Prussian court festivities, by Adolf Menzel, which with what is either a singular *naïveté* or a singular breadth of view, have nevertheless been enshrined in the Prussian National Gallery of Modern Art. This paper is also responsible for the personal but good-humoured reference to the Chancellor's scanty locks, reproduced as our first illustration, and which three hairs have been the subject of numberless skits. They will be noticed in our fourth illustration.

We have already indicated the manliness and moderation of modern French caricature when wrestling with the arch-foe, and have endeavoured to suggest the causes which may have contributed to procure for the unsentimental conqueror more respectful treatment from the pencil of the vanquished than has often been meted out in the same quarter to a hated enemy. Still it is impossible to praise too highly the attitude of detachment and comparative indifference—well assumed even if not entirely genuine—which has been



Dropping the Pilot. By John Tenniel, in *Punch*, March, 1890. By permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.

maintained by French journalism on the occasion of the definitive fall of the vast figure by whom their destinies have so long

been controlled. A real *portrait-charge* of the Chancellor in middle age is that of Gill, published in *La Lune* of April, 1867,



"Good-bye, children."—Strehlitz, March, 1890.

while that of M. Albert Millet, belonging to an altogether lower order of things, is idiotic in its pointless and inartistic indecency. The ogre type is well rendered by Cham in two important designs: 'Un joli tour,' and 'O mon bonhomme, cette fois tu trouveras des arêtes' (p. 363), both published in the *Charivari* in the fateful month of July, 1870. To the same class belongs M. Pilotell's powerful and imaginative 'Le dieu des armées se chargeant par la culasse.'

Between 1872 and 1885 Bismarck appears but little in French comic prints. It is only with the rise of Boulanger, and from the commencement of the pronounced political flirtation, ending with espousals, which has taken place between Germany and Italy, that the Parisian caricaturist is again found to be on the alert. Here French pique at the distasteful conjunction of ex-friend with ex-enemy is naturally extreme, and it finds appropriate expression in attacks sufficiently virulent, though still restrained within decent bounds. Delicious is a fantastic design by Uzès (*Triboulet*, 1888) entitled 'La fameuse entrevue (ou celle qui se fera),' and showing Bismarck as a hideous Japanese monster, supporting a candle into the flame of which the Italian cockchafer is being irresistibly drawn. The hitherto unpublished caricatures by Felix Regamey, Moloch, H. de Sta, and J. Blass, with which this section of the volume closes, are harmless enough, but they are also nerveless and lacking in savour.

The attitude adopted of late years towards the Imperial

Chancellor by the Italian caricaturist is by no means as friendly or as respectful as the closeness of the political bonds now knit between the two countries would have led us to expect. This is, however, in part accounted for by the fact that the three best comic prints, the *Papagallo* (published in a kind of Piedmontese French), the *Fischietto*, and the *Pasquino*, appear at Turin, where sympathies have always inclined rather towards the estranged Gallic neighbour than towards the condescending Prussian protector. A subtlety of humour such as can but rarely be put to the account of the Italian designer is to be found in the capital 'Les deux Augures, Leo XIII. et Bismarck, le docteur en théologie' (*Il Fischietto*, 1889).

By the side of Italy may for the present purpose be placed Switzerland, whose satirical prints the *Nebelspalter* and the *Postheiri*, indulge, however, in more ponderous and laboured pleasantries than their neighbours, and take a less wide and more purely personal view of the situation.

We have already hinted that M. Grand Carteret is involuntarily less than just to our own caricaturists, in holding that their dignified and measured tone in satirising the Prince is due to an awe-stricken attitude of respect, rather than, as may be more fairly maintained, to an appreciation of the vastness of the personality and the issues with which they are dealing. Our author, however, accords lavish praise to the dignity and the penetrating power of the English manner—and especially the manner of the veteran John Tenniel—in the political satire of the pencil. Two of the most heroic cartoons of the latter—caricatures we can hardly call them—are reproduced in a reduced version. These are the 'Bismarck and France before Justice' (*Punch*, 18th February, 1871), and the 'Dropping the Pilot' (29th March, 1890), than which latter, few finer pieces of invention, whether from an artistic or a literary and political standpoint, have been seen. When it is stated that the author also reproduces cuts from *Moonshine*, *Judy*, and even *Ally Sloper*, it will be seen that he at least takes his England conscientiously. We need hardly follow him here in his rapid but sufficient summary of what Russian, Polish, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese caricature has done in connection with the subject of his book. Even the record of the United States is singularly meagre—the designs placed before us being clumsy and curiously lacking in humour, with the exception, perhaps, of F. Graetz's 'Bismarck as the Mastodon holding Alfonso XII. of Spain in his trunk' (*Puck*, 1883). Few things are indeed



"Au Parlement de l'Allemagne du Nord."—Figaro, March 5, 1896.

more remarkable than the inability of the American draughtsman to hit the right note in caricature, more especially when

it is considered how distinctive and altogether local is that peculiar vein of literary humour which has in England met with such enthusiastic and, it may be, excessive recognition.

The next volume which M. Grand Carteret announces for publication bears the somewhat *doctrinaire* title, "Leçon d'histoire: les Caricatures sur les Napoléons." Here is a vaster and also an incomparably more promising subject than the one just now discussed, but at the same time one to a corresponding degree more difficult to deal with. Of reti-

cence here, there will certainly be little to remark upon, whether the standpoint discussed be that of the Gaul himself, the Briton, or the Teuton. We imagine rather that the author will find much difficulty in pruning the rank luxuriance of his materials, so as at the same time to avoid depriving the subject of its vital marrow. In any case we shall look forward with considerable interest to the production of his ambitious volume.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



"Studying the Candidates."—*Kladderadatsch*, 1881.

'ADVERSITY.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRED. HALL.

MR. HALL is so distinctly a leader of the open-air school of painters, that he is more characteristically represented by this snow-scene than he would be by one of the interiors that first made his work remarkable at the Royal Academy. Perhaps it might be a just cause of complaint against the out-of-door school that they paradoxically choose interiors as their chief and favourite subjects. It has been so with them, rather conspicuously, for some years, with the important exceptions of Mr. Clausen and Mr. Tuke. True, the Newlyn artists may reply, that while painting indoors they are consistently painting daylight as it is; that we shall find in their work no false or unintelligent lighting, no contradictory illuminations such as appeared recently under a signature so great that we dare not name it; and that the windows that let in the sincere grey daylight upon the figures and accessories of these Cornish cottage rooms gave such a glimpse of the open air as none but the "school," with its faithful and scientific study of the artistic presentation of light, could possibly achieve. Nevertheless, this is not *plein air* in its exigencies of momentary, close, and intent observation, exigencies which are more than repaid, but which some have found too great for the industry and vigilance to be expected from even a fairly devoted painter. The late M. Heilbuth, little as it might be suspected by those who know only or chiefly the later examples of his work, was one of the earlier leaders of the school, one of the first who refused to dodge the difficulties by the use of glass-houses. There are some now—reputed as open-air workers—who paint in glass-houses, and at whom stones might be thrown, inasmuch as the effects they get are a curious concentration and exaggeration of the genuine out-of-door light. Heilbuth saw this result, and for a time at least worked in the breezes, the changes, and the waxing and waning lights of the truer day. But it was too much effort for a painter in his later years, and he left the propaganda of the school to younger men. Without doubt this watching

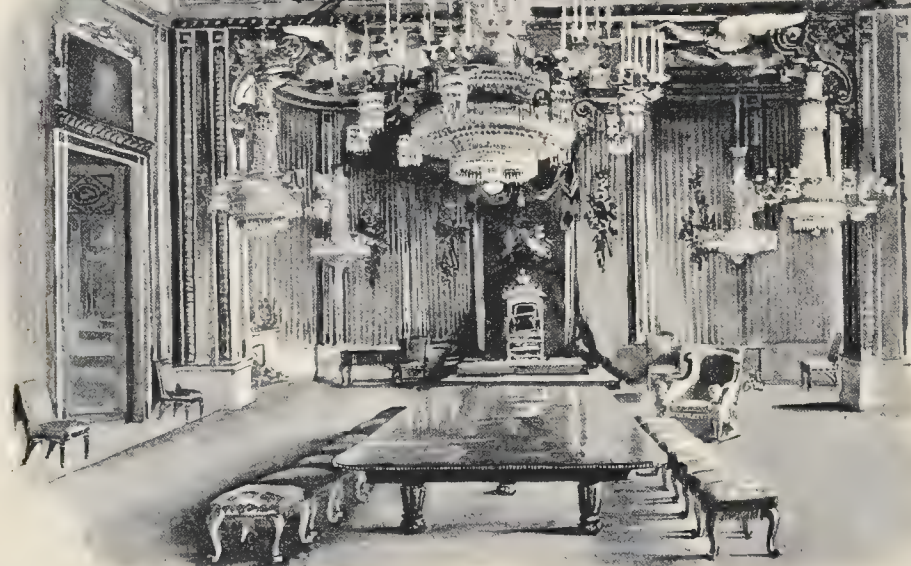
1890.

for *la vie surprise* in landscape is no cheap task. All the more have we appreciated the achievements of those who have taken the fields for their studio, and all the more should we be disappointed if the Newlyn painters should continue to study interiors too persistently.

Of all open-air paintings which have to do with snow, 'Adversity' must have cost the artist most in the hardships of study. The daylight of snow, which is unlike all other daylight, requires a singular intelligence as to tone—tone which, once pitched, must be kept up by a continuous reference to nature. The whiteness and the dulness of the light, the diffusion, greater than the ordinary pervasiveness of a grey day—it would be hard to imagine a combination of severer difficulties. And the picture could have no chance of its full effect in a gallery. Its truth asserted itself at the first glance, but everything that surrounded it had to be shut out; the spectator had, as it were, to go out into the snowy day itself in order to understand the whole relation of the scene in its unity and completeness. The simplicity of the composition, the able drawing, and the movement of the figures are so many beauties added to the central and leading beauty of the light. If there is a criticism to be made, it is that the man's figure has a slight consciousness of action, probably the result of a desire on the painter's part to make a thoroughly intelligible appeal to the public feeling. The Newlyn school can certainly not be charged with making such appeals very often or very obviously. They have not hesitated to deny themselves the easiest kinds of popularity, and have kept steadily ahead of the Academy, which partly admires and partly tolerates their reform. One of them should not be reproached for giving to a subject so pathetic as this a little touch too much of demonstrative expression; particularly when the absence of any obvious "story" gets him the place on the sky line which was awarded to Mr. Hall's beautiful work in last year's Academy.

5 A

The Royal Palaces



THE THRONE ROOM —

Buckingham Palace

THERE is a curious map in the Crace Collection in the

British Museum which shows us the site of Buckingham Palace about the year 1675. A few houses had already been built to the westward of Hyde Park Corner, and the lane to the eastward, then and long afterwards known as Tyburn Lane, came straight down to what we know as Piccadilly, passing, apparently where Hertford Street is now, "Brickhill Fields," and some land of Sir William Pulteney. The course of the lane then crossed Piccadilly and descended towards what is called on the map "Tuttull." On the way it goes round "Goring House," to which two gardens are attached, and beside them a hexagonal space, labelled "Mr. Thomson, Pasteur, with a brick wall, called Goring Garden." On the other side of the road, where the Wellington statue is now, we see a clump of trees duly marked "Brooke Shot, the King's." The brook does not come into the map, but was, of course, the Tyburn, which crossed Piccadilly where Brick Street, formerly Engine Street, is now, and fell into a pond in the Green Park, then called Stonebridge Close. From the pond it meandered towards the west and supplied the ornamental water of St. James's Park, on which Charles II. kept his wildfowl. To the north of "Goring House" is a plot of ground labelled "Mulberry Garden," and to the westward a number of open fields, the pastures of various graziers, some of whom seem to have had large holdings, where, no doubt, they fattened cattle for the London market. With the exception of the Mulberry Garden and the other grounds immediately about Goring House the land was very low and was marshy in

parts, lying as it did between the Tyburn and the Westbourne, and liable to overflow by both at frequent intervals. The anecdotes of the difficulties sometimes experienced in getting across this swamp after wet weather are innumerable in the annals of two centuries ago. Some of us can remember when the land was taken on building leases and the lower ground filled up with, it was said, earth dug out of St. Katherine's Docks. The ugly stucco houses of Belgravia were built on the reclaimed marsh.

The history of Goring House and the Mulberry Garden takes us back to the time of James I., and is not very interesting. This wild and distant corner of the Park was selected for an experiment in the culture of silk, and the walled-in hexagonal space was planted with mulberries to feed the worms. Cunningham observes that it must have been at this time that Shakespeare planted the mulberry at Stratford. James was not the King to persevere in any speculation of this kind, and though we read that a satin dress was made of English silk for the Princess of Wales as lately as 1723, sericulture never flourished in England. The mulberry garden served as a sinecure for one great nobleman after another, and the situation, so near town, yet so delightfully remote, made the place popular. Part of the garden became, as Evelyn says, a "place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." This was in 1654, Cromwell and his partisans having seized on Spring Gardens, and there being no other summer resort within a reasonable distance.

Goring House stood on part of the site of the present

palace, but was a wholly different building, and there seem indications of a second house close by in the map I have mentioned. The map-maker calls it "Arndall House." If we put the occurrences relating to it in chronological order, it will save us trouble. We find, therefore, that as early as 1632 Lord Goring was residing here. He was made Earl of Norwich and died soon after the Restoration, at which time he had been made Master of the Mulberry Garden. The last of the Gorings died in 1672, and Lord Arlington, who had already for some time rented it, now obtained a lease from Charles II. at a rent of £1 a-year; and the Mulberry Garden, as a place of public entertainment, was finally closed. In September, 1674, Pepys mentions a disastrous fire at Goring House, by which Lord Arlington lost "hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets." No doubt it was on this occasion that "Arndall House" was run up and perhaps afterwards more substantially built, in order to contain the goods and furniture saved. It will have been observed that Morgan's map is dated at most a year after the fire. Old Goring House seems to have remained more or less a ruin for some years, and Buckingham Palace was built on the site of the Arlingtons' temporary structure. The Duke of Buckingham laments that he had pulled down a pleasing apartment, but whether in Goring or Arlington House we cannot say now. "I am more often missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I have built in its stead, although a thousand times better in all manner of respects."

This Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire, to give him

his full title, though he called and signed himself "Buckingham" alone, was John Sheffield, a very great noble in the reigns of James II., William III., and Queen Anne, and he survived far into the reign of George I. He bought the site from the Arlington heirs in 1703, and immediately set about the erection of a house in the style of the day, the real "Queen Anne." The architect was a Dutchman named Wynde or Wynne. It was of red brick with stone dressings, and had small quarter-circle colonnades connecting the centre and the wings. In front was a lawn with railings, and a fountain with Neptune and his Tritons. There were also statues on the balustrade of the house, and below mottoes in Latin: on the east front, "Sic siti letantur Lares" ("Thus lodged, the household gods rejoice"); and on the north side, "Rus in Urbe" ("The country in the city").

The Duke of Buckingham was a remarkable man in many respects. Had he been born in a less exalted station he might have become a poet; as it is, he professed the deepest admiration for Dryden, whose monument he erected in the Abbey, and was admitted by Dr. Johnson to a place among the poets whose "Lives" he wrote. There is an interesting notice of him in Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster." He must have been no despicable character, who, at twelve years, undertook to educate himself, who maintained the presence of mind ascribed to him in the extraordinary peril at sea to which he was exposed by the perfidy of Charles II., who, by his dexterous answers, evaded the proselytism of James II. and the suspicions of William III.



The Palace, from the Grounds.

In his youth he made love to the Princess Anne. Why they were not married it would be difficult to say; but probably

some State consideration kept them asunder. There is no doubt, however, that Queen Anne always regarded him with

favour. She made him Duke of Normanby—he had previously been Marquis—soon after her accession, and in the same month, March, 1703, "Duke of the County of Buckingham." He was also her Lord Privy Seal and President of the Council. His letter to a brother peer, the Duke of Shrewsbury, describing Buckingham House, has always been esteemed a model of this kind of composition, and is all the more interesting, because it describes for us exactly what, in the now so much belauded Queen Anne age, a great nobleman's house was really like. He begins by accounting to his friend for staying in town when every one else was out of it. He rises in summer about seven, in a large bed-chamber, quiet, high, and free from the early sun, and goes out to walk in the garden. If it is rainy he walks in a saloon filled with pictures, "some good, but none disagreeable;" in a row above them he had so many portraits of famous persons as would, he thought, have excited ambition in any one less lazy or less at ease than himself. Instead of choosing a little closet for reading and writ-

ing he does everything in this spacious saloon, where he is never tired, as he can walk about to stretch his legs, and can look down into the pleasantest park in the world just underneath. His garden is such as by not pretending to rarities or curiosities has nothing in it to inveigle one's thoughts; yet by the advantage of situation and prospect it is able to suggest the noblest that can be, in presenting at once to view a vast town, a palace, and a magnificent cathedral. The evening generally finds him with his family on the terrace, four hundred paces long, with a large semicircle in the middle. "From here," he says, "are beheld the Queen's two parks, and a great part of Surrey." There is also a canal, in the taste of the day, six hundred yards long, with a double row of limes on either side.

"On one side of this terrace, a wall, covered with roses and jessamines, is made low to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just beneath (no disagreeable object in the midst of a great city), and at each end there is a descent into parterres,



The Grand Entrance from the Courtyard.

with fountains and water-works. From the biggest of these parterres we pass into a little square garden, that has a fountain in the middle, and two greenhouses on the sides, with a convenient bathing apartment and near a flower garden. Below all this, a kitchen garden, filled with the best sorts of fruits, has several walks in it fit for the coldest weather." Finally, he winds up his account of the exterior of his palace with this sentence, "Under the windows of this closet and greenhouse, is a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales."

Of the interior he gives his friend an equally detailed account.

The first chamber entered from the eastern front was a great hall "paved with square white stones mixed with a dark-coloured marble; the walls thereof covered with a set of pictures done in the school of Raphael." Next came a "parlour," thirty-three feet by thirty-nine, with a marble niche for a sideboard, and then a suite of large rooms ending in a bed-chamber of thirty-four feet by twenty-seven.

On the left of the hall was a grand staircase, with Corinthian columns, with forty-eight steps, ten feet wide, each made of a single stone. The walls were painted with the story of Dido, and the roof, fifty-five feet from the ground, with Juno, Venus, the Fates, and other classical personages. From the landing double doors gave access to a great apartment, and further doors to another and to a cabinet of pictures, and on the roof of the principal saloon was a painting of Apollo and the Muses.

The Duke lived to a good old age, and at his death, in 1721, his son by his third wife, a half-sister of Queen Anne, Lady Catherine Darnley, succeeded him in his titles, but died in 1735 while still under age. The Duchess, his mother, after coquetting with an offer made by George II. for the house, which she valued at £60,000, retained it till her death, when it went to Sir Charles Sheffield, the Duke's residuary legatee.

In 1761 it was bought by George III., and eventually an Act was passed settling it as a kind of dower house on Queen Charlotte. Here all her children, except the eldest, were born,

and as the "Queen's House" it became a favourite residence. Many alterations were made. Neptune disappeared from the front, and Mercury, Secrecy, Equity, and Liberty from the roof. A new and more dignified front was built by Wyatt. Pyne's views were engraved in 1817 and show a very simple and slightly ornamented series of apartments, the most interesting being the library, two great rooms filled with books, one of which was the scene of Dr. Johnson's interview with the King. When George IV. pulled the house down the books were packed in cases, some few of which are said to have gone to Windsor; where, however, at that time there was no provision for their adequate reception. Eventually, however, the bulk of the Buckingham Palace collection was transferred to the British Museum. The exact details of the

arrangement were not made public. There was much talk about the royal munificence, and the general public, at least, was well satisfied to get a library which had cost the late King £130,000, and was worth more than double the sum.

The subsequent history of Buckingham Palace is characteristic of the peculiarly English art of spoiling public buildings. George IV., by way of repairing the old house, pulled it down, but the new one was built on the same scale from designs by Nash. It was low, mean, and inconvenient. On the Queen's accession some improvements were effected, and among other things a private chapel was erected and consecrated on the south side. When her Majesty's family began to increase, Blore, the architect, was called upon to report "of the nature and extent of the insufficiency of accommodation." He



Buckingham Palace from St. James's Park.

reported accordingly that the palace was exceedingly inconvenient for her Majesty and "the juvenile members of the Royal Family." A new court was in consequence built, and the Marble Arch was removed to its present situation. It had formed the entrance to the palace as rebuilt by George IV. The eastern court is of considerable size, and certainly makes an important addition to the convenience of the Palace, as does a ball or concert-room on the south side, on the same floor with the picture gallery and State apartments. But the poverty of the style of architecture, the quantity of mere stucco work, the meaningless ornament, and the hideous drab colour make Buckingham Palace an eyesore to London. The situation, for which the old "Queen's House" was admirably suited, is by no means desirable for so large a building; and even the garden, laid out in a very different style from that

1890.

of Buckingham, is overlooked by the houses of Grosvenor Place. It is said that the fields on which this row of houses was eventually built might have been bought for £20,000 at the beginning of the reign of George III. By some misunderstanding between the King and his minister, Lord Grenville, the purchase was not effected, and a speculative builder obtained the land. There is a very luxuriant growth of trees in the garden, considering it stands, as it were, in the heart of London, and in spring it resounds with the song of birds. In a summer-house there is a series of frescoes by the most eminent artists of fifty years ago, representing scenes from the masque of *Comus*.

The interior of the Palace is not seen by the public except as a special favour, and as I have twice been permitted to visit it I speak with some experience when I say it is not

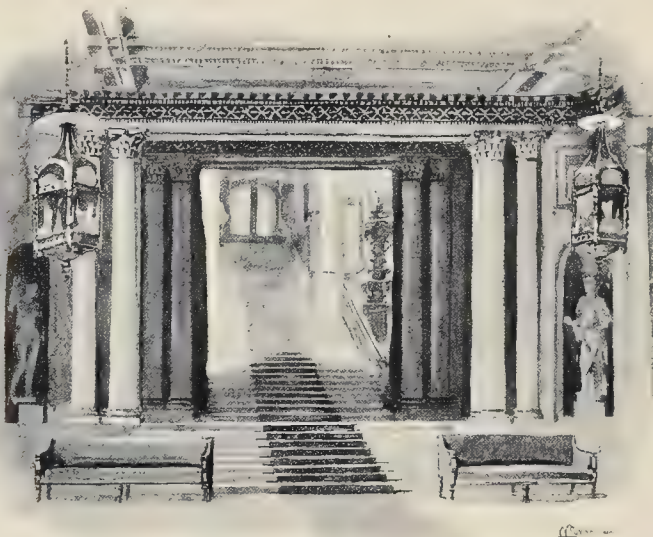
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worth the trouble of obtaining an order. The patchiness to be expected from the way in which it was built and added to is everywhere apparent. The entrance hall is perhaps the best part of the palace, but it is spoilt by appearing to be at a lower level than the adjoining apartments. One is most inclined to linger in the picture gallery, which contains some excellent pictures of the Dutch school, and two of Wilkie's masterpieces, the 'Penny Wedding' and 'Blindman's Buff.' A Titian, a dark, weird landscape, is worth seeing, and was at one of the exhibitions of old masters at the Royal Academy lately.

The great ballroom, already mentioned, has little except size to recommend it, the decorations, which have the appearance of great cost, being tawdry and anomalous, and convey-

ing no impression of style or taste. The best room of the suite is certainly the throne-room. It is so arranged that the door at the end opens directly on a handsome and symmetrical staircase. The library and other rooms on the ground floor are not remarkable for any great magnificence; but some of them contain very interesting portraits, both of the Royal family, of their contemporaries, and of the great folk of the reign. In other chambers there is a fine collection of old porcelain, chiefly, I should think, of Sèvres manufacture, but it is exhibited in hermetically sealed cases and cannot be closely examined.

On the whole Buckingham Palace must be pronounced wholly unworthy of our country. Its capacity was sorely taxed during the Jubilee celebrations, and it may be said



The Grand Staircase.

that the only department that came well out of the ordeal was that of the stable. The Royal mews are at a corner near the southern end of Grosvenor Place, and are cleverly concealed from the palace windows by a lofty mound. It is not very difficult to obtain an order to see the stables and coach-houses. There are some forty magnificent carriages. The State coach, designed by Sir William Chambers, and the stud of horses should be seen, as well as the spacious riding-school.

A great many of the chief events of the Queen's reign have taken place at Buckingham Palace. Here, if we mistake not, all, or nearly all, her children were born, and here, on many public occasions, as, for instance, when the Guards paraded in the enclosure before the palace on the outbreak of the Crimean War, her Majesty has been seen on the balcony in front. At the Jubilee review of Volunteers a special booth

was erected in front of the railings, and the space before it was scarcely adequate to the occasion. It is, of course, but too easy to find fault with Buckingham Palace; the difficulty would be to find a better site. Kensington might have afforded a better site, but what with the building of Palace Gardens and the virtual abandonment of the surrounding part to the public, no such scheme can now be entertained. The ground on which St. James's Palace stands is too restricted in extent to be susceptible of any improvement. On the whole, perhaps, Buckingham Palace is as well placed as possible; but the wretched façade, until it is rebuilt in stone or marble to a dignified design, will continue a reproach to England, and will hereafter be pointed out as an example of the style of the so-called Victorian era.

W. J. LOFTIE.

A RUN THROUGH ITALY.

BY AN ARCHITECTURAL STUDENT.



Fig. 1.—Initial E from a MS. in the library, Convent of San Marco, Florence.

EVERYONE who has travelled in Italy must have noticed the mural paintings with which in that country, as also in parts of the Tyrol, it is the custom to embellish the

exteriors of houses. The standard of Art, as exhibited by these decorations, is so low that

it is to be hoped they are not works executed *con amore* on the part of the painters, but only in compliance with the whims of uncultured patrons.

It would be doing an injustice to the national talents to judge of modern Italian Art by such productions as are to be seen, for example, at Turin, the first town of importance that is reached from the north-west. The dull monotony of grey stucco is far preferable to the popular decorations, which are altogether meretricious, imitating, as many of them do, elaborate carved work of frieze or cornice; or, worse still, a balcony and open window, with half-closed shutters, all in perspective, upon the flat wall-surface, with a dark back-



Fig. 2.—Carved Frame in the Sacristy of the Church of San Francisco, Assisi.

ground, as though the interior of a room were partially disclosed between draped curtains, while the shadow of a bril-

liant sun is cast perhaps in a direction exactly the opposite to that in which the sun in that particular aspect is bound to fall. The effect is indescribable when, with time and weather, false sunlight, and false shade, both have become merged in a series of livid and shapeless blots. Many travelling south make Turin a resting-place, though there is but little to delay them, as the town has apparently no history, nor any remains of particular interest. Genoa is distant but a few hours by rail. This city is deservedly called "the superb;" there are some streets in which all the houses look like palaces. Marble is freely used in their construction, and where stucco is used, it is often to be found very delicately tinted with blue, salmon colour, or buff, harmonising pleasantly with the deep green of the citron-trees and the clear azure of the sky. In the narrow streets the mules, with their



Fig. 3.—Wood Carving from a Confessional in the Church of San Ambrogio, Genoa.

capacious packs, jostle the foot passengers, while, to complete the picture, overhead floats an array of clothes of every colour, hung out to dry in the open. Many of the churches, though plain and uninviting enough without, are elaborately ornamented inside, that of S. Ambrogio in particular being a mass of richly-coloured marbles, relieved by gold and mosaics. The wood carving, a specimen of which, from a confessional, is shown in Fig. 3, is characterized by much grace and freedom.

From the port of Genoa we take ship to Naples, touching at Leghorn for a cargo of marble from the quarries of Carrara, and shortly afterwards pass Elba, the scene of Napoleon's retirement in 1814. Naples, which is not reached before the following day, is probably seen to the greatest advantage

from the water. A close inspection of this densely crowded

now disused, has its walls covered with frescoes, chiefly by Cimabue; and the whole of the interior is richly decorated. The architect is recorded to have been a German. The lower church is cold and gloomy, and the beautiful frescoes by Giotto cannot properly be seen. There is some admirable carving about the doors, and in the sacristy, where hangs the little frame, Fig. 2. The adjoining monastery, which is one of many that have been suppressed, is picturesquely built upon a terrace of lofty arches, and is a conspicuous object for many miles round. Its doorway is ornamented with gracefully carved pilasters, one of which is represented in Fig. 7. Winding down through the plain is what was probably in St. Francis' time a broad and rushing river, but is now a dry and rocky roadway. Here, no doubt, in former days abounded the fish, which, in the glowing windows of the church, are represented as rising from the water to join the holy preacher's audience of birds and beasts. In Assisi, as in many other Italian towns, the remains of a heathen temple have been converted into a Christian church. A short journey brings us to Perugia, with its hundred churches, some of which are of



Fig. 4.—Fragment of Sculpture in Lateran Museum, Rome.

city is disappointing. However, the place is a convenient head-quarters from which to visit Pompeii, with its ruined streets and tenantless houses, full of sad memories. It is also well worth while to climb the steep hill of St. Elmo, from which a splendid view may be obtained, and then to explore the monastery and exquisite church of San Martino, now disused. Of the two return routes that by Rome is the shorter, and moreover traverses very beautiful country. Unless the spring be far advanced, the traveller will hardly fail to linger in the Eternal City, which, though visited again and again, never tires.

Although the massive walls surrounding the city still remain, the ancient landmarks are being swept away one by one, many of the old and narrow streets are rapidly disappearing and being replaced by new ones, and the place is assuming the aspect of modern Paris. Nowhere in Italy, except perhaps at St. Mark's, in Venice, can mosaic work be seen to such perfection as in Rome; the churches of Sta. Maria Maggiore, Sta. Maria in Trastevere, S. Clemente and the Baptistery of San Giovanni Laterano being specially rich in elaborate designs. A side chapel in the latter has a beautiful ceiling of carved cedar. Adjoining the church is the Lateran Museum, in which many beautiful fragments of sculptures are preserved. One of these is shown in Fig. 4. The tessellated pavements which cover the floors of so many of the churches in Rome, are often admirably designed in geometrical patterns of various colours, and in many cases are of far greater antiquity than the churches themselves. After leaving Rome, the next halting-place in our northward journey is Assisi, a picturesque old town set high up on the hills, with the fair Umbrian valley lying stretched out far below, immortalised as the birthplace of St. Francis and St. Clare. The remains of the former, deservedly called "The Seraphic," repose beneath two beautiful churches, built one above the other. The upper church,



Fig. 5.—Portion of Carved Seating in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace, Florence.

great interest, notably the quaint little circular edifice of St.

Angelo, which dates from a remote period, and in which are preserved a collection of relics of saints, each duly marked and named. Tarsia, of which very little is to be met farther south, is here freely employed in the decoration of wood-work, and the choir-stalls in the churches of S. Pietro and S. Domenico afford excellent examples of this method of ornamentation. The beautiful little hall and chapel of the Collegio Cambio are both lavishly decorated in the same way. There is also a great quantity in the Duomo, and much beside,



Fig. 6.—Pilaster in Cloisters of the Duomo, Perugia.



Fig. 7.—Pilaster at the entrance to the Monastery, Assisi.

which, although bearing a strong resemblance to the genuine work, is only a painted imitation.

In the adjoining cloisters are placed many beautiful fragments of old sculptured ornaments, pilasters, friezes, panels, and capitals. One of the pilasters is shown in Fig. 6. In front of the Duomo stands the beautiful fountain of Nicola and Giovanni da Pisa. For simplicity and grace, the sculptures round the two great basins, representing the Seasons, with numerous symbolical figures, are probably unsurpassed. The works of Perugino are well represented in the Sala del Cambio, and the first fresco of his great pupil, Raphael, is shown in 1890.

the church of San Severo. Badly preserved, at the church of S. Francesco are some remains of fresco painting, attributed



Fig. 8.—Wood Carving on Door of Church of San Domenico, Prato.

to Giotto, and another church close by has a beautiful façade of light red terra-cotta, richly adorned with figures of saints and angels, recalling the Certosa at Pavia. Although not lying in the direct line of route, Siena is at no great distance. This curious old town will amply repay a visit. The seat of a powerful republic in the Middle Ages, and an important post even as far back as the time of the Roman Emperors, Siena has now calmly surrendered itself to that obscure repose which has overtaken so many once famous Italian cities. Numbers of its huge palaces are empty, its streets grass-grown. Very impressive is the view of the Piazza del Campo, or, as it is now called, Vittorio Emanuele, with the imposing Della Mangia tower rising high above the neighbouring buildings, forming, as it does, so unique a background that one seems to have been transported on a sudden to the Middle Ages. Opposite the Palazzo Pubblico is the restored fountain Della Quercia. The exquisite remains of the original, by Pellicajo, are preserved in the Opera del Duomo.

Other beautiful work by the same hand is to be seen on the font in the Baptistery of San Giovanni. The floor of the Duomo is of unrivalled interest, being covered with curious and elaborate representations, in grey, red, and white marble, of battle scenes, historical and allegorical subjects, the finest of which are attributed to Beccafumi. A large portion is covered with a boarding, for greater protection, but a plan of the whole, with all the detail complete, is exhibited at the museum. Some boldly executed figures of Amorini surrounding an inscription tablet are shown in Fig. 10. In a side



Fig. 9.—Marble Carving in the Duomo, Prato.

chapel of the Duomo is a mosaic picture of such minute workmanship that it is hardly distinguishable from an oil

painting. The library walls are covered with frescoes by Pinturicchio, and here are preserved the church manuscripts, superbly illuminated.

One of the places of chief interest in the town is the house of Saint Catherine, a great portion remaining just as she left it. The sketch of the old bench (Fig. 12), was made in the church of the Carmine. From Siena we resume our journey to Florence. From the lavish ornamentation of the exterior of the Duomo, one is naturally led to expect a correspondingly splendid interior, but the effect is disappointing. With the exception of some beautiful stained glass windows, there is little of striking interest, and the light, faint enough before, has been rendered needlessly dim by painting the whole of the inside surface of the church a dull and heavy brown, darker than the waters of

the Arno at flood time. Many of the Florentine churches are of large dimensions, notably Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella. The latter is particularly rich in fresco painting and stained-glass windows. The choir-stalls are sumptuously

carved and decorated with tarsia work; part of a frieze design is shown in Fig. 11. The frescoes, where they have been

painted externally, have suffered severely from the weather, but others under cover and in a dry position have preserved their colours wonderfully well. Those, for instance, in the chapel of the Riccardi Palace, by Benozzo Gozzoli, are almost perfect, though executed four hundred years ago. There is excellent character about the carved seating in this chapel, as will be seen from a sketch reproduced in Fig. 5.

Other celebrated frescoes are those by Fra Angelico in the Convent of San Marco, now converted into a museum. The pious artist has decorated every cell in the building with some graceful scriptural composition. Among the cells is pointed out that formerly occupied

by Savonarola, of whom several interesting mementoes remain. The very spot of his execution in front of the Palazzo Vecchio seems to be but little changed. The initial letter E, at the commencement of this paper, was sketched



Fig. 10. —From the Inlaid Marble Floor of the Duomo, Siena.



Fig. 11. —Portion of Tarsia Frieze in Church of Sta. Maria Novella, Florence.

from one of the rare old illuminated MS. preserved in the library of San Marco. Of greater antiquity than any

other church in Florence is that of San Miniato, on the hill beyond the river. The elevated choir, and the two flights

of steps leading up to it, are richly decorated with marble screen-work; semi-transparent marble is even used for some of the windows. Parts of the old painted ornament of the roof curiously resemble in style that which is so frequently to be found in the churches of Norfolk. The cemetery presents a bare expanse of cold marble, unrelieved by any trees or flowers.

Corresponding in date and style with this church is the Cathedral of Fiesole, which is within walking distance of the city. At this place are some beautiful examples of the refined art of Mino da Fiesole. In the neighbouring fields are some interesting remains of an amphitheatre and other buildings, vestiges of an ancient Etruscan city. Within reach also

of Florence is the town of Prato, where, from a corner of the Cathedral, projects the famous pulpit, adorned with dancing boys, by Donatello. In the interior are other interesting works in marble, one of which, a cherub's head within a circular recess, is shown in Fig. 9. Fig. 8 represents a bold carving in wood from the door of the church of S. Domenico. Otherwise there is not much to keep one away from Florence, which possesses an attraction beyond that of almost any Italian town. Here one gladly lingers, and bids at length a reluctant farewell.

The illustrations to this paper are from drawings by Mr. James West, the winner of a Travelling Studentship, offered by the Painters'

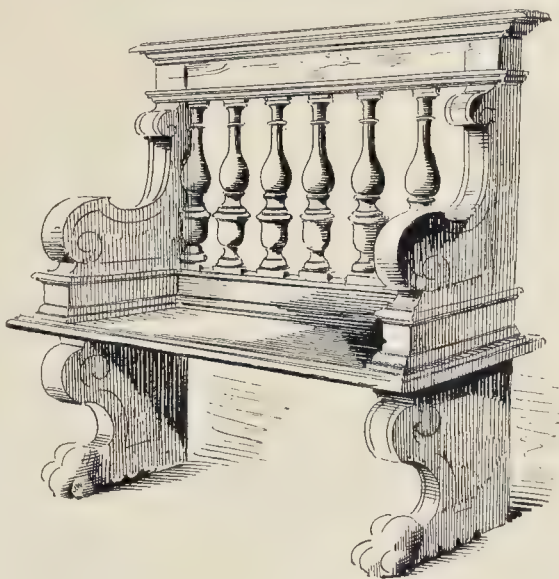


Fig. 12.—Old Bench in the Church of the Carmine, Siena.

Company, for the encouragement of decorative painting.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SCENE OF TURNER'S 'CROSSING THE BROOK.'



WAS present at Devil's Point when he sketched the Sound, Mount Edgecombe, Tremanton Castle, 'Calstock and Scenes on the Tamar.' We once passed an entire night together in a country inn with sanded floor, where no beds were to be had, not far from the Duke of Bedford's cottage on the Tamar.

Most of our party went three miles to Tavistock. I volunteered to remain. They were to rejoin us after breakfast the next day. Turner got some bread and cheese and porter for supper, which I did not relish, but by an afterthought procured some bacon and eggs, and after sitting conversing till midnight, with a fluency I never heard from Turner before or afterwards, he leaned over the table and fell asleep. I placed three chairs in a line and stretching myself over them got three or four hours' rest, quite enough to be fresh to start with my

companion at daybreak to explore some sweet spots in the neighbourhood.

"Turner said he had never seen so many natural beauties in such a limited spot of country as he saw there. . . . Meeting him in London one morning (afterwards) he told me that if I would look in at his gallery I should recognise a scene I well knew, the features of which he had brought from the West. I did so, and traced, except in a part of the foreground, a spot near Newbridge, on the Tamar, which we had visited together. It is engraved, called 'Crossing the Brook,' and is now at Marlboro' House."—*Thornbury's Life of Turner*.

Fifteen years ago as a boy I read the foregoing account of Turner's visit to the Tamar, about that time I also saw his celebrated picture 'Crossing the Brook,' and I then made up my mind, some day, to see the scene which so much inspired Turner.

In the early part of last September I went into Devonshire to visit an old friend, a rector of two small parishes in that county. This appeared to be my opportunity. I had my tricycle with me, my friend and host also had one, and was a strong rider. Why should we not both go therefore? Nothing could be easier or more enjoyable.

We consulted the map and saw that our route lay by way of Moreton Hampstead, Post Bridge, and Tavistock—the distance would be shorter, and we should see the very best and wildest parts of the moor.

On September 10th, accordingly, we had an early breakfast and started. I don't know anything more downright misleading than a map of a hilly country. Nothing was clearer in this world than that the road from Exeter to Moreton Hampstead was a main coach road, and level as a billiard-table. We knew we could in comfort cover seven or eight miles in the hour in a general way—we consequently assumed that we should reach Moreton by ten o'clock, Tavistock by three P.M., and get to Calstock to sleep; all this was a delusion. About three miles out of Exeter we came to the first bad hill. It seemed to have a hundred tops, the first reached, a second one appearing just beyond, and so on, until we were up seven hundred feet by the parson's pocket aneroid. Then a descent took place, to be immediately followed by another ascent, and that one no easier to climb than the last; and this sort of thing went on until we came to the village of Dunsford.

There we had a confidential talk with the courteous landlord of the inn, and were assured that we only had one more *little* hill to mount between that place and Moreton. We *believed* that courteous landlord—we have since learned to respect that man for the considerate and nice way in which he concealed a most unpleasant fact by the judicious use of one *little* word.

We crossed the Teign at Steps Bridge, the aneroid standing a shade above sea-level. I gave the parson a withering look—he only said he would back the aneroid. We soon came to the foot of the hill—the little hill spoken of by the publican. We decided to walk a short way, and the farther we walked, the more we felt justified in that decision. We walked and pushed and struggled with our wretched machines for more than two hours without stopping, and at

last reached the top of the *little* hill—just six miles long—the aneroid reading 1,400 feet.

So the parson was right after all—it was going.

At Moreton we saw the "Punch-Bowl Tree" mentioned by my friend, Mr. Blackmore, in "Christowel." We also saw the outside of the church, but could not see the inside, as the door of that sacred edifice is kept locked, presumably with a view to gate-money.

After lunch and a couple of pipes of tobacco we made another start, and with a good deal of hard riding we came to Post Bridge, famous for its "Cyclopean" bridge. The slabs of granite, of which the top or roadway is composed,

measure each about fifteen feet by seven feet, and are about a foot thick. This bridge spans the East Dart, and is as nearly as possible in the centre of the moor.

It was dark when we arrived at Two Bridges, and to our disgust the inn was full, so that we were obliged to go on to Prince Town to sleep. The scenery of the moor between Prince Town and Tavistock is most magnificent. I wish I had the power of Mr. Blackmore to describe it. Huge tors are seen right and left with wonderful distances between them.

I shall never forget the grandeur of the scene looking west from the top of



Crossing the Brook. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. From an Engraving by W. Richardson.

the hill, about two miles on the Tavistock side of Two Bridges. On the right are Great and Little Mis Tors, White Tor, and away in the distance, Brent Tor, with St. Michael's Church on the top. On the left are King Tor, Crip Tor, Vixen Tor, and a dozen others, which we did not know the names of.

At Merrivale Bridge the road crosses the Wallcomb, a tributary of the Tavy. Here the parson put his rod together and caught some trout while I made a sketch. We dined at Tavistock and reached Gunnislake in time for tea.

Gunnislake is the Newbridge of Mr. Thornbury's book. We were not prepared for this. We thought we should have to go

on to Calstock, but to our great surprise we were now on classic ground. One glance at the magnificent bridge by which we had just crossed the Tamar (Newbridge) showed us that before us stood the bridge which is such a feature in Turner's picture, only we were on the south side of it, and there at the bottom of the hill stood the large house, or block of houses, also shown by him.

There was something stupefying about coming so suddenly upon the very scene we were searching for. We seemed to want to see it a long way off at first, and draw gradually nearer, and so prepare ourselves for it. We felt we must leave it now and return again when we had settled down a little; we would first go and put up our machines at the inn, have a wash and a cup of tea and think about it.

After tea we lit our pipes and began to explore. I made a rough sketch of the river and bridge from the top of a huge "tip" on the Devonshire side: but this was not Turner's point of view. Then I tried higher up stream, but could see nothing for the trees and a thick mist

which now began to gather on the hills and water. We had to postpone further search until morning, fervently hoping for a fine day, but doubtful on account of this mist.

Next morning we crossed the river again, but avoided the

"tip," taking, instead, the cart-track up a thickly wooded hill intersected in all directions by pumping shafting. Ultimately we crossed a mineral tramway or railway. I remarked at once to my friend how strange that Turner should, in his picture,

show the mouth of a tunnel. This tramway is connected with the extensive mining operations there, and from the bank of it I got a view which very nearly corresponded with Turner's, and of which I made a sketch to accompany this paper.

Turner, without a doubt, composed and idealised the scene; but

there still remain many features noticeable in Turner's picture. The bridge is precisely the same as he painted it, and he is very particular about two features, namely, the tremendous cut-

waters which it has, and the fact that the Cornish end is several feet higher than the Devonshire end.

I could not understand, however, how he saw so much of the country beyond (as far as Mount Edgecombe apparently) unless he used a balloon. Another prominent feature in the picture is the large house on



Newbridge and Gunnislake on the Tamar.



The Tamar and Calstock Church.

the right of the bridge. This still stands, and seems likely to do so for many years to come. It is a solidly built block of four houses, very high, and built with Cornish granite, and accommodating several miners' families.

Except a sort of wharf building adjoining, and some large pumping-wheels just beyond—none of which exist where shown in the picture at the present time—this block of houses represents the present Gunnislake in Turner's time, or, at all events, Turner was content that it should. It is now a good-sized town.

The white tower and buildings indicated in the distance in his picture are to be taken for Calstock village and church apparently; but here again either a strong imagination or a balloon is necessary on account of the intervening hills. Although the foreground is chiefly a composition it is easy to see that actual things suggested most of it.

The tramway, for instance, explains and accounts for the tunnel mouth, the brook with the watercourse leading out from it into the middle of the wood would naturally grow out of the innumerable watercourses which are seen carrying off the

water pumped from the workings. No wonder Turner delighted in the scenery of the Tamar at this spot, he before all others could get a *grip* of such a scene. It is the fashion now for some artists—particularly those who have studied in

France—to speak contemptuously of such scenes as "panoramic," only because they cannot deal with the great space and grand distance of which 'Crossing the Brook' is so noble an epitome. Having achieved the object of our pilgrimage we only remained to take a hasty view of the famous Morwell rocks, and then started back for home, feeling that we

had had a profitable as well as an enjoyable visit, and we were now on such good terms with ourselves, everybody, and everything, that we felt equal to riding all the way back to Exeter in one day. In more lucid moments we decided to take two.

F. A. W. T. ARMSTRONG.



A Nearer View of the Bridge.

PAINTING BY THE WAYSIDE.



KETCHING from nature has its trials and troubles even when it is done *en tête-à-tête*—the assiduous artist on the one hand, and indifferent Nature, with her inconvenient changes of effect, her dust, her mosquitoes, on the other. But to the man easily exasperated by the malignity of matter, new provocation is added by the company of villagers who watch his work at close quarters, in any village in Europe in which he may pitch his camp-stool.

Their demeanour is curiously the same in all countries. Germans, Italians, English, French, have precisely the same elementary remarks to make on Art in practice; and the demeanour of the children, whose attention is much more continuous than that of their parents, is universally the same. There is always a point, however, at which their interest flags for a time, and

at which they begin to play, with giggles and some remains of shyness, pranks upon one another for variety. They are everywhere the same pranks, and are achieved with furtive and suppressed sportiveness at first, and happily out of the line of the artist's point of view. But later on two boys are sure to pursue each other on to the forbidden ground, and the painter's remonstrances, immediate in their effect at first, strike less and less awe with each offence. Nowhere, perhaps, do such numbers gather together as in the Rhine villages. Whether that children abound the more, or that their very regular school duties leave them all at leisure together, certain it is that a little mob press their flaxen heads by scores around the sketching-easel, and take the victim's air as well as his light and his privacy. How much he suffers from the scrutiny of his work will depend upon his habitual attitude towards the outer public. The public that watches him at his sketching is but the gayer and simpler kin of the Royal Academy crowd.



Painting by the Wayside.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THIS the third exhibition of the Pastellists—styling itself, however, the First Exhibition of the Society of British Pastellists—if by no means equal to the first of the series, greatly transcends last year's disappointing exhibition. Foreign aid and foreign example are again forthcoming to sustain the as yet not very certain steps of our own artists in a branch of art still comparatively unfamiliar. The execution of M. Jacques Blanche has just that *imprévu* and eccentricity, his mode of conception just that peculiar element of the quintessential which so well suit the peculiar medium; and he is thus seen at his very best in the 'Portrait of Mlle. Bartet of the Comédie Française,' that of 'Madame A. H. in Blue,' and in a simple and pathetic 'Study of a Child,' for stained glass. The famous Danish impressionist, M. P. S. Kroyer, makes what is, if we mistake not, his first appearance in England, with 'Danish Artists at Civita d'Antino, Italy,' a brilliant study of indoor light, showing hues of opaline variety and delicacy, and giving, moreover, a subtle study of ruddy northern types, in strong and piquant contrast with a southern *milieu*. Very dexterous in its treatment of light is also the same painter's little study, 'Marie.' The Belgian painter, M. Fernand Khnopff, both charms and repels in the eccentric but very personal and interesting 'Lawn Tennis,' a large study of girls, in tennis costume, standing at ease after play; and still more so in the enigmatic 'Le Silence.' M. Raffaëlli furnishes a number of examples of vigorous if sketchy draughtsmanship dealing, with all the paradoxical worship of sordid and unsuggestive ugliness to which he has accustomed us, with scenes and types belonging to the poor quarters of the Paris of to-day. Signor Tofano, with a measure of the dexterity peculiar to the late De Nittis, if without his individuality or charm, presents two portrait studies of ladies in modish morning costume—one a large half-length, the other a full-length—which are little else than pretexts for the accomplishment of difficult *tours de force* in the treatment of light. Among other foreign contributors may be mentioned Mlle. Anna Bilinska, M. Hubert Vos, and a clever landscapist, M. Théophile de Bock. Mr. C. H. Shannon is determined to appear more foreign and more ultra-modern in style even than his compeers from over the water. His large 'Marigolds' is a study of nude nymphs lying prone in high grass spangled with yellow blossoms, and illuminated with patches of equally yellow sunlight. This is a pronounced and successful imitation of the later eccentricities of M. Besnard; while the startling violet and green hues of 'A Portrait' reveal a preoccupation with the manner of M. Claude Monet. Both these eccentric performances are executed with remarkable skill. The better-known Mr. J. J. Shannon sends two half-lengths, drawn with his usual firmness:—one being, if we mistake not, his own portrait. De-

serving of careful consideration and, indeed, of high admiration, are Mr. Ellis Roberts's large full-lengths and half-lengths, the best of which are the 'Mrs. Robert Holford,' the 'Mrs. Albert Gray,' and the noble half-length, 'Albert Holford, Esq.' There are to be found in these highly-finished works much individuality and refinement of conception, and a consummate certainty of draughtsmanship; but, on the other hand, an unpleasant dulness of colour and a certain lack of true vitality. Scotchmen have lately, as in olden time, shown a curious natural affinity for exotic style and exotic methods in Art. A striking illustration of this tendency is furnished by the clever Mr. James Guthrie, who contributes a successful if not very subtle impression, 'Firelight,' and a study in yellow and black called 'Primevère,' which is a daring imitation of Mr. Whistler's later manner. Nothing Mr. Stott of Oldham does is devoid of interest, because all his efforts betray a genuine seeking after originality. His notes of Alpine glacier scenery are hardly more completely successful than heretofore, and his study of a swollen, rushing torrent, called 'A Freshet,' shows intention rather than achievement; but in 'Sandpools,' a familiar and favourite subject, he is both true and charming. A pathetic landscape, conceived in a foreign mode, and painted in a foreign key, is Mr. Birkenruth's 'On the East Coast;' but we are unable to admire Mr. Muhrman's more pretentious and less sincere impressions, ostensibly dealing with the scenery of Hampstead. Mr. Henry S. Tuke's study of a nude youth standing erect by the sea-shore, called 'Leander,' is true in atmospheric effect and in the quality of the flesh, but lacking both style and intensity of meaning, it altogether fails to justify its ambitious title. Good draughtsmanship and modelling are shown in Mr. St. George Hare's 'Captive,' a study of a half-draped swarthy beauty, which is greatly in advance of the somewhat flimsy portraits of last year. We do not greatly care for Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'Autumn Leaves,' which reveals an insufficient appreciation of the true opportunities of pastel. Deserving of admiration in varying degree are Mr. Albert Moore's characteristic 'Girl's Head' and 'Bathing Place;' Mr. J. Aumonier's charming 'Wheat-field;' Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's clever and elaborate rustic scene, 'Open the gates as high as the sky;' Miss Florence Small's fine design, 'Mother and Child;' Mrs. Louise Jopling's bright and daring portrait of herself; and Mr. McClure Hamilton's large and decorative canvas 'Sisters,' showing three white-robed figures carefully grouped on pale emerald grass, half shadowed by overhanging trees. Mr. J. M. Swan displays his usual expressive quality of draughtsmanship in several small studies of tigers and panthers, but is hardly happy either in his key of colour, his manipulation, or his choice of background.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

UNDER the will of Mr. Henry Lammin, of Clapham Park, the Nottingham Castle Museum has acquired a collection of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and ornamental china, valued at £4,000. There are in all about fifty pictures, including works by Turner, David Cox, Gainsborough, Crome, and Wilson. Mr. Lammin, though he resided for some years in the suburbs of London, was a Nottingham man.

The rumours that have been current for some months, regarding the closing of the Grosvenor Gallery as a centre for the exhibition of pictures, are officially confirmed by Sir Coutts Lindsay himself, in the following letter:—"Many conflicting rumours having been current lately respecting the future of the Grosvenor Gallery, I venture to ask your aid, through your valuable periodical, to put the public in possession of the arrangements that have been arrived at for its future. I regret to say that I am no longer able to carry on the yearly Exhibition of works of Art in these Galleries on account of the heavy loss it entails on my resources, the outlay consequent on the exhibitions being far in excess of the counterbalancing receipts. On this account the present Pastel Exhibition will be the last exhibition offered to the general public in my galleries. They will now be taken over by the Grosvenor Club, which, with the Circulating Library, will henceforth occupy the whole of the premises. It is with deep regret that I am constrained to forego such efforts as I have been able to make in the cause of arts and artists by means of these Galleries during the last twelve years. I am, however, confident that the club now prospering in the Grosvenor will enable a large number of pictures, not necessarily works of the year, to pass under

the eye of purchasers. It is proposed to hang these pictures on the walls of the Club Galleries, and they will be seen by many thousand people at the periodical receptions of the Club in the course of the season, and will be for sale at the discretion of the exhibitor. These pictures will be changed from time to time, and the Club intend, should the scheme



"What a Picture!" From "Voces Populi."

take root, to give a yearly percentage on the capital they represent. This proposal forms part of a scheme for the leasing of art works which I hope to put before the public shortly."

A room at the National Gallery newly devoted to Turner's

works displays a further and more interesting instalment of the drawings of this painter. These number something over a



The May Queen's Gold Cross (1888). From "Studies in Ruskin."

hundred and are of all periods. A large proportion consists of the unfinished sketches of his later time, and only a small number of the work of his earlier days. At present there is no catalogue of the subjects, and it seems uncertain whether one can be conveniently provided: for many of the themes are unrecognisable. A large proportion of the drawings are of foreign scenes.

The Government has signified its intention of making a grant of £1,000 a year for five years for the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery of Scotland.

The committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund have under consideration a scheme of sending out two gentlemen, fully qualified as archaeologists and surveyors, whose duty it will be to map, plan, photograph, and copy all the most important sites, sculptures, paintings, and inscriptions yet extant, so as to preserve a record of these fast-perishing monuments.

A plan for uniting the two Paris Salons of this year, and for holding a joint exhibition next year in the building on the Champ de Mars, has been discussed lately in French artistic circles. It is said that the chief opponents of the fusion are the authorities of the old Salon.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the deaths of Mr. Henry Wallis, of the French Gallery, Pall Mall; and of M. Auguste Toulmonde, the French *genre* painter.

REVIEWS.

One great Universal Exhibition is no sooner closed than the attention of the whole world, and this is the case more especially of what may be termed the younger countries, is directed towards another. So we find that the Japanese press is already advising its artisans to put forth all their energies so as to have a worthy show at the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago. Amongst other reasons which are adduced why this should be done, is one which is remarkable for its audacity; it is this, that the artistic taste of Europe is too conservative, and has been found to be incapable of appreciating the beautiful novelty of the Japanese style, and, therefore, that a wide market for Japanese objects of Art can only be looked for in the more juvenile and younger appreciation of the Americans. Now putting aside as ridiculous the logic of this assertion, we may test it at once by the literary contributions which the two continents have made towards the history of Japanese Art. Whilst America has given us a single volume, and that not altogether upon Art, by Professor Morse, we have the labours over here of Anderson, Franks, Audsley, Bowes, Gilbertson, Huish, Hart, Dresser, Cutler; in France, of Gonse, Burty, and Bing; in Germany, of Rein, and in Japan itself of a body of Englishmen, banded together as the Asiatic Society of Japan, amongst whom we may distinguish the names of Brinkley, Satow, and Conder. These, between them, have done tenfold more towards the elucidation and propagation of a knowledge of Japanese Art than all the Japanese and Americans put together.

The foregoing remarks are emphasised by the recent issue of a volume from the hand of Mr. James L. Bowes, which combines a sumptuous catalogue of the section of his Japanese collection devoted to pottery with an historical survey carried up to date of the many factories from which the varied wares have issued. Like so many of the volumes which have been issued from the European press, and like all with which Mr. Bowes has had to do, it has been compiled entirely regardless of cost; paper, letterpress, and illustrations are all of the finest, and a survey of the whole at once induces the wish that the collection which it describes was housed in the Metropolis and not at Liverpool. For although it is to London that most of the



Sun-dial. From "The Book of Sun-dials."

Japanese curios come, two or three provincial gentlemen have been those who have amassed the largest and most complete

collection. The London collectors, in the persons of Messrs. Franks, Salting, Huish, Stuart, and Trower, content themselves usually with but one branch, finding a complete representation in and knowledge of it a sufficient task for their leisure. But Mr. Bowles is not content with this, and he has added piece to piece until it requires a suitable museum to contain his treasures. This he has built, and it is now open to the public on certain days without payment, and on others at a charge which is handed over to charity. The visitor can obtain a readable guide which lightly touches upon the contents of each section.

It is, however, with his volume upon Japanese Pottery that we are principally here concerned. Upon reading the title one naturally imagines that the work deals with this and this only, and that it covers the whole range of the subject. But

this is not so; we notice, for instance, several wares included which are not pottery at all, but porcelain; for instance, Imari, Mino, Mikawaji, and Nabéshima—nor are the earliest specimens of Kutani pottery, but porcelain. On the other side Mr. Bowles has apparently omitted most of the factories of which his collection contains no specimen; these are numerous, and one need only cite the following, Kurodanyaki, Tateguiyaki, Narumiyaki, and Meppoyaki, from a single volume of Ninegawa's Kwanko dzu Setsu (from which and Captain Brinkley's work Mr. Bowles has evidently drawn to a considerable extent) to show the gaps which exist. It would have been better if the volume had been labelled as a catalogue of the author's Pottery and Porcelain, for as such it would have been of equal value to the collectors, and would not have misled the student, who will find only one-third of it devoted to what



Mont St. Michel. From "The Photographic Quarterly."

may be termed a history of the subject. We do not in any way wish these remarks to be read in disparagement of Mr. Bowles's labours. Only those who have undertaken it know the task entailed in the production of such a work as that under review, especially when much of the information can only be obtained from a great distance, from most unreliable and contradictory sources, and from a literature which there is hardly any one over here properly qualified to translate. As regards this last-named point Mr. Bowles's book is remarkably free from mistakes; in one or two instances mere invoice numbers have been translated, which will puzzle the reader as much as they have apparently done the author, and meaningless marks upon labels have been introduced; but these are slips which no Englishman could have avoided, and Mr. Bowles's will certainly, for a long time to come, stand as the most sumptuous

catalogue of the most extensive Japanese collection in England, if not in the world.

The title of "STUDIES IN RUSKIN" has been given by Mr. E. T. Cook to a collection of articles which he has from time to time contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* concerning Mr. Ruskin. He considers that the most ardent are not always the most discriminating of readers; that Mr. Ruskin is more paradoxical than most authors; that he often enunciates views with the sole object of making himself misunderstood, and therefore that many may be glad to have Mr. Cook's assistance in finding out what is the main and essential drift of our great Art apostle's teaching. He accordingly first gives us what he terms the Gospel according to Ruskin, and within the compass of a couple of *Pall Mall* articles in-

cludes not only all the principles of Art laid down by the master, but their application to life. In a second part he deals with some aspects of Mr. Ruskin's work at Oxford, the Working Men's College, the St. George's Guild, and various industrial experiments, and this will be read with more interest. But the appendix will probably be the principal attraction, for it contains a dozen very fair reproductions of the drawings by Mr. Ruskin in the Oxford Gallery, and which it is well that every Ruskin disciple should have at hand when he meets in the gate his enemy, who calls in question the master's proficiency with pencil and brush. There are other illustrations in the text, of which we give one, a sketch of a design by Mr. Arthur Severn for the gold cross awarded annually by Mr. Ruskin to the May Queen at Whitelands College. The volume has been rendered very cumbersome owing to the text on each page occupying one third the space it should have done. We cannot believe that that most sensible of publishers, Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, is answerable for this.

Of all the favourite haunts in a garden, that where the sundial stands is the most fascinating, for it is sure to be invested with an amount of sentimentality, imparted to it by the presence of an object which seems to combine both body and soul, and to be more than a dull inanimate piece of stone or metal. And such it is, for it acts not only as an instructor as to the fleeting hours, but a preacher concerning their evanescence. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the old fashion for sun-dials reviving, and in consequence a demand for a third edition of Mrs. Gatty's work (G. Bell and Sons) upon the subject. Here we find collated not only some eight hundred of the mottoes which adorn them, but an account of remarkable sun-dials, and instructions as to their construction. As our illustration shows, they date from very early times, that given here having been dug up near Alexandria, at the base of Cleopatra's needle. The book has an interest apart from the subject, in showing the numberless rebuses and mottoes which can be evolved out of practically the same subject. None are quainter than the Spanish address to the sun, "If thou lookest on me, they look on me."

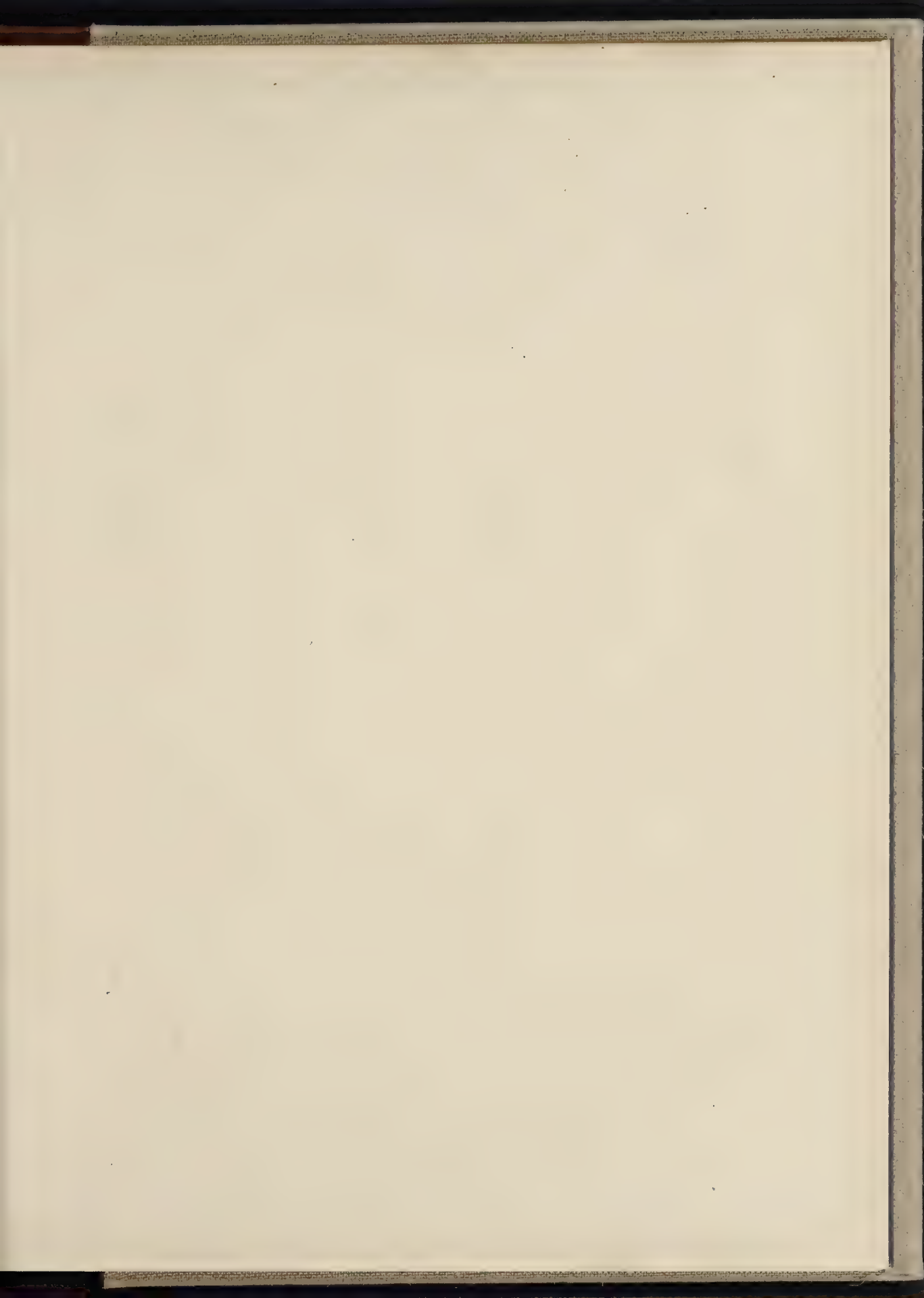
Of the making of books on Archæology there is no end. And yet nobody can say that Mr. Talfourd Ely's "MANUAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY" (London: H. Grevel & Co.), is in any way superfluous. True, there is nothing particularly new in it, and true it is also that the student had better go to the fountain head—to the authorities—whom Mr. Talfourd Ely is so careful to catalogue at the head of each chapter. But so long as time remains valuable, and leisure for original research the privilege of the few, so long will such books as this manual be welcome. Mr. Ely prefers to define archæology as the study of the arts and ways of life pursued in ancient Greece and Rome, rather than as the science that treats of all mankind's past handiwork. He takes his reader step by step from prehistoric Art to Greek Art, from the age of stone to the epoch of Pheidias; and he discusses, briefly but to the point, architecture, and sculpture, and bronzes, and vases, and mosaics. The illustrations are many, and they are of things of which one does not easily tire.

The number of serials dealing with the subject of photography is becoming rather serious. We have this month before us a batch which includes "THE PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY," "THE PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTER," "HOME PORTRAITURE," "PHOTOGRAPHIC HOLIDAY WORK," and "THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER PRIZE PICTURES." These are the production of one firm alone (Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney), and of a single editor (Mr. Charles W. Hastings). At present the results are not only interesting but of value; but whether they can be maintained at their present level appears to us decidedly questionable. "THE PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY" contains, amongst other serious articles, one of especial interest upon the suppression of the lens by the development of what has been termed "Pinhole Photography." The specimen photograph which accompanies the paper shows that this can be done with success; but, excepting for the saving of cost, we fail to see the value of the discovery. "HOME PORTRAITURE" shows how difficult it is to obtain a satisfactory pose for the figure, and how vulgarity is not confined to the second-rate professional, for there is hardly a single one of the fifty-six amateur attempts which is not free from this taint. We noticed the same faults at the late Photographic Exhibition, where the only artistic poses were by an artist. "PHOTOGRAPHIC HOLIDAY WORK" shows, on the contrary, a continuous improvement in the selection of subjects; and Mr. Paul Lange, in "THE AMATEUR PRIZE PICTURES," has achieved a veritable success in his renderings of that very difficult subject—Norway.

Our illustration of Mont St. Michel, from a photograph by Mr. Bernard Alferi, shows Mont St. Michel joined to the mainland by a roadway, a modern addition which, if it has not deprived it of much of its rare beauty, has certainly robbed it of the romance and excitement which often accompanied the passage of the tide swept sands.

Mr. F. Anstey has already earned so high a reputation as a student of the foibles and the humours of human nature, that a new work from his pen can only confirm past successes. "VOCES POPULI" (London, Longmans), which has already appeared in the pages of *Punch*, is so bright and clever in itself that it hardly needed Mr. J. Bernard Partridge's extremely clever drawings. The artist has been most successful in illustrating his author.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are continuing their "Great Artists" series of biographies. We have received three further volumes, two being devoted to the men of the Barbizon school, of whose lives the world is surely growing a little weary, and the other to Mulready, from the pen of Mr. F. G. Stephens. The volumes are tolerably full of illustrations, a percentage of which have already done duty elsewhere. In publishing, in a handsome book (London, Virtue), a series of etchings of the town of Dartmouth, and the scenery of the waterway thence to Totness, Mr. W. Brown and Mr. E. W. Charlton have set an example which etchers familiar with other picturesque places in England might well imitate. The plates, which are twelve in number, furnish an excellent panorama of the architecture and scenery of this corner of England.





BIRKET FOSTER.

PART I.—HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.



OR the first time since this series of Christmas Numbers of the *Art Journal* commenced we have selected for our subject an English artist from outside the ranks of the members of the Royal Academy. The choice during the earlier issues naturally admitted of no doubt; certain names presented themselves as claiming of right the foremost places in the list; later on, the task of afford-

held an honourable position in the north country. It may not be without interest to those of the name to have some particulars of the branch from which he claims descent, and I therefore cull from a volume, "The Pedigree of the Fosters of Cold Hesledon, in the County Palatine of Durham," the following ancestral tree:—

Robert Foster of Cold Hesledon.

Thomas Foster b. at Hawthorne, 1662.

Robert Foster b. at Hawthorne, 1694.

Dodshon Foster b. at Hawthorne, 1730.

Robert Foster b. at Lancaster, 1754.

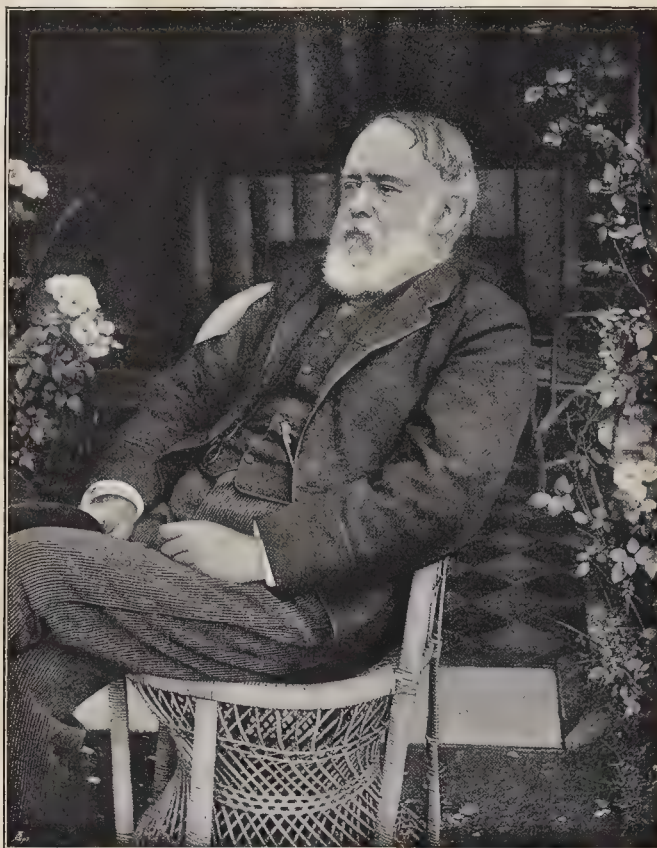
Myles Birket Foster b. at Hebblethwaite Hall, 1785.

Myles Birket Foster b. at North Shields, 4th February, 1825.

ing variety led to the introduction of two notable foreigners, and the same motive this year induces us to present to our readers a memoir of that distinguished artist in the mediums of water colour and black and white, Mr. Birket Foster, Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

If the sentiments which influence elections at the Royal Academy were more elastic, if distinction in Art was the only passport necessary to admission within its portals, if a world-wide recognition of talents constituted a claim, then assuredly the subject of this biography would have found a place amongst the self-elected immortals of that institution at least a quarter of a century ago. Had one of the now fashionable plebiscites been held amongst Englishmen all the world over, during any year of that period, the name of Birket Foster would have been found very near the head of the list of artists; for not only to the present but to the past generation his name has been for years a household word, and no living artist can be cited who has afforded greater pleasure to a larger *clientèle*, or who has done more to educate the masses to a love of all that is healthy and all that is beautiful in that phase of Art which appeals to his countrymen more than any other, namely, English landscape.

Mr. Foster has not, like so many of his profession, sprung from the ranks. He is a member of an old Quaker family which has for many generations



Birket Foster, R.W.S.

Robert Foster, the artist's grandfather, was, we gather from this work, a naval officer of repute, who was engaged during the last century in several desperate actions against the privateers, and was altogether a source of much distress and discomfort to his relations on account of his deserting those principles of which his sect were the marked exponents. We read that being appointed a store-keeper at Bermuda, where was carried on a branch of his father's mercantile business, "he was moved by the spirit (not the peaceable one of a Quaker but the true spirit of an Englishman) to make up his accounts, quit his store, collect together a few sailors, lay aside the Quaker, mount a cockade, and join a Lieutenant Tinsley, then fitting out a small armed vessel against the Americans. Coming in her to Portsmouth, after several severe actions he got himself recommended to Captain Reynolds as an officer likely to show him some business; was with

him in the *Jupiter*, of 50 guns, when they went alongside a French frigate of 64 guns; was, in a desperate action which ensued, sent for by the captain, the master being killed, and appointed master in his place, and managing the ship for the remainder of the action, was appointed Lieutenant of the *Pelican*."

He was a friend of Wordsworth and Southey, and the latter wrote thus of him in 1806:—

"Wordsworth sent me a man the other day who was worth seeing; he looked like a first assassin in *Macbeth* as to his costume; but he was a rare man. He had been a lieutenant in the navy, and was scholar enough to quote Virgil aptly. He had seen much and thought much; his head was well stored and his heart in the right place."

The late Professor Sedgwick, in a privately printed volume of recollections, recounts an interview which this Robert



The Distribution of Coals. Drawing by Birket Foster for the Illustrated London News.

Foster, curiously enough, brought about for him with the first great English illustrator in wood engraving, Thomas Bewick, at Newcastle, in 1821.

MYLES BIRKET FOSTER,* or Birket Foster, as he is universally known, was, as our pedigree shows, born at North Shields on the 4th of February, 1825, his mother being Ann, only daughter of Joseph and Mary King, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was the youngest but one of seven children, six of them being boys. His father removed to London when his son Birket was five years old, and it was there and in its neighbourhood that his education was completed.

* Myles Birket has been a constantly recurring name in the family for a century past, being derived from a marriage contracted by Dodshon Foster in 1753 with Elizabeth Myles Birket.

There is a tradition in the Foster family that young Birket could draw before he could speak, and that the local renown of Bewick, who was alive when Birket was born (Bewick died in 1828), and who was then at the zenith of his fame, influenced in no small degree the budding aspirations of a young artist who was destined, at a future day, to popularize and carry forward to fuller perfection the art which the Newcastle school first made familiar in England.

Mr. Birket Foster himself is more diffident upon the subject of his earliest efforts and infantile genius. He considers that he was fortunate from the very outset in his surroundings and influences, and that these had much to do with whatever proficiency he attained to. At the first school he attended, kept by two ladies at Tottenham, he found in them skilful and sympathetic teachers, whilst instruction of a useful kind was later on continued at a school for children of the Society of Friends at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire. Here he

stayed until 1840, the rudiments of his teaching including lessons in pencil drawing by an intelligent master named Charles Parry.

In those times education for the most part terminated when a lad had attained to the age of sixteen, and this was the case with young Foster. The weighty question of a profession had then to be decided upon. His inclinations were all for that of

Art, and especially that branch of it which had to do with landscape. But there was at the time little promise in such a choice; no magnificent houses in the northern and western suburbs testified to the business being a lucrative one. Tiny chambers in Canonbury, Camden Town, or the Gravel Pits, Kensington, served as the studios even of Royal Academicians; decorative accessories of little or no worth as artistic



The Gleaners at the Stile. From "Pictures of English Landscape."

properties seldom, if ever, cumbered their floors, and the simplicity of their surroundings was reflected in their lives.

The Foster family were intimate with several artists of note, and it was common talk how badly they fared and how precarious was their income.

But the youth was obdurate, and therefore nothing remained but to seek for a branch of Art from which a living was a

possible, if not probable, result. The selection fell upon that of a die engraver, fobs being still in fashion, and seals and sealing wax in much probable request, owing to the introduction of the penny postage, whose jubilee we are this year celebrating. Mr. Foster, senior, had some acquaintance with a Mr. Stone, of Margaret Street, whose premises are those now occupied by Wyon, the seal engraver, and it was pro-

bably this acquaintance which turned the scale in the boy's favour. Stone was seen and everything was quickly arranged.



Boys in Pursuit of their Clothes. From "The Boy's Spring and Summer Book."

But fate decided that Birket Foster should not pass his life in the service of such a monotonous mistress, for upon the day on which the articles of apprenticeship were to be signed Mr. Stone unfortunately committed suicide, and this naturally also put an end to the projected pupilhood.

We do not know how much the numismatic art of the country has lost by the diversion of young Foster's energies to other channels, but we do know what other branches have gained, and we cannot be sorry for the accident which deprived a profession which very much needed it of so much talent, inventiveness, and energy.

A fresh start had to be again made, and naturally enough, with the father's stringent provisions as to the probabilities of success being fair ones, the choice was much narrowed. But the good fortune which has attended Birket Foster throughout life again assisted him. Ebenezer Landells, who then stood very high in his profession of a wood-engraver, was included amongst the artistic friends of the family, probably through his having been a pupil of Bewick's, and north-country born. To him Mr. Foster, senior, went for advice, and this advice resulted in an offer to take the boy into the Landells business, not as an apprentice but to try his hand at the work and see whether it suited him, an offer which was cordially accepted.

AS the career of the subject of our memoir was for the next twenty years of his life intimately connected with the art of wood-engraving, a short digression may here be pardoned by the reader whilst a glance is given at the position which that pursuit then occupied and its fortunes during that period.

Book illustration in England, as most of us are aware, is of comparatively recent growth. So far as imaginative compositions are concerned it does not date beyond the close of the last century, when Bewick and Stothard gave an

impetus to wood engraving which with ebbs and flows has lasted up to the present time. Occasioned as many of these have been by the caprices of fashion, the flood which carried on to fortune the artist with whom we are most immediately concerned had no fortuitous commencement, but was entirely brought about by his being far-seeing enough to gauge the popular requirements and at once go out to meet them. In this respect he followed in the footsteps of the great wood-engraver, the founder of the Newcastle School, to which, as I have mentioned, Birket Foster has with some reason been affiliated. In Bewick's as in Foster's case the designer by his illustrations made the work which he illustrated a success, and Bewick in Gay's Fables, and Foster in his Tupper, or Pollok, could with truth quote the well-known lines in the Dunciad :

"The pictures for the page atone,
And Quares is saved by beauties not his own."

The traditions established by Bewick were carried on by Clennell, Harvey, and others, who transferred the school, about 1820, to London; but for the next quarter of a century the lustre of wood-engraving was eclipsed by the popularity of the "Annuals" which depended upon steel engraving for their illustrations, and of that obtained the best which Great Britain has ever produced. In this respect their promoters were fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of Turner and Stanfield, the former of whom produced some of his finest work for "Annual Tours." The fashion was of course overdone, much money that had been gained at first was lost later on, and



"Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade."
From James Grahame's "Sabbath."

everybody was heartily tired of the name and sight of them at the date when Birket Foster entered upon his apprenticeship.



Going to Market. From a Water-Colour by Birket Foster.

It is one of the most emphatic testimonials to his work that within a space of ten years he was able to revive their popularity.

The wood-engravers were at this time principally occupied with the *Penny Magazine* and the numerous publications of Charles Knight. But the value of these from an artistic point of view was very low, and if any further proof is required of the then state of the art it may be found in the earlier numbers of *Punch* or of the *Illustrated London News*. As these were both started almost contemporaneously with Birket Foster's commencing work, and as he was engaged upon both of them, some of his recollections respecting them may be of interest here.

Punch, if not born in Landells' workshop, was for some time entirely produced there, so far as the illustrations were concerned. Foster well remembers the day when Landells came into the engravers' room, and said, "Well, boys, we've fixed on the title, we're going to call it *Punch*," an appellation which when he had left was unanimously voted a very stupid one.* At first the success of the venture was very doubtful, which will not be considered surprising by any one who glances over the earlier numbers, and it was not until the *Almanack* was published that it obtained any hold upon the affections of the public. In the number of September 5th, 1841, Birket Foster's work first appears, and thenceforward for some time all the small initials were either his or Mr. H. G. Hine's, now the veteran Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Birket Foster's illustrations for the most part had nothing comic about them, and the initials were formed by tree trunks, or fishes, contorted into proper shape, evidently suggested by William Harvey's work. We have, however, a foretaste of his later productions in a cornfield with waggons and a setting

sun. Hine on his side attempted comicalities, and one which appeared in December, 1841, entitled 'A Sound Nap,' a man so fast asleep that a spider has spun a web between his nose and a brandy-bottle, elicited great approbation from Mark

Lemon and Henry Mayhew, when young Foster took it to Drury Lane Theatre, where the former was engaged in writing a farce. It was in this same month of December, that Birket Foster, then not eighteen years of age, was entrusted with the preparation of the principal cartoon. It will be found as "Punch's Pencillings," No. 22, and is entitled "Jack (Lord John Russell) cutting his name on the beam." It is a caricature of Cruikshanks' well-known drawing in Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "Jack Sheppard,"

which had recently been published.

The *Illustrated London News* appeared in the following year and was suggested by the large sale obtained by the *Weekly Chronicle*, a ghastly production whose contents illustrated all the horrors of the day. Herbert Ingram, a printer and newsagent, had made £1,000 by selling Parr's Life Pills, and had started *Old Moore's Almanack* to advertise them. For the printing and illustrations of this and other pamphlets connected with it, he had called in the services of Henry Vizetelly, who in his turn had commissioned the present Sir John Gilbert to illustrate it with various imaginary scenes in the life of old Parr. After many lengthy confabulations, for the most part held at the Cock Tavern, in Fleet Street, the paper was started on the 14th of May, 1842. The illustrations were at first never drawn from nature, but were concocted from any other available source; for instance, that of the great fire at Hamburg, in the first number, was actually an old block of the city altered. Later on, as the paper succeeded, more money was spent upon the illustrations, and Birket Foster was often sent into the country to depict events which were happening. When the Queen, in 1845, went to Germany, Landells was sent as a special artist to illustrate



"Where the deer rustle through the twining brake."
From Thomson's "Seasons."



"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."
From Gray's "Elegy."

* The name came about from a pun upon Mark Lemon, the first editor's name, some one having suggested that "Punch must be good with so much lemon."

her progress, and his sketches as they arrived in this country were drawn on the block by Foster. One of Birket Foster's original drawings for the *Illustrated London News* is in the collection of Mr. Edmund Evans, and is reproduced at page 2.

But the major part of his original work for this paper was upon its *Annual Almanack*. Here his pencil will be recog-

nised for many years, even during the period when he was fully occupied with book illustration.

The period at which Birket Foster entered upon his career is an interesting one for those of us who know the notabilities of the forties only by repute. If there were few giants in the artistic world, there were many in the literary, and with several of these, thanks to the requirements of the age which de-



The Stepping-Stones. From "Pictures of English Landscape."

manded that the letterpress should be interspersed with illustrations, Birket Foster was brought into connection. When he started at Landells, the house was busy engraving Cattermole's and Phiz's drawings for Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," and Foster had to take the results to Devonshire Place. Thackeray was a frequent visitor at the establishment, and angered young Foster and his fellow-student, Edmund Evans

(of whom more hereafter), by never taking any notice of them when they opened the door to him, but pushing past, strode up-stairs. All the early contributors to *Punch* were constantly about the place, and of other literary celebrities, Captain Marryat and Anthony Trollope may be mentioned as having in any way or another come across Birket Foster's track.

THE first task to which Foster was set as an apprentice was the rudiments of wood-engraving, and his master at once told him he could not afford to let him spoil other people's drawings, so he must invent or copy designs for himself. Full of zeal for his new occupation, he soon had several ideas sketched upon blocks; Landells coming round shortly afterwards took them up, and at once exclaimed, "these are too good to spoil," and he took them away, directing the boy to make others. When these were presented to him, he said, "You mustn't engrave, you must draw on the wood; there are plenty of engravers, but very few draughtsmen. I will go and see your father; you will soon get on."

So once again the rulings of fate directed the boy's career, and he abandoned, almost before he had entered upon it, the profession of a wood-engraver.

The illustrative work upon which young Foster was first engaged was, singularly enough, in connection with the late editor of the *Art Journal*. Mr. S. C. Hall and his wife were preparing a book on "Ireland, its Scenery and Character" (How and Parsons), and for this Landells had to prepare a portion of the blocks. These were made from amateur sketches supplied by the author, and Foster was at sixteen deemed sufficiently competent to redraw and improve upon them. He was next employed to copy some of the drawings made by Stanfield for Marryat's "Poor Jack." These had already been placed on wood by another draughtsman, but they were not considered good enough. When the blocks were engraved, Foster was sent with them to Marryat's lodgings, which were next door to the Senior United Service Club, Pall Mall, where he had an

interview with the Captain. For some time Foster's spare moments were utilised in running errands and taking blocks home. On one of these occasions, in the winter of 1841, whilst going to Miss Clint's, at Islington, with the block of the Maypole Inn in Barnaby Rudge, of which Miss Clint had to engrave the easier parts, he fell, and snapped several tendons of one of his legs, which made him have a personal and painful interest in poor Barnaby.

In those days the opportunities of studying Art were not much more extended than half a century earlier, when the only place where Turner could study any example of Art was in Doctor Monro's private collection. The National Gallery contained but a tithe of the pictures it now possesses, and for the greater part of the year no other exhibitions were open to the public. To obtain the friendship of a collector of pictures was,

therefore, a great boon to a young artist, and Birket Foster was exceptionally fortunate even in this respect. For he had not long been at Landells before he was taken notice of by Jacob Bell, the chemist, the friend of Landseer and the donor of the fine collection by that artist to the National Gallery. Landells had recommended the boy to copy engravings, as that would teach him how to represent colour by line and tint, and Mr. Bell, who was a friend of his father, was only too ready to lend him for this purpose the Landseer proofs which were then being engraved after that artist's works. These by rising at an early hour he found time to copy. One day, presenting a pen-and-ink drawing, after one of these drawings, to Mr. Bell, he was so pleased with it that he would have it taken off at once for Landseer to see, who, he said, was at that moment

dining with Calcott at Fladong's Hotel in Oxford Street. But the boy was shy and would not go, and he missed an interview which might have been of much assistance to him; however, the excellency of the copy was attested by his selling it elsewhere for the considerable sum of twenty guineas.

None but those who have experienced it can tell the delight which the unexpected possession of a goodly sum, the first result of one's pencil or brush, evokes. In Birket Foster's case it was a perfect God-send, for it enabled him to accomplish a great desire, namely, to see the Highlands during the holiday which the master had promised to his industrious apprentice. But the delightful anticipations with regard to the trip were not destined to be fulfilled. One day, after leaving Aberfeldy, the postillion took the pair-horse chaise containing young Foster too near the edge of a considerable



"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."
From Cooper's "Task."

declivity, with the result that the whole went over the side and our hero found himself imbedded beneath the chaise with an arm broken in two places. But though his pleasure came to an untimely end, he would not allow his education to suffer, and whilst his right arm was in splints he learnt to draw with his left. Unfortunately the ill effects of the accident were not confined to his arm, for shortly afterwards a lumbar abscess formed on his back, and this not only kept him a prisoner to his bed for the long period of seven months but nearly cost him his life, as during several days his condition was so grave that the eminent surgeon, Aston Key, told him to prepare for the worst. But youth and a good constitution were on his side and he left his sick-bed on his nineteenth birthday.

Mr. Foster is never tired of expressing his indebtedness to Landells for the education he gave him and the kindness he



showed him. Convinced that nature would be the youth's best mistress Landells sent him to her with these instructions: "Now that work is slack in these summer months spend them in the fields; take your colours and copy every detail of the scene as carefully as possible, especially trees and foreground plants, and come up to me once a month and show me what you have done." Nothing suited the student better, and he passed all his days in the fields at Hampstead or Highgate, and there he began an intimacy with nature which has never ceased. A splendid memory aided him so well that to this day he can draw with absolute fidelity a nettle, a burdock, or any of those essential foreground bits which, until then, with perhaps the exception

of Turner, no one had thought it worth while to translate with accuracy. In the winter months he worked nearer home, but still from nature, frequently visiting the river wharves which, in the pre-embankment days, were full of material for the true artist.

The only work which appeared during his apprenticeship with his name attached to it as the illustrator, was a small volume of poems upon Richmond, which were compiled by C. Ellis, the brother of the landlord of the Star and Garter. For this he made three drawings from views in its neighbourhood. But there is many a book published at this period which owes its illustrations to him but which shows no signature or acknowledgment of authorship.

BIRKET FOSTER. PART II.—HIS WORK IN BLACK AND WHITE.

IT was in 1846 that Birket Foster parted company with Landells, and for the first time found himself left to his own resources. The term for which he had agreed to serve Landells was at an end, and there was now nothing for it but to go the round of the publishers and get work when and where he could. Youth and energy and a knowledge of his own capacities all combined to give him confidence; so, armed with half-a-dozen drawings which he had placed upon the wood (leaving it in its natural round condition as a sort of framework), he started in search of fortune. His first visit was to Sharpe, the proprietor of *Sharpe's Magazine*, which was at that time a good property. He kept a shop in Newgate Street. "We don't want any assistance," he at once said. "Prior does all our work, and we are quite satisfied with it." He next proceeded to Robert Branstons, who had a large printing and engraving establishment, and here again he met with no success, only politeness, an expression of congratulation upon his work, and the usual notification that he would not be forgotten if anything in his line was required. His third attempt was more fortunate, for Henry Vizetelly (who was then in a good business as a producer of books, undertaking the engraving and printing for other firms) directly he saw the drawings, said, "You're the very man I want, I have several books I can put into your hands at once, and if you will sell these

blocks I will buy them." Our artist was at once commissioned to illustrate a book Thomas Miller had written for Chapman and Hall, entitled, "The Boy's Country Book." This was published in four parts, corresponding to the four seasons. A reproduction of one of the illustrations is given at page 4,

which clearly shows that Birket Foster was under the influence of Bewick at this time, the introduction of the comic element, namely, the tow rope catching up the boys' clothes, being particularly Bewickian.

The thorough education he had received stood him in such good stead that, from the outset, he acquitted himself so well that Vizetelly had no hesitation in recommending him to all his clients. The immediate result was a commission to illustrate Longfellow's "Evangeline." David Bogue had entrusted this to certain young pre-Raphaelites, but their work had staggered him. Neither he or any one else was as yet educated up to such revolutionary methods. He would have none of it, and when asked, "What shall you do with the drawings?" "This," he replied, and wetting one of the blocks he erased the



"His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turn relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail:
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that blest language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds."
Thomson's "Seasons."

drawing with the sleeve of his coat. Each was in like manner destroyed, although a considerable sum had been paid for them.

With his brother artists treated in this way it may well be imagined that Birket Foster entered upon the work with some

trepidation, and the publication of this his first important essay and its reception by the public was perhaps the most anxiously expected event of his life. But any fear as to the issue was soon ended. The *Athenæum* was at that date the literary and artistic paper which gave the cue to popular opinion, and its verdict would probably make or mar the artist's future career. Coming into Vizetelly's one morning Foster was greeted by him with, "Here's the *Athenæum*; by Jove, they have given it to you!"

His heart may have been said to have sunk into his boots at this announcement, but when the notice was handed to him and he read it, he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, for this is what it said:—"A more lovely book than this has rarely been given to the public; Mr. Foster's designs, in particular, have a picturesque grace and elegance which recall the pleasure we experienced on our first examination of Mr. Rogers's 'Italy,' when it came before us illustrated by persons of no less refinement and invention than Stothard and Turner. Any one disposed to carp at our praise as overstrained is invited to consider the 'Boat on the Mississippi,' which, to our thinking, is a jewel of the first water."

The criticism in the *Art Journal* for June 1850 was equally laudatory, and was accompanied by a block of 'Morning' which Mr. Foster had been commissioned to do, to illustrate a series of Illustrations from the Poets which was then running through the *Journal*.

"Evangeline" had an enormous sale, and not a moment was lost in advertising that the rest of Longfellow's would be similarly published. Birket Foster's joy was somewhat dashed at first by seeing the notice, which ran as follows: "In preparation. The Minor Poems of H. W. Longfellow. Printed uniform with 'Evangeline.' Profusely Illustrated." He was not yet accustomed to the latitude which publishers allow in their notices, but he soon ascertained that the illustrations were not "in preparation," but were to be placed in his hands.

This second issue of Longfellow was as great a success as the first, and Bogue, who acted throughout with liberality, suggested that "Hyperion" must now be done, and that Vizetelly and young Foster had better follow the footsteps of Paul Flemming as far as the Austrian Tyrol, and so obtain that

accuracy of local colouring which had not been aimed at in the earlier illustrations. The trip, the first of many subsequent ones abroad, was a great joy to our artist, and is sketched out at some length in an appendix which was written to the volume by Vizetelly. "Hyperion" was published at Christmas, 1852.

The route taken was up the Rhine, and Birket Foster utilised to make a series of drawings of that subject; these

illustrations were engraved on steel by the best line engravers after the manner of the old annuals, Henry Mayhew being employed to write the letterpress. The work appeared in 1855 under the title of "The Rhine," and sold largely, whereupon a second volume, "The Upper Rhine," was projected, and in due course was compiled.

An agreeable commission was entrusted to Birket Foster about this time, namely, the illustration of Scott's Poems. These were all, with the exception of "Rokeby," which had never been popular, published during the years 1853—1855 by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh. The artist undertook several visits to the scenes of the poems, as well as to Scotland and Wales for the purpose of illustrating various guide-books which the firm were then publishing. He considers that not only were the

drawings then made as good as any that he at any time accomplished, but that the engraving and printing of the blocks left nothing to be desired. The first editions of the guide-books were also beautifully printed.

From this time forward the entirety of the illustrations for almost every book he was engaged upon were placed in his hands. He selected the subjects which he cared to illustrate himself and placed the remainder in the hands of various artists to whom he considered they were best fitted. Apropos of the publishers' eagerness and his popularity at this time, he tells some amusing experiences. The shelves were

ransacked for subjects which could be illustrated, and even Blair's "Grave" and Young's "Night Thoughts" were suggested, the former being actually undertaken. Pollok's "Course of Time" could not be avoided, and Foster found himself at work upon renderings of subjects for which he was entirely unfitted, such, for instance, as "The Plains of Heaven" and "The Unfathomable Lake," the Fallen Angels in his drawing of the latter now reminding him of eels being thrown out of a



From Cowper's "Task."



The Leafless Avenue. From Cowper's "Task."

bag. He gained an intimate acquaintance with Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," for taking it up the Rhine to read and select his subjects from, he lost the volume just as he had finished its perusal, and had upon his return to wade through the whole of it again.

In other cases, in conjunction with his life-long friend Edmund Evans, he drew the illustrations of works which took his fancy, and Evans engraved them; these they disposed of to various publishers, and thereby secured a better result both artistically and financially.

At this time the number of artists engaged upon book illustrations who have subsequently attained to eminence in the profession of Art was quite remarkable; no similar period bears any resemblance to it in this respect. Of painters we have Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, E. Burne Jones, Rossetti, Holman Hunt. Amongst water-colour painters Sir J. Gilbert, G. Dodgson, E. Duncan, and Hine. Whilst in workers of black and white the name of John Tenniel stands pre-eminent.

A perusal of the list of works illustrated by Birket Foster discloses the curious fact that three-fourths, at least, of them consist of poetry, and yet he never illustrated Tennyson, Shelley, or Keats, each of whose productions would have lent itself so happily to his pencil. As regards the two last-named, there is no apparent reason for the omission, but in the case of Tennyson matters fell out thus. Tennyson's publisher at this date, when Birket Foster was in full swing as an illustrator, was Moxon, and an arrangement had actually been made with him for the illustration of the whole of the poems, and

blocks which illustrated 'Break, Break,' and 'The Reapers,' were afterwards engraved on steel by William Miller, and were used in the volumes of Hood's poems.



Cawing Rooks. Cowper's "Task."

Mr. Foster's labours in book illustration practically came to an end in 1859, the volumes published at the end of that year naturally bearing the date of 1860. We have subsequently to this, in the year 1860, only a single volume, "The Scottish Reformation," the illustrations to which were made to oblige his friend the author, Dr. Lorimer. An interval of eleven years elapsed before any other new works appeared with Mr. Foster's name as illustrator. In 1871 and 1872 two volumes of Hood's Poems were published by Moxon; these each contained twenty-two vignettes engraved upon steel by the veteran, William Miller, of Edinburgh. The work was practically a labour of love for the old man, and whilst they were his last, they were little, if anything, removed from being his best work. He was close upon eighty when he undertook what he called "a work after my own heart." The task evidently recalled to him his work of forty years earlier, when he formed one of the band of engravers which immortalised Rogers by engraving for his poems Turner's illustrations. In the Hood illustrations the only defect is the shape of the vignettes, which in many instances leave much to be desired. Birket Foster, who is a past-master in the art, cannot have been answerable for this, and the fault must be laid at the door of the engraver, who carried the washes with too much hardness up to the edges. Amongst the most successful plates may be noted 'Autumn,' 'A Storm off Hastings,' 'Cologne,' 'The Rhine Dragon,' and 'Ghent.' These volumes, when they turn



Pembroke Castle.

two blocks were drawn and cut, when differences arose, and Tennyson withdrew all his copyrights from the house. The two

up with their repellantly gaudy covers in second-hand booksellers' catalogues, are purchaseable at an absurdly low price.

In 1878, at the suggestion of Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald, Mr. Foster used their lithographic process for a series of thirty-five sketches which he had made in the previous summer during a tour in Brittany; they reproduce, touch for touch, his work at Vitré, Quimper, Morlaix, Dôl, Dinan, and St. Malo, and perpetuating as they do phases of peasant life and dress which are rapidly disappearing, will become in time a valuable record. The volume, which is of folio size, was published privately by the artist.

Another interval of ten years elapsed before his last illustrated work was offered to the public. In 1888 Messrs. Dowdeswell published a volume of reproductions, also by a lithographic process, of vignettes of the principal towns in England.

Before leaving the subject of Mr. Foster's work in black and white, mention must be made of that which he has executed with the needle. His earliest published etchings are the thirty made (evidently in imitation of the Etching Club productions) to illustrate Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and published in 1855. Representing as they do the work of the artist, without the intermediary of the engraver, they are especially interesting. They are, besides, full of delicate beauties. I would call attention in this respect to etchings No 4, 7, and 11. The *Hamlet*, by Warton, was illustrated in a similar manner with fourteen etchings in 1859. A long interval separates these from his next work, which was, we believe, a plate of 'An Old English Mill' for this Journal, and which appeared in 1881. This was followed by an etching, published by Messrs. Tooth; another, called 'The Wandering Musician,' published by Messrs. Dowdeswell; and Walker's 'Cookham,' etched for Mr. Maclean. The frontispiece to this number completes the list, but Mr. Foster is at present at work upon a more important plate than any he has yet done, and which it is hoped will be completed this year.

The moods of the public in matters of Art are so fitful that it is no wonder they make the critic despair. We look down from our present eminence of Art culture upon the appreciation of our fathers with a pity approaching con-

tempt. And yet they readily gave their guinea for the volumes illustrated by Birket Foster, and, not content, called out for more and more. We see them marked in the second-hand booksellers' catalogues at six, five, nay, even three shillings a piece, and pass them by, although in the majority of instances, independently of the illustrations, they are admirably printed editions of standard authors. When Art is so much a matter



"To Durham first their course they bear,
And in St. Cuthbert's ancient seat sing mass."
White Doe of Rylstone.

of fashion it is hopeless to forecast, and foolish to do so in print, but yet I have no hesitation in saying that the time cannot be far distant when the turn of the wheel will bring again a more accurate appreciation of these admirable specimens of true woodcutter's art, and that in their *first* editions, where alone the blocks are seen to their best advantage, they will be sought for and bought up at very different prices to those for which they are now offered.

BIRKET FOSTER. PART III.—HIS WORK IN COLOUR.

THROUGHOUT the period during which his time had been fully occupied with drawing on wood for book illustration, Birket Foster had never for a moment abandoned his determination to become a painter either in oil or water colours. Although he had derived a world-wide fame through his present occupation, it naturally must have been a continual discouragement and annoyance to him to see his life's work disappear under the engraver's tool, and to feel that be it ever so meritorious it would pass without recognition from any corporate body of artists. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Birket Foster had from the very outset occupied his spare moments with the practice of painting in oil and water colour. Of specimens of the first-named method but few of this date

exist; he tells me that every spare coin was at one time spent on paints and canvas, and that the latter cumbered the ground in such numbers that the question arose what to do with them; the only solution that could be devised was to cut them from their stretchers, roll them up into bundles, and be rid of them somehow. He well remembers how he and Evans sneaked out one night, with almost guilty feelings as if they were surreptitiously disposing of the remains of a crime, and watching their opportunity, dropped them from Blackfriars Bridge into the Thames, where may-be some remnants are still preserved beneath the river mud.

I have not seen any of his very early water-colours, but if one can judge from reproductions which appear as a small

volume issued in the fifties, they were characterized by that minuteness of touch which has since been a principal feature of his work. A drawing of Arundel Park, painted about this time, in the possession of Mr. Edmund Evans, contains an amount of microscopic detail which must have been unparalleled at that time, save, perhaps, in some of John Lewis's works. Mr. Foster attributes this to his extraordinarily strong eyesight, which enabled him to see almost twice as much in nature as any one else, or as, perhaps, he ought to do. He cannot recall that at this time he studied or affected anybody's style, but it seems as if he was influenced by the pre-Raphaelite work which Millais, Rossetti, and others were doing at that time, and which made itself felt in the productions of almost every young artist of the day.



"Beneath These Rugged Fens,"
From Gray's "Elegy."

THE school of landscape painting at the date

when Birket Foster was most impressionable, in fact, throughout his student days, was not such as to inspire him with much veneration for it, or to create in him a desire to follow it. Turner, of course, there was, and of his gigantic achievements Birket Foster has always been a profound admirer, and has evidenced it by acquiring, as soon as his means permitted, several exceptionally beautiful specimens in water colour. But at the period to which we refer the best of Turner's life was over, and he was exhibiting flashes only of his genius, which to a youth would be almost beyond comprehension, and certainly of no use for purposes of instruction. Besides Turner, who was there practising landscape Art from whom he could derive anything? Certainly not Calcott, who had by then reverted to historical painting. From Collins, an imitator of nature in generalities rather than details, but who had attained considerable popularity with his 'Happy as a King' (exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1836), he may have unconsciously gathered something, especially in his charming method of dealing with rustic figures. So again from Creswick's work, who in 1842 had been premiated by the British Institution, and elected to the Royal Academy, and who would therefore be in vogue, he may have had some hints. His 'Pathway to the Village Church' in the National Gallery, in its wooded landscape, field path, church tower, and girl at stile, is thoroughly Fosterian. Besides these we have the ideal landscapists, Martin, Dancy, and Poole; David Roberts with his scenic scenes, Lewis to whom we have already referred, John Linnell and Muller, Harding and Prout, with

neither of whose work Birket Foster has any sympathy; Copley Fielding, for whose distances Mr. Foster has much admiration, but not for his foregrounds, which he considers weak and mannered; Leitch, who was an echo of Stanfield, but with an individuality of his own as regards colour, and F. Tayler; but in none of his work can we recognise any derivation from or likeness to these.

Clarkson Stanfield perhaps influenced Birket Foster more than any one else. Himself an advocate of composition almost before anything else, and with an intuitive admiration for style, he perceived both these elements in this painter's pictures. His massive foregrounds, and the strength imparted to them by big objects, and the advantage which the delicate distances gained thereby, always affected him. The block of timber which Stanfield almost always considered a necessary property for his foreground, was no spindly stick, but looked as if it could be sawn through. This admission shows the derivation of those felled elm trunks which are so familiar an adjunct to our artist's foregrounds, and which are always felicitously selected as a playground for his children.

It must not be forgotten that about this time Ruskin was



Hoyle's Mouth. From Black's "Guide to Wales."

issuing the volumes of "Modern Painters," in which he preached again and again from the text of truth to nature. To judge from his work Birket Foster might certainly have heard and profited by these sermons, but so far as he can remember he

did not come across Ruskin's writings until a period in his life when his style was too formed for them to have had any perceptible influence upon it.

It was in 1858 that Mr. Foster finally determined to give up book illustrating for water-colour painting. Many engagements still continued, but as these came to an end he accepted no new ones. He aspired not only to become a water-colour artist but one of the first in his profession, and he knew what a powerful assistance to this end membership of the Society of Painters in Water Colours would be. He therefore spent the summer of 1858 in the country, in the neighbourhood of Dorking, working by himself, and painting very carefully everything he saw, which, as we have seen, was in many instances too much, and he quickly found himself unconsciously putting far too much substance and far too little mystery into his work. However, the result was a number of drawings, from which three were selected as those upon which his candidatureship at the Old Society depended. He was not successful; his previous training was alleged as the sufficient cause for his rejection, with the cry, "We have quite enough of these wood engravers. Look at Gilbert, he's always at it." But a few weeks afterwards he received a solatium in the shape of the acceptance of a drawing sent in by him to the Royal Academy of 1859, entitled, 'A Farm—Arundel Park in

the Distance,' and the following year, 1860, saw him elected unanimously an Associate of the Water Colour Society upon the strength of three drawings, 'View on Holmwood Common,' 'Children Going to School,' and 'A View on the River Mole.' The Queen used to visit the Exhibition regularly during the lifetime of the Prince Consort, and on the first occasion on which she did so after this election, she expressed a wish to purchase one of the new Associate's drawings. Unfortunately it was already sold, and the owner would not part with it. Mr. Foster's elevation to the rank of a full

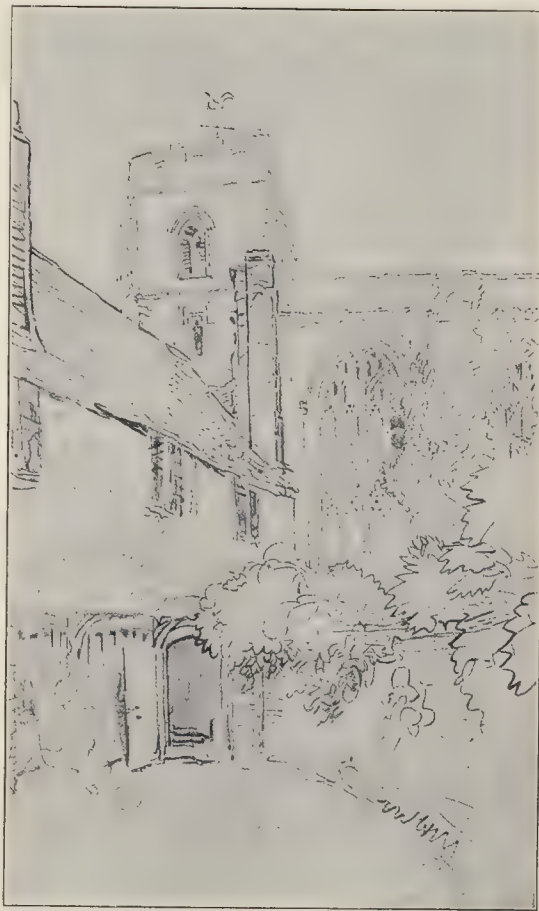
member followed in two years, namely in 1862, the shortest time on record.

The year before his election to the Old Water-Colour Society, an event happened which brought him under the notice of the Art dealers, and through them, of the purchasers of water-colours. The drawings which some six years previously he had made to illustrate the Rhine volumes were sent to Foster's, in Pall Mall, for sale by auction. They had been executed when he was a comparative novice in the practice

of water-colour painting, but they realised the considerable average for those days of a dozen guineas apiece,* but what was better, they attracted the attentions of Mr. Wallis of the French Gallery, and of other dealers. Mr. Wallis at once called upon him, and arriving just after the young artist's discomfiture at the hands of the Water-Colour Society, was at once informed of the fact. "Never mind," said he, "set to work directly, and paint me a big drawing which we will send into the Royal Academy." This was done, with the result, as before stated, of its being accepted and hung. Mr. Foster was at this time, and for some years previously had been, living at Carlton Hill East, St. John's Wood, near his father, but shortly after his election increasing notoriety led to such continuous interruptions to his work, often from mere busybodies, that he determined to find a retreat in the country.

The death of his father in January, 1861, yet further loosened his ties to the metropolis. Con-

cerning this event a mistake arose which would have been ludicrous under less painful circumstances. The death was announced in the *Times*, and the *Athenaeum* (the name of father and son being similar) mistook the former for the latter, and in its next issue published an obituary notice of a most eulogistic nature, testifying to the loss which Art



Sketch for a Water-Colour.

* He received five pounds each for them, and individual specimens which have since again come under the hammer have sold for as much as a hundred and fifty guineas.

had suffered through the early death of this most promising artist. This was given wide publicity through being copied into other papers, and the family was inundated with letters of condolence and requests for biographical details of the

artist's career. The artist still retains a sheaf of the most amusing of these.

A desire to be in the heart of his sketching ground, and an invitation from Mr. J. C. Hook, who was then residing there,



Rouen Cathedral. From a Water-Colour by Birket Foster.

led him down the South-Western line to Witley. In those days the cottages which now exist, fitted up with every necessity the artistic mind may demand, were not as plentiful thereabouts as the blackberries on the hedgerows, and the only one which presented itself as at all possible was a small one at Tigburn, at the foot of the hill upon which Mr. Foster now

lives. It was inhabited by a poacher, whom the landlord much wanted to be quit of, with the rest of the family, including a bedridden old man, who was an almost insuperable difficulty. Bribes of all sorts, including the purchase of the garden stuff at a fabulous price, ultimately effected a clearance, and Mr. Foster entered into possession in the summer of 1861.

The cottage was so small and uncomfortable that he soon began looking about for a site whereon he could build a house for himself. In this he was aided by Mr. and Mrs. Hook, and they together scoured the country in search of one. As it happened, a chance walk one afternoon with his friends and fellow water-colour painters, Sir John Gilbert and Mr. J. W. Whymper, brought him to that which was finally determined upon, and which experience has shown could not have been bettered. The land happened to be for sale, but as building ground, and no more than three acres could be purchased. This Mr. Foster soon found was too small for his aspirations, and the building scheme not taking rapidly the owner was induced to sell the whole to Mr. Foster and Mr. Edmund Evans (who had married his niece), and the two now possess within their ring fence a compact estate of

some score or more acres. Here the house, which will be presently described at greater length, was commenced, and 1863 saw its completion.

The years which have gone by since then have been passed in continuous activity and production, which has of course been influenced, and that for the better, by delightful natural and artistic surroundings. Given to hospitality, Mr. Foster's house has been a constant rendezvous for a large circle of friends, of which the greater part have naturally enough been selected from those of his own profession. Of some of these friendships we may be permitted to speak here without impropriety, for they concern beings whose lives may be said to have become national property.

Much of the short Art life of Frederick Walker was passed under Mr. Foster's roof. The merriest of fellows, he evidently



The Falls of the Tummel. From a Water-Colour by Birket Foster.

fascinated and enthralled all with whom he was brought into contact. His fragile tenement contained a spirit brimful of fun of the most original kind. Every corner of the house and every part of the place has memories of his presence and his work; the chimney-piece in one room recalls the picture in which Walker portrayed two girls at work, and many a precious hour was wasted because their merry pranks prevented his ever starting his day's work. On one particular occasion, when these two models had arrayed themselves in the chintzy brocades which he much affected, the whole day was lost and a hundred pounds or so as well, because just before commencing Walker lighted on a hornet in a half-dead condition, and he must needs spend several hours in vainly trying to resuscitate it. His doctrine was that he did not believe in work that was not done spontaneously

and rapidly, and so he seldom worked except when he was in the humour, and then he got over it at a marvellous pace. His picture of 'The Well' was created here, and Mrs. Foster well remembers it, for he kept her and her step-daughter out in a pouring rain for over two hours while he sketched them in.

Birket Foster was introduced to Walker at a private view of the Academy. The ceremony had no sooner been performed than Freddy took him aside and, with the most serious face, said, "Tell me kindly what is the proper thing to do on being introduced to anybody? I was introduced just now to Harrison Weir. I put out my hand and he took off his hat. So I drew in my hand and took off my hat, whereupon he put on his hat and held out his hand." Walker's brother had died just previously, and he seemed so depressed that Mr. Foster asked him at once down to Witley. He came and stayed for



many weeks, and after that he never waited for an invitation—a ring at the bell was heard and he entered the house as if he were one of the family.

Many were the trips which these two artists made together; one of the earliest was to Knole, whither they went because Walker had been commissioned by Smith and Elder to illustrate "Esmond," and thought that the furniture there might inspire him. But it did not, and the work fell into the hands of Mr. Du Maurier, who carried it to a most successful end.

Another and more lengthy excursion was to Venice in 1868, when Mr. Orchardson formed one of the party. Walker, who was out of sorts, went round by sea, and, to his great consternation, was asked by the captain to conduct service on Sunday. How he got through it he did not know, but he described it as "frightfully impressive." Here, again, it was a case rather of play than work. Walker inaugurated what he termed "gondola combats," which consisted in the party going in two gondolas and splashing one another until they were wet through. Walker's work during this trip consisted of his beautiful picture of 'The Gondola,' a water-colour of a palace with Orchardson looking out of a window (this hangs in Mr. Foster's studio), and a drawing made out at the Lido, a favourite haunt of his, because, as he expressed it, it was "so Thamesy," and the little streams between the mud were "so lizardy." Mr. Foster has made many excursions to Italy before and since, but none were so enjoyable as this.

His first was in 1866, when his passage to Venice was blocked by the Italian army warring against Austria. Several others (Mr. Foster thinks not less than seven) were made round about 1880 to execute a series of fifty Venetian drawings for the late Mr. Charles Seeley. For this commission he received the large sum of five thousand pounds, but the result has unfortunately never been seen by the public, as the owner has never allowed the drawings to be exhibited.

But besides Italy, most of the most picturesque parts of Europe have been seen by him. One of his earliest trips was an ornithological one to the Shetland Isles, and hardly a year passed during the seventies and eighties but some part of France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, or Germany was delineated by his pencil and brush.

Mr. Foster has received honours from many institutions; amongst them may be cited membership of the Royal Academy of Berlin, an honour which he received simultaneously with Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A.

It goes without saying that Mr. Foster's life has been a prolific one, so far as work in colour is concerned. The Old Water-Colour Society's catalogues testify to two hundred and eighty-three exhibits in the fifty-eight exhibitions which have been held between 1860 and 1890, and besides these many have gone into private hands. Of works in oil the record is a much smaller one. The Academy Exhibition index contains his name continuously between 1869 and 1877, in which period he showed fourteen pictures; but Mr. Foster soon found that practising in the two mediums was incompatible with success in both, and accordingly he has discontinued that of oil painting since the last named year. It would be well if many of his fellows would follow his example. It is of course very natural for an artist to yield to the temptation and attempt to obtain a mastery over the medium by which alone he can hope to attain to Academic honours. But the instances in which a successful water-colour painter has achieved distinction later in life in oil painting are so few that it is a most hazardous speculation, and in almost every instance only

brings in its train mortification and disgust.

Our artist's method of working in colours has naturally, to a certain extent, been influenced by his long service in wood draughtsmanship. Here he combined the pencil with the brush, laying upon the wood in the first instance a wash of Chinese white, then putting in his clouds and distances with Indian ink, and his trees and foreground with a hard pencil. In



Venice. From a Water-Colour by Birket Foster.

colours, as the *Times* remarked when criticising an exhibition of his works held at Messrs. Vokins's in 1882, "he was practically the inventor of a style, which consisted at first of minute execution with the finest point, and with the use of body colour carried it to an extent which when he first practised it was quite new. But as this method obviously led him away from the qualities of breadth, rich tone of colour, and translucent effect of light, which belong to pure water-colour, he soon became sensible of it and gradually departed from the aim at excessive detail, and employed a broader touch and worked upon a larger scale. But he still maintains the principle of his style, and although enlarging it somewhat in the direction of obtaining greater breadth and general harmony, as in his latest works, he has never lost an atom of his individuality or swerved from his original view, however opposed it might be considered to be to what is called the legitimate in water-colour Art. It is this decided character that gives the greatest interest to Birket Foster's work. He began as an innovator, attempting an imitative style that, inasmuch as it dispensed

with the broad washes of water-colour, was out of the pale of orthodox practice, and now at last, he enlarges his style by learning from nature and developing his method, until he solves the problem by obtaining harmonious unity with the utmost diversity of detail on such really noble drawings as the 'Falls of the Tummel' (see page 16), and the 'Porch of Rouen Cathedral' (see page 15).

Mr. Foster's palette is a restricted and simple one, and he seldom uses new colours, as he finds it difficult to adapt himself

to them. Specimens of his rough sketches from nature are given in this number. These he actually makes in small books, of which he has hundreds full of memoranda. He never uses an easel whilst sketching from nature, but works with his block held between his knees.

Much of Mr. Foster's work has been imitated in chromolithography—a good deal of it very indifferently, a little of it remarkably well. But most of the imitations have arisen from thoughtless admirers who have attempted to copy his



The Ford. From a Water-Colour by Birket Foster.

drawings for the mere love of the thing, and from pirates who have done it as a matter of trade. The specimens of these latter submitted to Mr. Foster became after a time so numerous, that he was driven to make a charge of a guinea before he would

examine them; but this does not prevent constant application for the identification of drawings which in at least nine instances out of ten are miserable copies, not worth the cost of the postage spent upon them.

PART IV.—BIRKET FOSTER AND HIS CRITICS.

I DO not propose myself to enter upon a criticism of Mr. Foster's work, whether in black and white or in colours, save to defend it from one or two charges which have been brought against it by certain critics who have evidently viewed it with the most superficial glance. Mr. Foster has from the very commencement of his career been favoured, I might almost say pampered, by the Press. There is hardly an artist living who has been received with so many smiles and so few frowns, and the reason for this is probably, as the *Athenæum* puts it, that "whilst his genius is not vigorous or dramatic, it is so tender, delicate, and idyllic, that it is always congenial and attractive;" or, as the *Times* thirty years later states, that "his long and successful career as an artist holding a high and

distinct position in our school of water-colour drawing," has been due to "a mastery of method and style entirely the artist's own, inspired with an enthusiastic feeling for the picturesqueness of English landscape."

The first charge brought against Mr. Foster's work, especially in black and white, is that it is characterized by repetition.

As to this I would ask such cavillers to consider the task which was laid upon the artist by the publishers, and then to compare the result with that of any other illustrator similarly situated. An artist naturally has certain predilections, and when the public not only accepts these, but demands that they shall be present in almost all that he does, it is not remarkable

if these recur. For instance, I asked Mr. Foster, seeing a quantity of firs in his garden, why he so seldom introduced them into his pictures, and whether he differed from Virgil, who sang "*Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis.*" His reply was convincing. "A fir always reminds me of a Noah's ark tree, a stem in the middle, a pyramidal mass of foliage above with absolutely no variety. Now my favourite, 'the hedgerow elm,' as Milton calls it, has a magnificent bole, redolent of strength, and a superstructure which constantly varies, and is as picturesque when shorn of leaves as when covered with them."

This penchant for certain forms over others is perhaps the secret of the charge just mentioned. Mr. Foster prefers the repose of nature to its stormier phases, and the stillness of noontide making itself felt beneath the trees and inducing repose, to a rough landscape drenched with rain or snow. For movement he relies upon his figures, and especially on flocks or cattle, the former attended by a favourite sheep dog, of which he must have obtained the prototype when he illustrated Cowper's "*Task*," wherein the woodman's companion is described as—

"Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur."

So too the "gentle art" is more to his liking than the chase, and therefore we find his fields alive with nibbling flocks, his lanes with the slowly moving wain, his streams with the stolid angler, and his woods with Horace's pensive muser, who—

"*Libet jacere modo sub antiquâ illice,
Modo in tenaci gramine,
Labunter altis interim ripis aquæ.*"

Although he sometimes paints the rushing torrent, as in '*The Tummel*' (page 16), he much prefers the infant stream and—

"Willows grey close crowding o'er the brook."

A second and still more unfounded complaint that has been urged against him is that the children introduced into his pictures, and which add so greatly to their charm, are too graceful and idyllic, and too daintily clothed for the rustics encountered in one's walks abroad. It is hardly necessary to answer the objections of those who prefer ugliness to beauty, and who would insist upon its retention rather than that truth should be sacrificed. If Mr. Foster has sinned in this respect he has done it in company with his friend Frederick Walker, with Mason, and other names which will for ever be included amongst the immortals of English landscape Art.

Although a reason is hardly necessary, the artist adduces a very cogent one for his treatment of the subject, namely, that in the

days of his youth it was considered correct to represent the labouring rustic as a chawbacon absolutely devoid of manliness, with turned-up nose, a long upper lip, and a vacuous expression; his children as sluts, and his surroundings as abject. Wandering amongst the Surrey lanes, Birket Foster saw none of this, but, on the contrary, his young imagination discovered beauty in everything. The labourer if not modelled on the heroic type was at all events a sturdy fellow, and as for his children, can any one who knows the country deny that he has seen, over and over again, instances of the graces which our artist introduces into his pictures? for instance, the bearing of the girl who balances herself upon the fallen elm in the picture on page 30, and

who is not more beautiful than hundreds of other little lasses for whom we have to thank Mr. Foster. Leaving then



From Poe's "*Annabel Lee*."



"Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's humble quietness."
White Doe of Rylstone.

the two, and I believe the only two objections which have been raised to Mr. Foster's work in black and white, we will

pass on to a more agreeable part of the subject, and glance at what we have to thank him for.

First of all, if he did not actually introduce, he was the artist to popularize the homes of the peasantry and life in the fields.

We in this generation have become so accustomed of late years to seeing the walls of exhibitions crowded with these subjects, that we are apt to overlook the fact that half a century ago artists had never condescended to such things; and if they noted the one phase of it represented by tumble-down buildings they did so because they were an echo of the classic ruin which had for so long furnished a *raison d'être* for a most unreal and uninteresting landscape. But as a body they had entirely overlooked the garden of nature, which cried out for notice, no man regarding it. He was almost the first to see beauty in the wayside cottage, with its tiled roof ridged with moss and houseleek, its timbered sides half hidden in

vines, its apple-trees pushing their blossoms almost in at the leaden lattices; the first to put on paper the hedgerows decked out with honeysuckles and wild rose, and the woods gay with hyacinth and primroses.

Is it to be wondered at that as he stood at the gate of this paradise he saw his opportunity, and that when he entered in and recorded its loveliness the populace rose at him, accepted all he did, and refused to let him draw aught else than countryside, hamlet, winding lane, and wildflower pasture land? What more satisfying Art can the average Englishman require than that presented in the 'Primrose-gatherers' (on opposite page), where one is carried back to memories of days when all was youth, and spring, and sunshine, and no lowering clouds gave promise of the gloom that was in store in the hereafter?

And out of this portrayal of nature he evoked three qualities, which were not perhaps so rare at that time, but which are



Royal Cottage near the Trossachs.

getting day by day less common—daintiness, gentleness, and repose. Look at any one of the illustrations in this number and see if all three are not apparent. I take up the first illustrated work of to-day which presents itself (it happens to be a popular illustrated magazine, famed for the amount which is expended upon its illustrations), and I have not gone over half a dozen of its illustrations before I am conscious of a lack, almost an entire absence of this first quality of daintiness, a quality which appears to me to be a very necessary one. The editor is not, I imagine, to blame; it is the insidious taint of a malady which has recently attacked the Art training of every school, and for which we have to thank our Gallic neighbours, namely the delineation of everything which the eye sees, however revolting and unfitted it may be for reproduction, together with a supreme contempt of the principle of the selection of the fittest. The quality of gentleness, or gentility, is closely akin to

this. When we look at the grossness of subject which pervaded every form of illustration at the commencement of the century, witness the woodcuts of Bewick even, a word of more than ordinary praise is due to an artist who has steered so clear of it as Birket Foster has done.

Yet one more notable characteristic must be felt in all his work, whether on wood or in water colour, and that is composition. With all artists of the old school he laments the degeneracy of to-day, which relegates that essential quality to the hindmost of seats, and he fails to see the merits of the photographic school, which places its nature on canvas exactly as it sees it. To him composition came almost naturally, but none the less he passed through a long course of study of it.

Before leaving the subject of Mr. Foster's work, another feature of it, which has to do with composition, must not be passed over without notice. I refer to his fondness for vignetting his



Primrose.

drawings, especially those of a small size. The origin of this peculiarity, for such it was in water-colours when he first practised it, is without doubt due to his having habituated

himself to it in his work in black and white, where it had been utilized by Bewick, Harvey, and many others with more or less success. Only those who have attempted it know the dif-

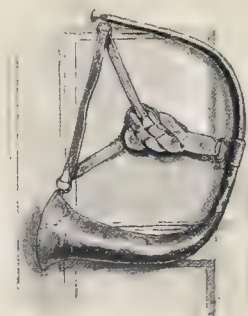


Buttercups.

ficulty of producing an entirely satisfactory result, where composition plays such a considerable part. Many artists have tried, but very few have succeeded, and none have ever approached Mr. Foster in the delicacy of his little dainties, which

he produces with an ease, a variety, and a prolificness which is quite astounding. There is a large public which never tires of them, and nothing in water-colours commands a readier sale, whether it be in the exhibitions or under the hammer.

PART V.—BIRKET FOSTER AT HOME.



The Foresters' or Fosters' horn.

England, and these appear to greater advantage by reason

THE South-Western line retains for a longer distance perhaps than any other its hideous metropolitan character. But when that portion of it which is termed the Direct Portsmouth line at length emerges into open country, it does its best to atone for its earlier shortcomings by presenting to the traveller a series of sylvan scenes as beautiful as any in the south of

of the uglinesses which have had to be borne before. The country betters some time before Godalming is reached, but it is after passing that picturesque town that West Surrey first dons its forest garb; then it is that above the sandy embankment, tipped with heather and bright with broom, one enjoys that always delightful sensation of peering down the dim arcades formed by innumerable pines, whose resiny odour penetrates even the stuffy railway compartment.

As the train deposits us at the little station of Witley, we find ourselves in a garden, and the scent of the pine wood is exchanged for that of the rose, hundreds of which, the product of a single root, line the platform from end to end. Traversing a short pathway, we arrive at a wicket gate, which opens into a wood, and we are on Mr. Foster's soil, and at the base of a steepish ascent, upon which stands his residence, "The Hill." The shelter of the wood is presently exchanged for that of an avenue of deftly woven filbert-trees, diverging paths from which open up vistas of a sundial gar-

den, a mass of roses, poppies, campanulas, corn and sun-flowers, a lakelet white with water-lilies, and well-stocked strawberry beds.

A constant and rapid climb brings the visitor ultimately to a terrace, on one side of which stands the house, and on the other is unfolded a marvellous panorama. Over a rolling champaign, almost hidden by woods, is seen to the right Hindhead, the highest point in the prospect, its barren summit standing out a deep violet against the sunset sky. Somewhat to the left, but apparently not much lower, comes the spur which terminates in Blackdown, the topmost houses of Haslemere peeping over its crest, and on its flank the Poet Laureate's house, and Lythe Hill, where so many of Sir F. Leighton's best works are stored. Beyond the Weald—here called of Surrey, but for the most part of Sussex—can be discovered the spire of Petworth, recalling memories of Turner; and far off on the horizon the heights above Goodwood, and the range of the South Downs, broken midway by Arundel, and away to the east by Shoreham Gaps. That most assertive of South-Down beacons, Chantonbury Ring, is of course visible.

Whilst any delineation in black and white of the scene would fail as entirely as words to convey a sense of its beauties, this is fortunately not the case with the more immediate object of our visit, namely, the artist's dwelling. Mr. William Foster has given us at page 25 a very artistic rendering of his father's house, which conveys everything except the colour with which it is decked by the flowers which depend from the windows and bloom over its sides and roof.

Leaving a game at bowls in which he had been successfully combating against his son and a young student of the Royal Academy (who is supposed to be hard at work painting an old graveyard hard by, the competitive subject for the Turner Gold Medal), our host hastens up the lawn to greet us. Tall and erect, no one would credit that he is over sixty years of age, whilst his open countenance and hearty welcome quite belie the somewhat stern appearance in which his portraits always clothe him, and which is present even when the photographer is, as in the case of the one taken for us (page 1), a member of his family, and the locale is his own garden. One is at once assured of a welcome to Witley, and having long heard of the artistic treasures which "The Hill" contains, but a few moments elapse before a movement is irresistibly made towards the house, and one's back is turned upon the delights of the garden.

As Mr. Foster hastens to tell us, in a somewhat depreciatory tone of voice, and as if to reconcile one to shortcomings, he

has practically been his own architect. There is little need for him to mention this, for the house and its contents testify to that best of all qualities, when the designer is an artist, individuality.

Passing at once into the drawing-room, the windows of which are seen in the illustration, at either side of the angle nearest to us, we are conscious at a glance of the presence, in their best attire, of the sister arts of painting in water-colours and music. Not only in duty bound, but with a sense of delight, we at once make our way across the room to worship at the shrine of the great master of water-colour art, and revel over a group of Turners, for the most part of the grey paper kind,



The Front Door of "The Hill."

which form a wonderful bouquet of colour, as full and rich as on the day on which the artist stayed his hand upon them. The names of the Rhine, Switzerland, the Moselle, and Sidon, will convey to those who are familiar with Turner's work an idea of the pleasurable anticipations which the thought of a prospective quiet study of these induces. This furnishing of the choicest meat at the outset has, as we know, been regarded from very early times as a rather perilous proceeding, and no greater proof of the high character of the remainder of the feast could be furnished than this, that subsequent dishes did not suffer by comparison. We are sensible of this as we pass round the room, and Mr. Foster

points out the examples of the work of his friends, John Lewis, Linnell, William Hunt, Frederick Walker, Pin-

nection with William Morris, who had some time previously started a sort of co-operative shop in Queen Square, where a number of young full-blooded artists were working off their superfluous energies in all sorts of decorative ventures. William Morris came down to "The Hill," and mapped out a wonderful scheme for the decoration of the house. Much of it did not get beyond this stage, but some of it fortunately was carried out to its accomplishment. Mr. Burne-Jones also came, and Mr. Foster asked him to do something towards the decoration. Burne-Jones said that Rossetti had just completed a version of St. George and the Dragon in stained glass for Morris, and suggested that the adornment of the dining-



Tiles from the Sleeping Beauty Series. By Burne-Jones.

well, Frederick Tayler, and W. L. Leitch, all seen to the best advantage in selected specimens, hung upon a ground of roughened gold. The only indications in the room of Mr. Foster's work are two small drawings which, enclosed in a *passepapier*, find a place upon his wife's work-table. The musical bent of the family is evidenced by a novel decoration of the glazing of the upper part of the windows, suggested by Charles Keene, whereon scores of quaint rounds, catches, and carols are imaged, and oftentimes are made actual use of.

He who is endued with a liking for blue and white china (and who is not nowadays?) will find it hard to keep his hands off many of the specimens which decorate not only the chimney-breast, but the frieze round the room. Mr. Foster was very early in the field in quest of this, the best of decorative material. In company with Rossetti and a few others he recognised its value long before the rest of mankind. As evidence of its price at that time, he shows a ginger jar for which, at Rossetti's instance, he was induced to give what he considered the enormous price of £16, and for which he has since refused several hundreds. But the ware was then to be had in abundance. As Rossetti said, Murray Marks' shop in New Oxford Street was like a scene in the Arabian Nights, so full was it of enormous jars. He might now almost apply the term to any room at "The Hill," for so replete is the house that every bedroom is decked with it, and one not only washes, but drinks one's soup out of it.

To Rossetti, in a way, is also due the decoration of the dining-room. Mr. Foster, whilst the house was in course of building, had been brought a good deal into con-

room should consist of a portrayal of the same legend. Accordingly Mr. Jones painted seven canvases, which form a continuous band round three sides of the room. These, apart from their excellence, form a most interesting record



View from the Verandah.

of the work of the painter in the early years of the sixties. We give a reproduction of the fifth panel (see page 26), not



"The Hill," Willey, South Front.

because it is more characteristic than the others, but because it lent itself best to photography.

Other examples either of Mr. Burne-Jones's brush or from his designs are to be found in every room of the house. The lights upon the stairs are full of stained glass, and include a series, very fine in colour, illustrative of the Seasons. On pages 28 and 31 will be found two examples of Mr. Burne-Jones's work in this branch of Art. The fireplaces in the bedrooms have tiles not only on the hearth-sides but on the chimney-breasts upon which various fairy stories are told in many a scene, 'Beauty and the Beast,' 'Cinderella,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and others. Our illustration (p. 24) from the last named will be of interest just now, when the artist has carried out the subject with such a wealth of imaginative detail; it is noteworthy that he has kept to his early idea as regards the

Prince encountering the bodies of those earlier aspirants who had succumbed to the magic spell. But one of the most remarkable examples of Mr. Jones's work is the great screen which ornaments Mr. Foster's studio, and of which we give one of the eight folds (p. 29). Hereon is portrayed in marvellous detail sixteen events in the life of St. Frideswide, a record of whose good works it was meet and right that a graduate of the University of Oxford should assist in handing down to posterity. Photography and engraving both fail to translate the wonderful wealth of colour which flushes across the studio when this screen is unfolded. It was upon calling on Mr. Burne-Jones at his house in Great Russell Street, to acquaint him of his election to the Water-Colour Society, that Mr. Foster first saw the screen, and wanted to purchase it, but it was not until some time after, upon Mr. Jones's moving from Ken-



St. George and the Dragon. From the Dining-room.

sington Square, that he consented to hand it over to his brother artist's safe keeping.

"The Hill" contains two studios, a large one which since Mr. Foster has discarded oil painting he seldom uses, and a smaller room in which most of his water-colours are produced. We give an illustration (p. 27) of the first named, which is distinguished by an arched roof, and at either end has two unfinished frescoes by J. D. Watson, 'The Feast of the Peacock,' and 'The Raising of the Maypole,' both of which testify to the well-known ability of Mr. Foster's brother-in-law. It was in this studio that the plays which took place here during so many years at Christmas, and which attracted a considerable notoriety, were performed. The master of the ceremonies was Robert Dudley, and the plays which were acted under his direction left little to be desired. The scenery was painted for the most part by Fred. Walker, who

delighted in the contrasts which he introduced. A library in which everything was artistic, and in which the portraits on the walls were painted with as much care as if they had had to satisfy the originals, would be succeeded by an apartment which was a growth of everything that was vulgar, from the wall paper to the wax fruits. Birket Foster painted for the drop-scene a view of Venice, and when a curtain was for convenience substituted, a well-known dealer purchased it for a considerable sum, and it now adorns a nobleman's staircase. The *mise en scène* was most elaborate, and the dresses and make-up of the actors were admirable. Frederick Walker painted his face so as to be quite unrecognisable, making it quite a work of Art.

The smaller studio has little or no pretensions to distinction; it is surrounded by cases in which are stored the multitudinous studies which have of necessity accumulated during thirty years'

work. Sketch-books without end exhibit the artist's industry. Of properties there are none, unless a splendid brass-bound chest of Spanish mahogany, a relic it is said of the Spanish Armada, may be classified as such. The view from the large and low window is an uncommon one. A high bank, a sufficient distance away, allows free entry to the light, but gives complete privacy to the apartment. All the vegetation within and around it is allowed to run wild, and the artist has without moving his chair a mass of useful material at hand in the shape of ferns, gorse, and bramble.

Many other rooms in the house would furnish interesting details, but space permits our mentioning only one other, and that is the library. Mr. Foster has not only a voracious appetite for pictures but is a bibliomaniac as well, and whilst well-fitted bookshelves afford the visitor an ample pabulum of light reading, one special case offers an opportunity which is seldom met with of conning over the mysteries of first folios and quartos of Shakespeare, Caxtons, and works of the early printers. But the volume which the illustrator of Milton sets most store by is an edition of the *Lycophron*, which has had



Mr. Foster's Large Studio.

the privilege of forming part of the great poet's library and bears in his handwriting not only the legend, "*Sum ex libris Jo Miltoni, 1634,*" but annotations in Greek and Latin at frequent intervals upon its pages. After these even Mr. Foster would not contend that the shelves allotted to first editions of the books which he has illustrated appear of higher importance. But there is plenty else to occupy the attention, including scrap-books full of sketches and caricatures by Fred. Walker, Charles Keene, J. D. Watson, and Orchardson.

Nor will the visitor leave the room without an inspection of the charming portrait of our hostess, from the brush of Mr. Orchardson, which is let into the over-mantel.

Mr. Foster married, in 1850, Ann, daughter of Mr. Robert Spence, and by her had five children. His eldest son, Myles Birket, has followed the profession of music, and as organist of the Foundling Hospital and the author of many services holds high rank amongst his fellows. His second son, William, is well known as a water-colour artist and illustrator,

especially of children's books, in which he has displayed a considerable fund of humour. All our illustrations of Mr. Foster's house are from his brush. He is also an ornithologist of no mean order, the woods at Witley affording him ample scope for work and observation. To effect this latter end he has established himself as the friend of the feathered tribes, for he provides them with an infinity of boxes in which to nest and rear their progeny, an advantage of which they are not slow to avail themselves.

Mrs. Foster died in 1859, and in 1864, our artist married his present wife, who was the daughter of Mr. Dawson Watson, of Sedburgh, and a sister of Mr. J. D. Watson, also a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Mr. Foster will not allow us to leave without a tour round his village, of which he is very proud. The Corporation of London in building a hideous charity school, and one or two other owners of property in failing to discharge their duty in preserving picturesque cottages, have spoilt one or two corners of it; but Witley has still a good title to rank as one of the most picturesque hamlets in England, and were old Anthony Smith (whose memory is to last in his native village as long as its church bells give forth a sound) to issue from the vault which he tenants, and wander round, he would find many a house but little different to what it was when as "Pentioner to King Charles ye 1st," he and his dame and family wended their way each Sunday to occupy the squire's pew.

Thanks to Birket Foster, who is at work at the present time in putting on to copper a series entitled 'Memorials of an

Old Village,' to Mrs. Allingham and scores of other artists, the beauties of Witley cottages may be perpetuated on paper even after the tenements themselves have passed away. So too Mr. Foster's drawings will hand down to posterity the dress and habits of a race of peasants which has altogether changed, and not for the better. The children of a quarter of a century ago were almost of the Gainsborough type, in their clean flowered prints and white pinafores and sun bonnets; they have given place to smart little wenches decked out in the latest fashions of the day; the picturesque smock-frocks are fast disappearing, and are now replaced by respectable broadcloth from the ready-made shop at Godalming. But one or two ancients remain to testify to what the rude forefathers of the hamlet were like before the railway came and swept away the past. The White Hart, the signboard whereof by the way is the combined work of Birket Foster and A. W. Cooper, son of an old Academician of that name, is still a model public-house, and as such is appreciated by all artists.

The view from every point of vantage in the village is interesting; especially is it so from Banacle Hill, wherefrom not only the panorama seen from Mr. Foster's house unfolds itself, but a stretch of interesting country lying to the north, including Crookesbury Hill, at the foot of which is Waverley Abbey, which gave its name to Scott's novel, and the little cottage the home of Swift and Stella. Amongst more modern celebrities connected with art or letters who have lived nearer home, and actually within the precincts of Witley, are George Eliot, Mr. Hook, Sir Henry Cole, and Mrs. Allingham.



Stained Glass. From a Design by Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

LIST OF BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER.

This list does not include editions subsequent to the first, or any books of which the illustrations were not specially made by the artist.



1841. 'Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.,' by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. How and Parsons.
'Aldershot and all about it.'
'Birds, Trees, and Blossoms.'
1845. 'Richmond and other Poems,' by C. Ellis. 3 illustrations by Birket Foster. Madden and Malcolm.
1847. 'The Boy's Spring Book,' by Thos. Miller. 35 illustrations by Birket Foster. Chapman and Hall.
'The Boy's Summer Book,' by Thos. Miller. Chapman and Hall.
'The Boy's Autumn Book,' by Thos. Miller. Chapman and Hall.
'The Boy's Winter Book,' by Thos. Miller. Chapman and Hall.
1848. 'The Female Worker to the Poor.' 3 illustrations by Birket Foster. Seeleys.
1849. 'The River Thames,' by J. F. Murray.
1850. 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' by Sir E. B. Lytton. 1 illustration by Birket Foster. Chapman and Hall.
'Evangeline: a Tale of Acadie,' by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Engravings after Birket Foster. Bogue.
'The Year Book of the Country; or the Field, the Forest, and the Fireside,' by W. Howitt. Colburn.
'Original Poems for my Children,' by Thos. Miller. All illustrations by Birket Foster. Bogue.
1851. 'Christmas with the Poets.' 52 tinted illustrations by Birket Foster. Bogue.
'The Moorland Cottage.' By the Author of Mary Barton.
'The Illustrated Book of Songs for Children.' W. Orr & Co.
1851. 'Voices of the Night,' by H. W. Longfellow. Bogue.
'The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith.'



Fold of a Screen, by Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., illustrating the life of St. Frideswide.

1852. 'Longfellow's Poetical Works.' 81 illustrations by Birket Foster. Bogue.
'The Story of Mont Blanc,' by Albert Smith. Bogue.

1852. 'A Month at Constantinople,' by Albert Smith. Bogue.
1853. 'Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio,' 8 illustrations by Birket Foster. Ingram, Cooke & Co.
- 'Poetry of the Year,' 1 in water-colour by Birket Foster. G. Bell.
- 'The Lady of the Lake,' by Sir Walter Scott. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.
- 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' by Sir Walter Scott. 100 illustrations by Birket Foster and John Gilbert. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.
1853. 'A Holiday Book for Christmas and the New Year. Ingram Cooke & Co.
- 'A Picturesque Guide to the Trossachs.' All by Birket Foster. Black.
1854. 'Proverbial Philosophy,' by Martin Tupper. 6 illustrations by Birket Foster. Hatchards.
- 'The Blue Ribbon: a Story of the Last Century,' by Anna Harriet Drury. King and Son.
- 'An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' by Thomas Gray. 13 illustrations by Birket Foster. Joseph Cundall.



Playtime. From a Water-colour by Birket Foster.

1854. 'Little Ferns for Fanny's little Friends,' 8 illustrations by Birket Foster. Nathaniel Cooke & Co.
- 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' by John Milton. 30 etchings on steel by Birket Foster. Bogue.
- 'The Golden Legend,' by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 35 illustrations by Birket Foster. Bogue.
1855. 'Marmion,' by Sir Walter Scott. 80 engravings by Birket Foster and John Gilbert. Black, Edinburgh.
- 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' Seeley.
1856. 'Sabbath Bells chimed by the Poets.' In colours. All illustrations by Birket Foster. Bell and Daldy.
1856. 'The Task,' by William Cowper. Illustrated by Birket Foster. Nisbet & Co.
- 'The Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery,' described by Henry Mayhew. 20 illustrations on steel after Birket Foster. London. Bogue.
- 'The Traveller,' by Oliver Goldsmith. With 30 etchings on steel by Birket Foster. Bogue.
- 'Mia and Charlie.' Bogue.
- 'The Poetical Works of George Herbert.' Nisbet.
- 'Sacred Allegories,' by the Rev. W. Adams. 7 illustrations by Birket Foster. Rivington.
1857. 'The Sabbath,' 'Sabbath Walks,' and other Poems by

LIST OF BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER.

31

James Grahame. Illustrations by Birket Foster. Nisbet & Co.

1858. 'Comus,' by John Milton. Routledge.

'The Prince of Peace; or, Lays of Bethlehem.' Seeley & Co.



Stained Glass. From a Design by Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.



"Flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice."
From Cooper's "Task."

1858. 'The Home Affections portrayed by the Poets,' selected and edited by Charles Mackay. 20 illustrations by Birket Foster. Routledge.

'Kavanagh: a Tale,' by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 38 illustrations by Birket Foster. Kent & Co.

'Poetry and Pictures from Thomas Moore.' 20 illustrations by Birket Foster. Longmans.

'The Shipwreck,' by Robert Falconer.

'The Grave,' by Robert Blair. 10 illustrations by Birket Foster. A. and C. Black.

'Lays of the Holy Land; from Ancient and Modern Poets.' 15 illustrations by Birket Foster. Nisbet.

1857. 'The Poets of the Nineteenth Century.' Selected and edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. 15 illustrations by Birket Foster. Routledge.

'Ministering Children.' 8 illustrations by Birket Foster. Seeley Jackson.

'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 2 illustrations by Birket Foster. Sampson Low & Co.

'Rhimes and Roundelays in Praise of a Country Life.' Bogue.

'The Course of Time,' by R. Pollok. 27 illustrations by Birket Foster. Blackwood.

'Dramatic Scenes and New Poems,' by Barry Cornwall. 14 illustrations by Birket Foster. Chapman.

'The Lord of the Isles.' Adam and C. Black.

'The Farmer's Boy,' by Robert Bloomfield. 18 illustrations by Birket Foster. Low & Co.

'The Upper Rhine: the Scenery of its Banks and the Manners of its People,' described by Henry Mayhew. Routledge & Co.

1858. 'Poems of William Bryant.' 34 illustrations by Birket Foster. R. Griffin, Low & Co.

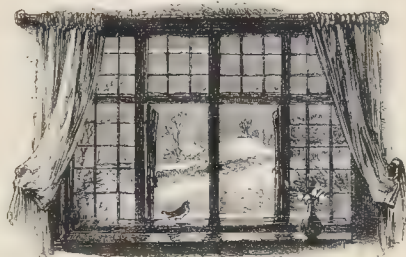
'The Poetical Works of Edgar Allen Poe.' 17 illustrations by Birket Foster. Sampson Low & Co.



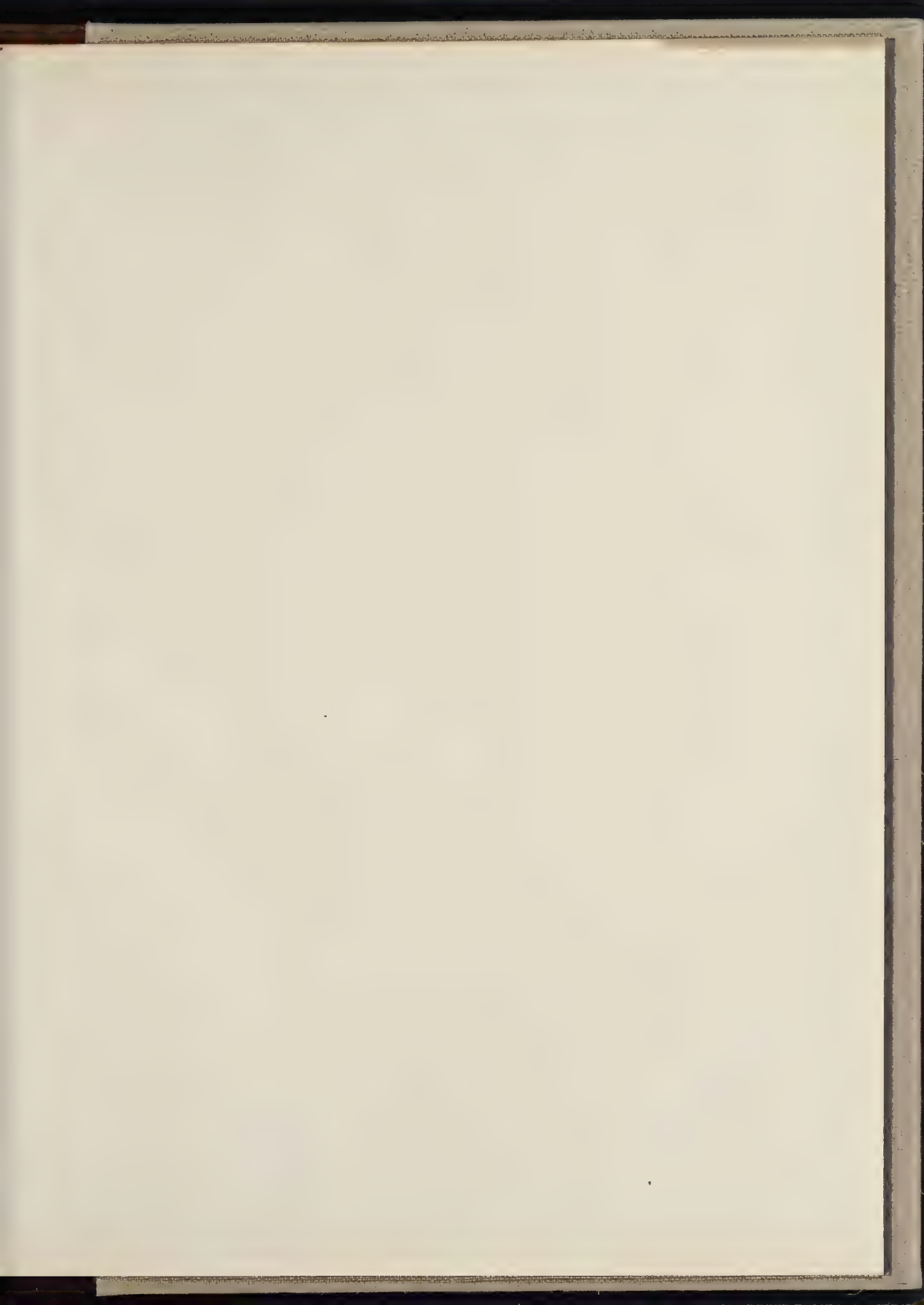
Venice. From a Water-colour by Birket Foster.

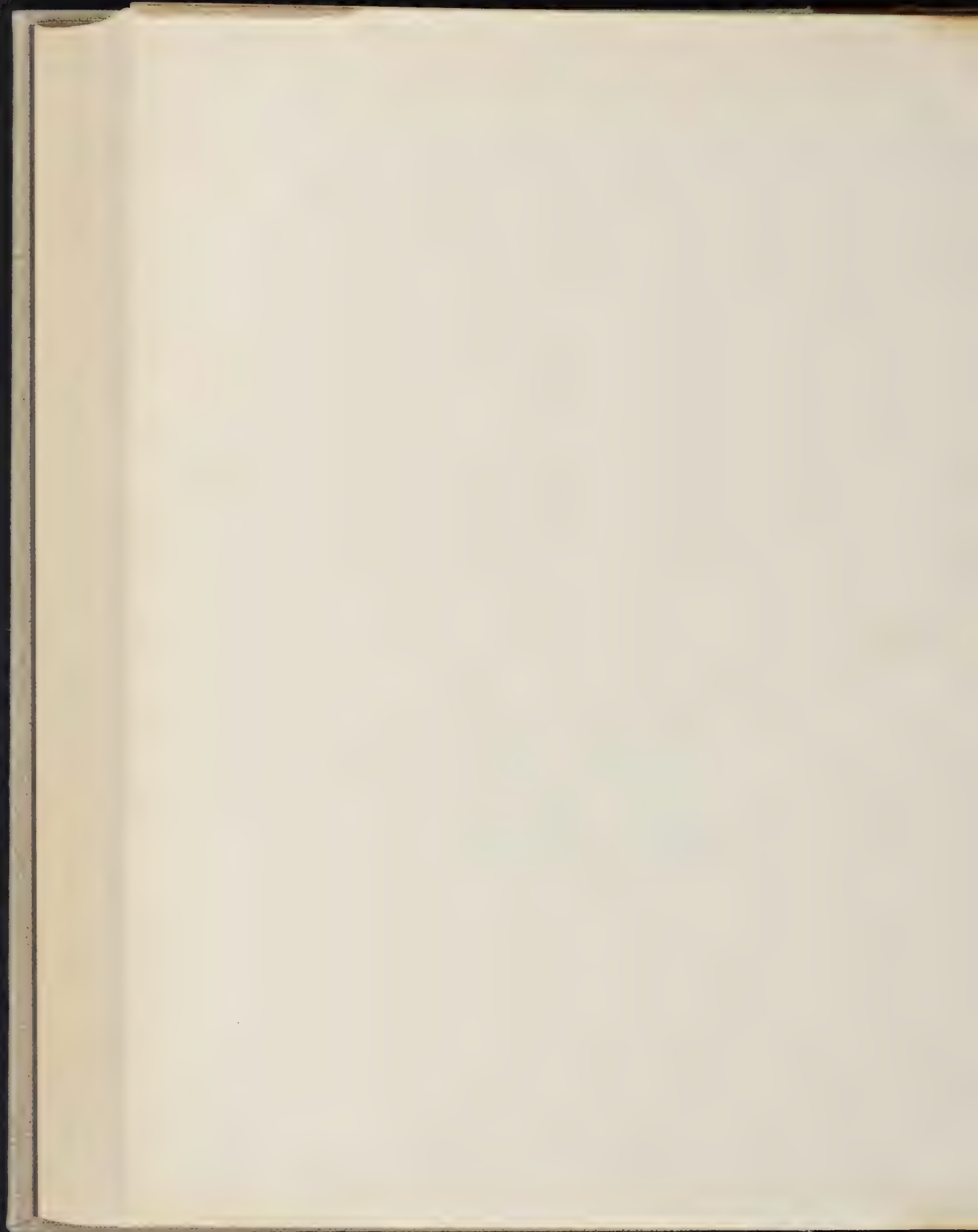
1859. 'The Seasons,' by James Thomson. 21 illustrations by Birket Foster. Nisbet & Co.

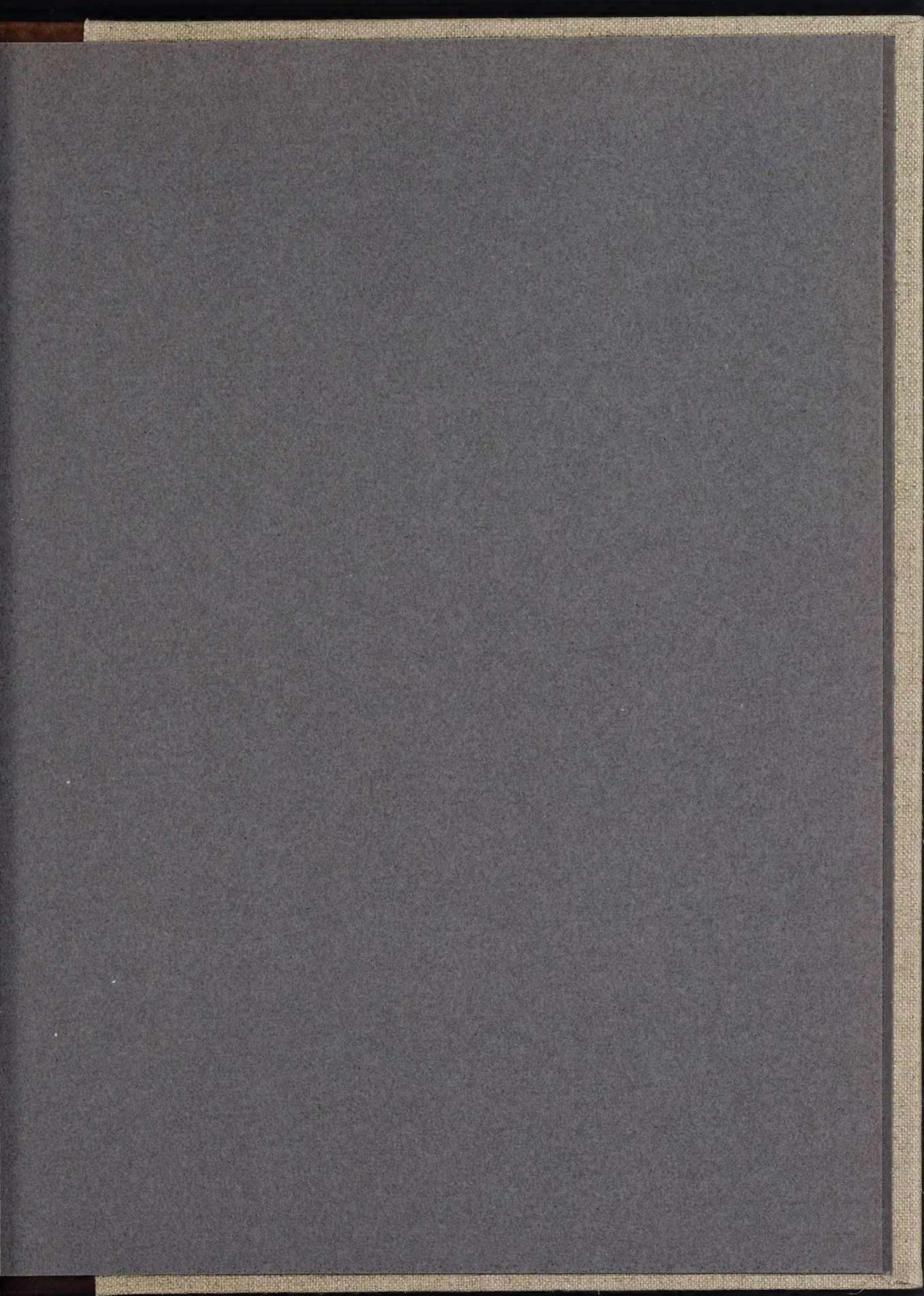
1859. 'The Merrie Days of England,' by Ed. McDermott. 4 illustrations by Birket Foster. Kent & Co.
- 'Poems and Songs,' by Robert Burns. 18 illustrations by Birket Foster. Bell and Daldy.
- 'Poems by William Wordsworth,' edited by Robert Aris Willmott. 70 illustrations by Birket Foster. Routledge.
- 'The Hamlet,' by Thomas Warton. 14 etchings on steel by Birket Foster. Sampson Low.
- 'The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray.' Sampson Low.
- 'Favourite English Poems. Illustrations by Birket Foster. Sampson Low & Co.
- 'The Poems of Oliver Goldsmith,' edited by Robert Aris Willmott. Routledge.
- 'The Deserted Cottage,' by William Wordsworth. Routledge.
- 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 30 illustrations by Birket Foster. Longmans.
1860. 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' by Lord Byron. John Murray.
- 'The Tempest,' by William Shakespeare. 5 illustrations by Birket Foster. Bell and Daldy.
1860. 'The Merchant of Venice,' by William Shakespeare. 5 illustrations by Birket Foster. Sampson Low.
- 'The Poets of the West.' Sampson Low.
- 'Common Wayside Flowers,' by Thomas Miller. In colours. Routledge.
- 'Poems by James Montgomery.' 39 illustrations by Birket Foster. Routledge.
- 'A Book of Favourite Modern Ballads.' Illustrated by modern English artists. 11 illustrations by Birket Foster. W. Kent & Co., late Bogue.
- 'Lallah Rookh,' by Thomas Moore. 5 illustrations by Birket Foster. Routledge.
- 'Songs for my Little Ones at Home.' In colours. Sampson Low.
1862. 'The Scottish Reformation,' by Peter Lorimer, D. D. 25 illustrations by Birket Foster. R. Griffin.
1863. 'Odes and Sonnets.' All illustrations in colour by Birket Foster. Routledge.
1867. 'Summer Scenes,' by Birket Foster. A series of photographs from some of his choicest water-colours. Bell and Daldy.
1873. 'The Trial of Sir Jasper,' by S. C. Hall. 1 illustration by Birket Foster. Virtue.



From Graham's "Sabbath."









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